Jan. 21, 1991

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

America's award-winning sedan.

The day it first rolled off the assembly line, Ford Taurus began winning awards. From the most respected automotive and consumer magazines to design associations, the praise for Taurus has been almost universal. Now, some might think that all this acclaim would lead us to sit back and rest on our laurels. One drive and it's obvious they couldn't be more wrong.

Continuous improvement.

We've never stopped trying to make Taurus even better. In fact, over 300 refinements have been made since it was introduced. Ranging from major changes like entirely new engine choices, to thoughtful touches like an easily-accessed remote trunk release.

With all the awards it's won, you might think we'd be satisfied.

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

mportant safety features.

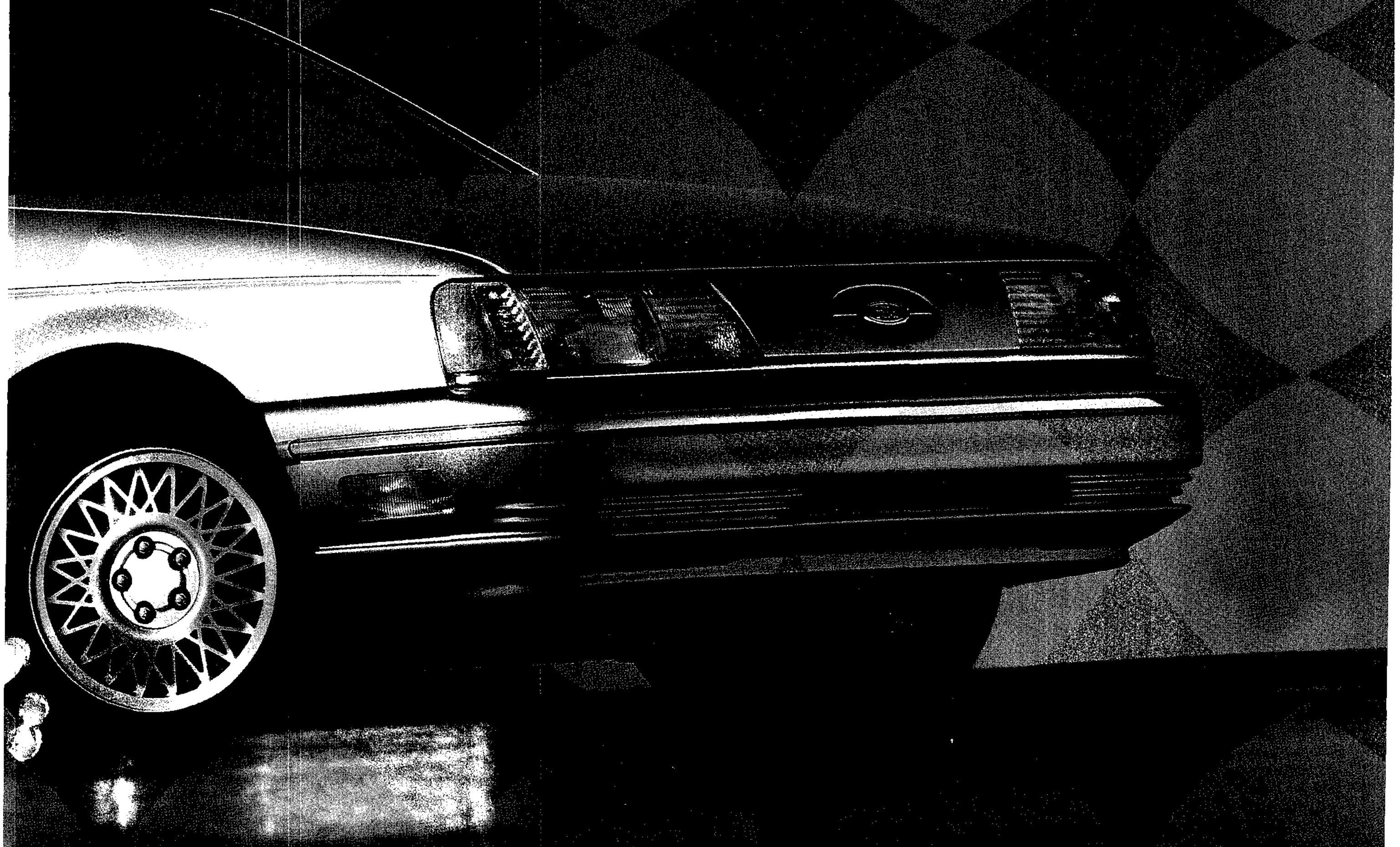
Taurus is equipped with 32 standard afety features including a driver's side ir bag supplemental restraint system to be sed with your safety belts and 3-point ear seat belts. Plus the available anti-lock raking system with four-wheel disc brakes rovides even more security for you and our family.

CAR and DRIVER

10 BEST

One of *Car and Driver's* "Ten Best" for the 6th straight year.

At Ford, we're proud of our philosophy of continuous improvement. This attitude, and the results it produces, have made Taurus an award-winning sedan every year since its introduction.



Ford Taurus

Have you driven a Ford...lately?

Ford

GAGOSIAN GALLERY

BRICE MARDEN

JAN / FEB

980 MADISON AVE NY

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
JAN 18 1991

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JANUARY 21, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23

JOURNALS (PART I) . . . . *John Cheever* 28

"HOMAGE TO GEROLAMO MARCELLO" (POEM) . . . . *Joseph Brodsky* 30

"TRÄUMEREI" (POEM) . . . . *Linda Bierds* 36

"OUTSIDE, IN FACT, THERE WASN'T ANY CHANGE" (POEM) . . . . *Patrizia Cavalli* 56

PROFILES (J. DAVID BAMBERGER) . . . . *Emily Hahn* 64

THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver* 77

LETTER FROM TOKYO . . . . *Patrick L. Smith* 78

BOOKS . . . . *Edward Hirsch* 89
BRIEFLY NOTED 93

COVER: *Barbara Westman*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Mort Gerberg, Roz Chast, Richard Cline, Richard Oldden, Henry Martin, Jack Ziegler, Warren Miller, John O'Brien, Bernard Schoenbaum, Victoria Roberts, Ed Fisher, Gahan Wilson, James Stevenson, Alicia Czechowski, Leo Cullum, Dana Fradon, Charles Barsotti, Edward Frascino, Al Ross*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVI, No. 49, January 21, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

UNCOMPROMISING
BEEFEATER
LONDON DRY GIN
47% Alc./Vol. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI. © 1990.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

LOOKING over the theatre listings it sometimes seems that the same people who get together and decide the fate of fabrics or hemlines a year or two hence also convene regularly to decide on themes for the Off Broadway season. This year's Chekhov of choice, for example, is "The Three Sisters." There is a small production of the play currently at the Second Studio for Actors (163 West 23rd Street; through January 27); a Wooster Group version called "Brace Up!"—featuring a new translation by Paul Schmidt and direction by Elizabeth LeCompte—at the Performing Garage (33 Wooster Street; starting Jan. 18); and an adaptation by David Mamet, which is slated to open next month at the Atlantic Theatre. As for Shakespeare, the favorite right now is "Romeo and Juliet." The current production, from the Riverside Shakespeare Company, comes fast on the heels of a version by the Acting Company, and passes the baton on January 27 to a staging at the Victory Theatre, directed by the Royal Shakespeare Company's Bill Alexander.

We saw the Riverside version last week, and suspect that at season's end it will have held its own in the "Romeo" sweepstakes. The settings, costumes, and lighting are basic but serviceable. In the main roles there are no embarrassments (and Stephen Schnetzer, as Mercutio, is more than howler-free: he's first-rate). The director, Charles Keating, has emphasized—suitably, for the most part—the play's high spirits. His staging, small-scale as it is, raised several questions in our mind about the play's performance history, and going to the library we came across "Shakespeare A to Z," an extremely helpful new reference work by Charles Boyce. In the "Romeo and Juliet" entry we found not only the information we were looking for but also the fact that there have been at least seventeen screen adaptations of "Romeo." And there was a beautiful still from George Cukor's 1936 Hollywood version, starring Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, in which the Mercutio—John Barrymore—once again stole the show.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ASSASSINS—A new musical by Stephen Sondheim (score and lyrics) and John Weidman (book); directed by Jerry Zaks. The cast includes Victor Garber, Annie Golden, and Jonathan Hadary. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

BETTER DAYS—A play by Richard Dresser, presented by the Primary Stages theatre company. Previews through Jan. 19. Opens Jan. 20 at 3. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

THE DANCE OF DEATH—Strindberg's play, in a translation by Harry G. Carlson. Opens Jan. 19 at 5, and runs through Feb. 16. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

DEAD MOTHER, OR SHIRLEY NOT ALL IN VAIN—A new comedy written and directed by, and featuring, David Greenspan. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

EARTH AND SKY—A play by Douglas Post, directed by André Ernotte. Jennifer Van Dyck and Justin Deas lead the cast. Previews begin Jan. 17. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

GILBERT & SULLIVAN SOCIETY—A concert version of **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**, with Agnes Fliss, soprano; Leah Staiman, contralto; William Brooke, tenor; and Sam Silvers and Jerry March, baritones. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Jan. 14 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

GROWN UPS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's 1981 play. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre. Previews through Jan. 19. Opens Jan. 20 at 7. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

LYNDON—Laurence Luckinbill is L.B.J. in a play by James Prideaux, which is based on Merle Miller's 1980 biography of Johnson. Previews Jan. 15-16. Opens Jan. 17 at 8. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

MULE BONE—The première of a never-produced 1930 collaboration between Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes. Directed by Michael Schultz. Previews begin Jan. 20. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Laurence Luckinbill as "Lyndon"

THE MY HOUSE PLAY—A comedy by Wendy MacLeod. Previews begin Jan. 17. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

WHEN LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—A double bill of plays by H. M. Koutoukas: "Awful People Are Coming Over So We Must Be Pretending to Be Hard at Work and Hope They Will Go Away" and "Only a Countess May Dance When She's Crazy." Previews through Jan. 17. Opens Jan. 22 at 8. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

RECENTLY OPENED

THE AMERICAN PLAN—Richard Greenberg's new *comédie larmoyante*, set in the Catskills, is about a lonely, unbalanced young woman who meets and falls in love with an attractive young man who will ultimately betray her. It plays like the work of someone who saw "Dirty Dancing," "Now, Voyager," and "The Heiress" a few too many times and didn't understand what was good about any of them. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/90.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Jan. 18.)

A BRIGHT ROOM CALLED DAY—A portentous work, which amounts to a cluster of scenes set in Berlin in the early thirties, with a few flash-forwards to the present. As the interminable evening runs its course, all life slowly seeps out of it. The Public has, as usual, assembled a capable cast for this stuffed turkey. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Jan. 20.)

BUDDY: THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives on had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

CAMILLE, A TEARJERKER—Everett Quinton and the late Charles Ludlam are both at their best in this revival of Mr. Ludlam's 1973 spoof, which gives Mr. Quinton a chance to "play the whore" on a grand scale. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

CARREÑO—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross and directed by Gene Frankel. Most performances are in English; a few are in Spanish. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE COUNTRY GIRL—A revival of Clifford Odets' play, with Karen Allen and David Rasche. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

DAUGHERTY & FIELD OFF-BROADWAY—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a revue of swing and show tunes. (Double Image Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

FALSETTOLAND—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a Bar Mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—The Israeli actor Topol makes a commanding Tevye—the best of all of them—in this production, which falls somewhere between revival and facsimile. The songs are by Bock and Harnick; the dances and direction are re-created from the Jerome Robbins originals; and the costumes are from the Patricia Zipprodt originals. (12/3/90) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

FOREVER PLAID—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

JACKIE MASON: BRAND NEW—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

MONSTER IN A BOX—Spalding Gray's latest autobiographical monologue. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. The last performance at the Newhouse is on Jan. 20. On Jan. 21, the show moves upstairs to the Vivian Beaumont, where it will play Mondays and occasional Sundays, through Feb. 25. The phone number for tickets is the same.)

ONCE ON THIS ISLAND—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 198[illegible] novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PETER PAN—The Cathy Rigby revival is pretty much what you'd expect from a road-show revival that has as its star a world-class gymnast: shopworn—if good, clean—fun. (12/31/90) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Closes Jan. 20.)

THE PIANO LESSON—August Wilson's newest drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh, in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes. Lloyd Richards was the director. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Closes Jan. 27.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Remembrance—Aideen O'Kelly, Malachy McCourt, and John Finn in a play by Graham Reid. (Irish Arts Theatre, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Romeo and Juliet—Robert Sean Leonard and Gerit Quealy star in this Riverside Shakespeare Company production, directed by Charles Keating. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Jan. 27.)

Shadowlands—William Nicholson's vulgar stage adaptation of the beautiful television film about C. S. Lewis that he wrote for the BBC is essentially a tourist trap. It Broadwayizes everything that in the movie was subtle or sincere. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky; with Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Alexander. (11/26/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Shogun: The Musical—Or "James Clavell's Shogun: The Musical," to give credit where credit is due, is a real hoot. It has a shipwreck sequence, a lightning effect, an entire number performed on a treadmill, a slow-motion sequence, a gunshot, an earthquake, a rainstorm, a snowstorm, a cavalry charge, a Ninja raid, a haiku competition, and a song about sex paraphernalia, and it begins with two half-naked men banging on drums. What more do you want? (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (6/25/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Sum of Us—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed; but cast and direction are both excellent, and Tony Goldwyn is electrifying as a young homosexual who wishes his father weren't quite so laid back about his homosexuality. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Taking Stock—Lee Wallace and George Guidall in a comedy by Richard Schotter. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667. Closes Jan. 27.)

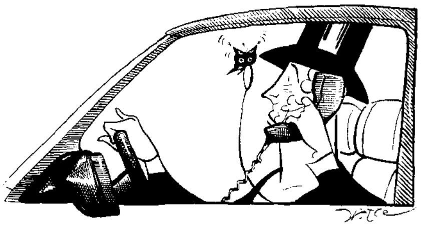
Those Were the Days—One could almost wish that this tribute to the Yiddish musical theatre, directed and choreographed by Eleanor Reissa, were less assimilated—stricter in its concept and selection (witness the title song, which has nothing to do with the Yiddish musical theatre). But the charming and adept performances of Bruce Adler, Robert Abelson, Mina Bern, and Lori Wilner, together with Zalmen Mlotek's klezmer music, make the show a joyful celebration of the shtetl culture, and put it among the very best of its kind. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

Township Fever—Mbongeni Ngema's new South African musical. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Closes Jan. 20.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of **PHILEMON,** the 1970 musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Feb. 3.)

LONG RUNS

ASPECTS OF LOVE: Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLACK AND BLUE:** An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while La Vern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular setting and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirtieth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **A FEW GOOD MEN:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series. With Perry King, Bradley Whitford, and Kathleen McNenny. Directed by Don Scardino. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 26.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. With Rene Ceballos, David Carroll, Lynette Perry, Chip Zien, Timothy Jerome, John Wylie, and Caitlin Brown. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. With Craig Schulman as Jean Valjean; starting Jan. 22, J. Mark McVey takes over the role. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Starring Steven Keats and Priscilla Lopez. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick, and Sherman Yellen. Directed by Lonny Price. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)



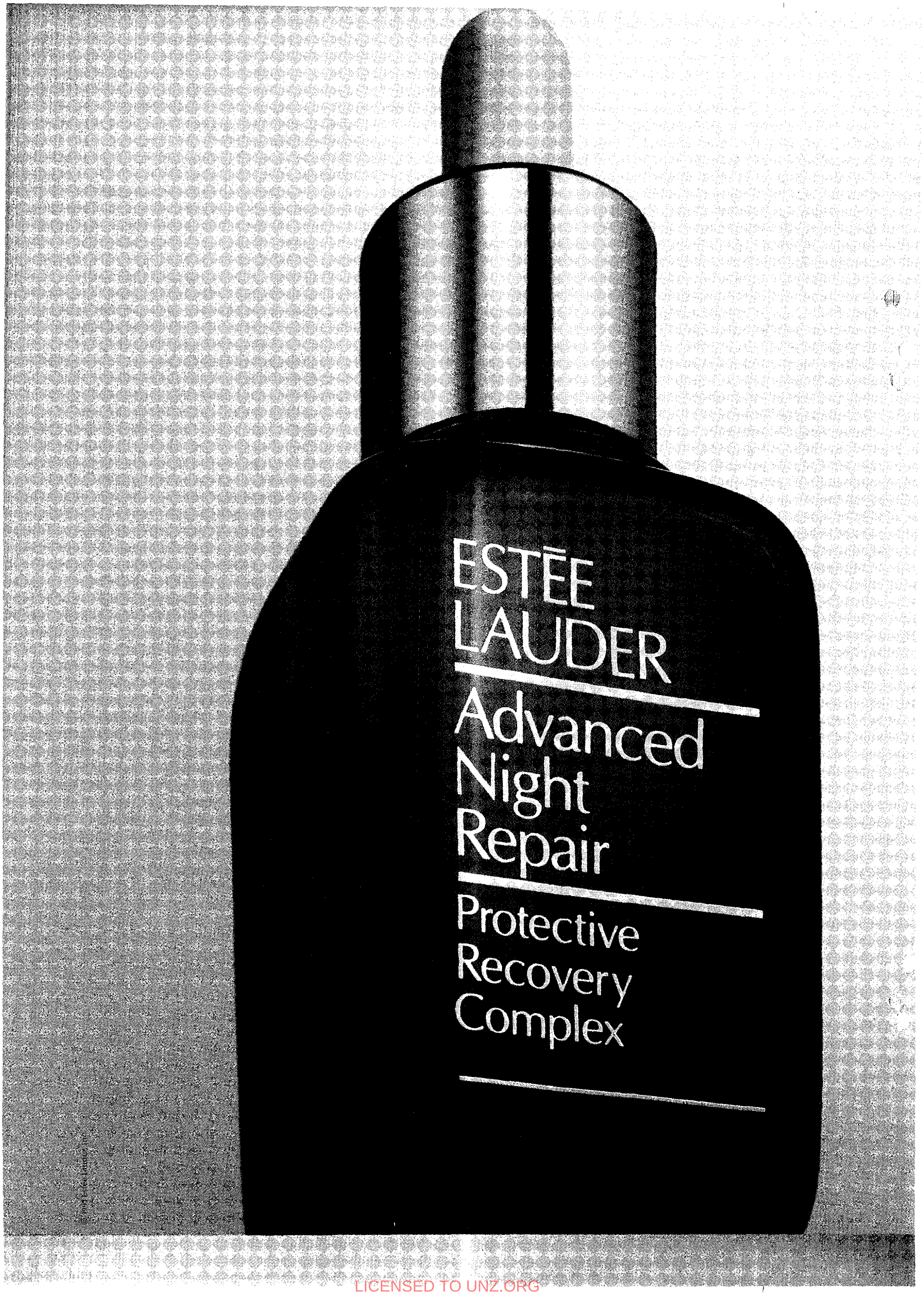
DANCE

IN 1970, Dennis Diamond walked into a Manhattan cable studio looking for a job. His résumé was almost beside the point: he was a native New Yorker in his early twenties; he had studied tap dancing since the age of three; he had also studied ballet with Madame Valentina Pereyaslavec, at the old American Ballet Theatre school, and early Graham with Gertrude Shurr; he had graduated from the dance division of the High School of the Performing Arts; and he had performed with a number of small groups. "I knew nothing about TV, video, film—nothing," he said during a recent conversation in the offices of Video D, the video-recording company that he founded in the Ladies' Mile district in 1977. Furthermore, he cared nothing about the camera as an instrument of art. "I came from the dance world," he said. "I could do a Graham contraction, but I've never looked at 'A Dancer's World' to see how it was shot."

Mr. Diamond got the job anyway, and twenty years later he is one of the busiest and most influential figures in the field of dance video in the United States. The cable studio taught him the elements of video technology—"how to thread a projector, turn on a TV." From there, he went to PBS, where, as an assistant to the producer of "Dance in America," he worked on some fifteen shows, including four devoted to Balanchine. "Although I didn't know anything about TV, I instinctively knew about dance line, phrasing—things that dancers take for granted," Mr. Diamond said. "Meanwhile, I learned that the camera doesn't blink or forget, the way a live audience does. I also learned that although I didn't have the money that 'Dance in America' had, my concern for the choreographer's work was equally important to the final product."

During the late nineteen-seventies, Mr. Diamond founded an archival video project at Dance Theatre Workshop, where he developed a documentary method using a single, stationary camera to show an entire dancer in an entire dance for a video's duration; it has become a national standard of dance documentation. ("No cinéma vérité," Mr. Diamond said. "No facial closeups, or shots of someone's hand.") It was at D.T.W. that he began to work on performance projects with choreographers. Over the past decade, Mr. Diamond has collaborated on dance/video productions with David Gordon, Senta Driver, and, most recently, Carolyn Dorfman. (The Diamond/Dorfman effort, "Video/Vantage," will be given its première on January 19 at the New Morris Museum, in Morristown, New Jersey; Manhattan performances are planned for later in the winter.) "Choreographers are always telling me, 'There are so many *rules* in video,' " Mr. Diamond said. "I say, 'When you don't want to deal with rules, call me up.' "

"Wait," he adds, "there is one rule. You don't take a camera and drop it."


ESTĒE
LAUDER
Advanced
Night
Repair
Protective
Recovery
Complex

© 1995 Estée Lauder Inc.

Introducing the most revolutionary complex we've ever created. And we can prove it.

Advanced Night Repair

Protective Recovery Complex

Use it Daily.

And help prevent environmental damage: ultraviolet rays and free radicals that can cause as much as 80% of premature aging.

Use it Nightly.

While you sleep, it will replenish your skin's natural protectants, soothe daily irritation. It's so unique it's patented into the 21st century.

The proof is in the testing. After ten weeks, you could see a 40% reduction in the appearance of little lines; 84% increase in moisturization. Advanced Night Repair has been shown to be three times more effective than original Night Repair in helping skin recover from the effects of daily environmental exposure.

ESTĒE LAUDER

New York City Ballet—Jan. 15 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: "Square Dance," "Fearful Symmetries," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Four Gnossiennes," "Prodigal Son," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Fearful Symmetries," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 1: "Square Dance," "Fearful Symmetries," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 7: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pas de Deux," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,' " and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,' " and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 24.)

Matsuyama Ballet—A Japanese company in its American début. The one-week engagement opens with performances of "Mandala," a work choreographed by Tetsutaro Shimizu, the troupe's artistic director and principal dancer. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Jan. 22 at 7:30 and Jan. 23 at 8. Through Jan. 27.)

"Altogether Different"—Jan. 15 at 8 and Jan. 19 at 2: Ruby Shang and Company, Dancers in "Yellow Punk Dolls." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8 and Jan. 20 at 2: Stephen Petronio Company in "MiddleSex Gorge," "#3," "Simulacrum Reels," and "Surrender II." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: Peter Pucci Plus Dancers in "Rapt," "Broken Song," "Can't Get Started," "13x13," "In the Garden," "Heir of Civility," and "Something Pretty Fishy Is Going On in the Temporal Lobes." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: Wendy Perron Dance Company in "Interior with Six Figures," "Ten Thoughts Slipping Divertissement," and "Last Forever." . . . ¶ Jan. 19 and Jan. 23 at 8: Nina Wiener Dance Company in "Harmonic Landscapes." . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 7:30 and Jan. 22 at 8: Mark Taylor & Friends in "Devotion," "Nine Tails," "Province," "Mortal Drift," and "Union Hall." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 27.)

Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians—Presenting two repertory works: "Magnetic" and "Inner Circle." (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Jan. 15 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

A WHILE ago, we reported on a dive bar, called McCarthy's, that on weekends became a Ken Russell-esque rock club called the Strip. It was the kind of place where you didn't want to touch the furnishings unless you had some turpentine at home. The bar, which had been closed for several months, recently reopened under the name Flannery's (205 West 14th Street), and former Strip-goers are in for a shock: the place looks as if it had been dynamited and rebuilt from the ashes up. On the ground floor is a well-scrubbed, amiable pub where you're not likely to find anyone sleeping on the bar; the low-ceilinged downstairs room, which used to serve as a makeshift shelter for some of McCarthy's patrons, is now an uncluttered, pristine performance space. The only thing that has not changed is the music, which is handled by the same people who hosted the Strip: on weekends you'll still find here an enlightened, grass-roots mixture of garage-rock, rockabilly, surf-punk, and psychedelic-rock bands.

On a recent Friday we stopped in to see Sleepy LaBeef, a rockabilly cult figure who has been performing since the nineteen-fifties and who, legend has it, opened for Elvis on a live radio show called the "Louisiana Hayride." LaBeef is six feet six and nearly three hundred pounds; has sombre, deep-set eyes that must have earned him his nickname; and never goes anywhere without his black ten-gallon hat. His deep, sonic-boom voice makes your stomach rumble, and he tosses off sharp salvos from a guitar that in his hands looks like a matchstick. Originally from Smackover, Arkansas, and now living in Boston, LaBeef tours the country in a vintage black Cadillac, attracting cadres of rockabilly fanatics, as well as rockabilly musicians, whom he often invites onstage. His two-hour set at Flannery's included both obscure and familiar material—everything from the country standard "Lost Highway" (his calling card) to an R. & B. number called "Polk Salad Annie." After the show, we decided that there was some truth to the claim made on a flyer on Flannery's front door, which said, "Sleepy LaBeef makes Johnny Cash look like a choirboy."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The seven-string guitarist **John Pizzarelli, Jr.**, is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Pizzarelli, who can often be heard around town trading solos with his father and fellow-seven-stringer Bucky, is leading a trio of his own; standards and out-of the-way stuff can be found in their repertoire, and though they swing hard, they've got a light, cool touch. In addition to being a virtuosic soloist, Pizzarelli is a pleasing, silky-voiced crooner, and his wit keeps the show buoyant. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. For the next few weeks, the club is hosting a festival of Brazilian female vocalists. Maucha Adnet is here Jan. 15-16; Yana Purim claims Jan. 17-19; Kenia works on Jan. 20; and Tania Alves gets going on Jan. 22. Show times vary.

Freddy Cole
at Fortune Garden Pavilion

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. Pianist **Junior Mance** leads a trio through Jan. 17; the **Donald Harrison** quartet performs Jan. 18-19; the **Gerry Niewood** quartet comes in on Jan. 20; and the **Gary Bartz** trio starts up on Jan. 21. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. The saxophonist, composer, and onetime member of Weather Report **W[illegible]NE Shorter** chairs a quartet Jan. 15-20; guitarist **Stanley Jordan** leads a trio during a week-long gig beginning Jan. 22. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. The pompadoured, impish lounge singer **Buster Poindexter** performs Jan. 18-19, with his **Banshees of Blue.** Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. The piano-bass team of **George Cables** and **Santi Debriano** is in session through Jan. 19. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Mark's Place. (892-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the Irish *Times*. There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some nice, wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is *not* Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café's a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The **Modern Jazz Quartet** is currently in the midst of a month-and-a-half-long engagement in the Café Carlyle. The quartet, which has been doing its fastidious swinging for more than thirty years and has some four hundred pieces in its repertoire, tends to play in big halls these days, so its occasional layovers in this intimate space are to be treasured. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **Frank Owens** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. **Judy Niemack** appears with a trio Jan. 15-20; the **Ray Bryant** trio begins a week-long engagement on Jan. 22. Music after nine.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village b[illegible]. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a "take no prisoners" atmosphere. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays).

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. Jazz singer **Helen Merrill** performs with a trio through Jan. 20; bassist **RON CARTER** leads a quintet as of Jan. 22. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of business types and a lot of hanging plants. In the middle of the main dining room, you'll also find a Steinway grand, which belongs to pianist-singer **FREDDY COLE** Jan. 15-20, in a trio with bassist Eddie Edwards and guitarist Ed Zad. Pianist-singer **DARYL SHERMAN** and bassist **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** begin an engagement on Jan. 22, with a different guest every night. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. 28-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, whose dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps evoke times gone by. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. Pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** work out Jan. 16-19. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **DAVID FINCK** commence on Jan. 23. Music from nine-forty-five.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. **BIANCA (FLYSTRIP) MILLER, CHUNK,** and **STRANGE CAVE** are here on Jan. 18. **LYDIA LUNCH,** a poet, monologuist, and performance artist known for such nihilistic sound bites as "If what I write is literature, you'd better emphasize the litter," will be on hand Jan. 19-20. Music after nine.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap Ecuadoran food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities. Music from ten-thirty.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A recent addition to the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. **MATT (GUITAR) MURPHY,** whose nearly forty-year career has included stints as a sideman for Muddy Waters and Memphis Slim and a role in the movie "The Blues Brothers," performs on Jan. 17, along with his brother Floyd, who is also a guitarist. Music from nine.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—The legends of Hoboken are many. Some of the legends are true: Sinatra did grow up here; in certain parts of town, the air does smell of Maxwell House coffee. Some of the legends are iffy: Was the first game of baseball really played here? Does former Hüsker Dü chieftain Bob Mould actually live in Hoboken? (John Sayles, maybe, but *Bob Mould*?) At Maxwell's—which will carry on even when its namesake, the Maxwell House factory, closes its doors in 1992—you won't find all the answers, but you will find bands, bands, and bands. Sometimes, you'll find as many as five a night. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled ladies. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear singer Sandy Stewart and her two sons (pianist Bill and bassist Tom Charlap), in a centennial tribute to Cole Porter. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—What Cole Porter might call a regal eagle's nest. Singer **MARGARET WHITING,** at work here through Jan. 19, recently released her thirty-fifth album, "Then and Now." The record includes some standards (by Johnny Mercer, Harold Arlen, and others) and some new material (by Brian Gari and Francesca Blumenthal, among others), and Ms. Whiting is currently offering samples of both. Shows start at nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **DON GROLNICK** quintet is in action Jan. 15-20; the **MANHATTAN JAZZ QUINTET** begins a week-long stay on Jan. 22. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St., entrance on Great Jones St. (533-7000)—The café's subterranean jazz annex—located around the block on a chunk of real estate that's temporarily safe from the encroachment of Tower industries—is a newcomer to New York's night life. On the club's back wall one finds embarrassingly cheesy renderings of full-figured gals—the kind of artwork usually reserved for pinball machines. Otherwise, Time Café is an airy, convivial place with some comfy, diner-style booths, a fleet of IKEA-style tables and chairs, and jazz musicians on the bandstand every Friday and Saturday, beginning at ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room—which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a live-in Nevelson sculpture—violinist **NOEL POINTER** holds sway on Jan. 17. The Cuban-born Latin-jazz clarinettist and saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** performs Jan. 18-19, with guest **BRANFORD MARSALIS** joining in for some duets. . . . ¶ Two flights up, at the Top of the Gate, bop pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** and a big band led by her husband, **LEW TABACKIN,** heat up on Mondays. Music from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The **ED BLACKWELL PROJECT** takes the bandstand Jan. 15-20, and the **SHIRLEY HORN** trio kicks off on Jan. 22. Ms. Horn, who lives in Washington, D.C., is a pianist whose approach has been compared to Ahmad Jamal's and a singer whose style has been likened to Billy Holiday's. Her New York début was at this club in 1962, alongside Miles Davis; she didn't perform in the city again until twenty years later, and has since then appeared infrequently. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THERE'VE been the Club Kids, the Stellar Rubellians, and the New Anorectics. We've endured the attack of the Rhythmless Aztec Two-Steppers, the invasion of the Drop-Shouldered Leather People, and the Rise (usually on stacked heels) of the Hi-Dragoneers. But it's been at least a decade since the emergence of a group as formidable in its hedonism, as across-the-board in its inclusiveness, and as blind in its focus as the Rarin' Invincibles.

Club owners deny their existence. They point to posted signs attesting to the righteousness of their clientele. But on any given Saturday night in New York, as well as in Miami, Los Angeles, Paris, Dallas, and London, the number of Rarin' Invincibles is as staggering as these people's traffic patterns at 6 a.m.

What an ecumenical bunch of partyers! Multi-generational, pansexual, HIV savvy, and socio-economically flexible (provided you can come up with the hundred-and-fifty-dollar toll each time the group is called to order), they're bound together by a simple though pricey, easy-to-follow formula. Ecstasy + Special K + alcohol = A fabulous time. Got it? Get it. Get some more. Good.

Please note that the sloppy, floaty charm resulting from one hit of Ecstasy—where the recipients smile blissfully, as if there were a Bill Murray film festival running in their head; tell all their favorite acquaintances, "I really love you, I mean, I *really* love you"; and then slobber all over them, as if they were in the climax of some Mickey Rourke movie—will not do. We're talking a non-timed-release three hits, each given a send-off by a nose-clearing burst of K, which is to drugs what luncheon meat is to deli.

The Rarin' Invincibles drip and lurch and drink tequila as if they were steroid babies on Gatorade; they either dance in bonded clumps joined at the shoulders or groin, or dervish solo, impervious to human boundaries or to the implicit danger from their flailing limbs. Happily uncommunicative, they swoon to eighties disco, then forget where they put their coat-check stubs, their contacts, and their condoms. On Sunday, they meet for brunch, late; order egg-white omelettes, refusing butter, cream, or bacon; demand fresh orange juice; bitch that they never meet anyone new; whine that they wish they could take Monday off; and bemoan their falling T-cell counts. They did, however, have a great time last night.

In this age of fear and loathing so pervasive that Hunter Thompson hides out in Colorado, such blind faith in one's indestructibility is almost commendable. There's something tempting about leaving reality for an evening, wearing a foolish grin for ten hours straight, and forgetting your troubles, c'mon get ecstatically happy. Problem is, there's a toll for reëntry, too. And a hundred and fifty bucks ain't gonna cut it.

REJUVENATION

Urban-plaza design reached its nadir in the late sixties, when the bleak concrete plateau at the foot of the Paramount building, on Broadway between 50th and 51st Streets, was poured. The black-glass-with-chrome-trim skyscraper remains as forbidding as ever, but the landscape architects at Thomas Balsley Associates have pumped some life into the plaza. They have disguised its monotonous surface with three shades of granite paving, and they have trimmed the two square openings in the plaza floor, which lead to below-ground shops, with granite benches, mint-green steel-grid railings, and planters of pine trees. Frosted-glass eye-level lanterns along the railings add further humanizing touches, and in the plaza's center a grove of yews in granite cubes has sprung up. Arranged in four rows, the shrubs enable pedestrians to pull away from the hordes bent on entering the building. The shrubs may have other purposes, too: as Balsley explains, "since the Biltmore clock is gone, the grove might even make a good place to rendezvous—you can tell your friends, 'Meet me in the yews.' "

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ice Capades—With Barbie and the Simpsons. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 18-27. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

Moscow Circus—One ring full of dancing bears, aerialists, jugglers, acrobats, tightrope walkers, and other antic performers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Jan. 16-27. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

"Chicken Tawk"—A new solo work by Carol Clements, in which she teaches the audience a new language. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Jan. 17-18 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

Paul Zaloom—In "My Civilization," a performance work with various unlikely props. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 15-19 at 8, and Jan. 20 at 3.)

Brenda Wong Aoki, Tiyé Giraud, and Carmelita Tropicana—A storyteller, a vocalist-percussionist, and a performance artist. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Jan. 20 at 3.)

P. S. 122—Jan. 17-20 at 9:30: Stephanie Skura & Company in "The Bad Play," written by Ana Maria Simo. . . . ¶ Jan. 18-20 at 8: Neil Greenberg and a small company in "Destiny Dance." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

The Kitchen—Jan. 22 at 8: "Speak to Me" and ". . . This, Our Life," two videos by Mike Kuchar. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: Lydia Lunch and Beth B working together and separately on various video and performance projects. (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.)

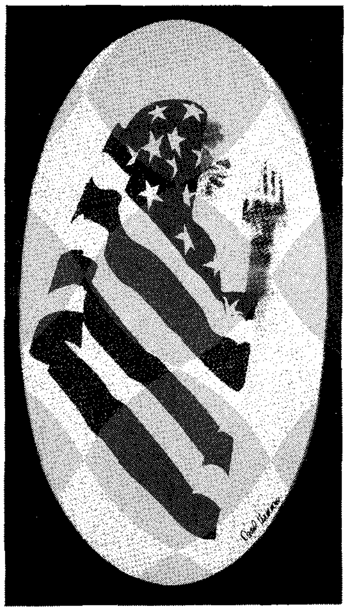
ART

THE Met has been making some spectacular acquisitions in the area of nineteenth-century decorative arts over the past five years, and some of these objects are now together on view. There is a nice assortment of milky and ornate Victorian paste china, for those with a case of the wedding-cake blues, but far more satisfying for the constitution are metal and ceramic objects by Dr. Christopher Dresser. This Glasgow-born botanist was set agog by the great 1862 London International Exhibition, and his Islam-inspired copper-colored earthenware pitcher and his Japanese-influenced blue-glazed vase are as forceful of line as anything designed by that better-known Glasgow figure Charles Rennie Mackintosh, and rather quirkier and more sensuous as well.

Also included in this little in-house show are two dazzling portrait busts, realized in precisely opposite emotional styles. "Girl in a Straw Bonnet," a terra-cotta portrait by Albert Ernest Carrier-Belleuse (1824-87), is all curves, warmth, and doe-eyed charm. But the Baron François-Joseph Bosio's 1841 marble bust of Queen Marie-Amélie of France, the wife of Louis-Philippe, is glacially elegant—the last word in haughty, regal grandeur. The sculpture was commissioned by the French royals as a gift to Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, because two of the Queen's children had married into his family, and so it must also be counted as one of the more daunting images imaginable of a mother-in-law.

The jaw-dropper of the show, however, is a closet—"Armoire with Merovingian Motifs" (1867), to be precise. Designed by Jean Brandely, in collaboration with the cabinetmaker Charles-Guillaume Diehl and the sculptor Emmanuel Frémiet, this dementedly ornamented wardrobe conjures a scene of Frankish glory for nationalistic Second Empire France: the triumphal procession of the leader Merovech, perhaps after his victory over Attila the Hun. It is an unforgettable object and among the wildest pieces of furniture we've ever seen. Museumgoers have reason to be grateful that the Met had enough money to buy this obviously pricey thing. Let's hope that this useful and original kind of shopping doesn't stop now that the you-know-what has set in.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES



Self-portrait by David Hammons

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Carroll and Milton Petrie European Sculpture Court." If you've ever wondered what the Metropolitan looked like before all the variously styled annexes were added, even before it was given its present façade, wander down this oddly long and narrow corridor. One of the long walls is the restored 1888 carriage entrance to the museum—part of its first addition—and it is all that remains of the Renaissance Revival façade. Opposite the massive rusticated arched windows of this red-brick-and-limestone relic is a recent neoclassical wall designed by Kevin Roche, with a pitched skylight roof connecting the old wall to the new. The architecture works quite well, even with its hokey trellises and plantings. It is an awful lot of space, however, to devote to an essentially uninteresting smattering of seventeenth-to-nineteenth-century statuary. The best works, in fact, are in an annex—more an architectural afterthought—off to the side of the court, in the entrance to the grandly named Henry R. Kravis Wing. There you will find Rodin's "Burghers of Calais," which is awkwardly sited but would look great anywhere; Bourdelle's amazing bronze statue of the sculptor Carpeaux; and a number of Maillols. Perhaps the finest works in the Petrie Court proper are the earliest: two very funny sculptures of a fruit-bearing Priapus and Flora that originally graced the entrance of the Villa Borghese, by Pietro Bernini, assisted by his soon-to-be-better-known young son, Gian Lorenzo. . . . ¶ Seventeen Dutch-style cupboards crafted in New York and New Jersey between 1650 and 1800. Starts Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "Théâtre de la Mode," in the Costume Institute, is a re-creation of a 1945 fashion exhibition that raised money for French war relief. Due to a fabric shortage, the couture, by such designers as Balenciaga, Lanvin, and Worth, was presented in miniature, on thirty-inch wire mannequins with ceramic heads. A hundred and seventy of the original dolls have been restored for this show. . . . ¶ "Albrecht Dürer: The Apocalypse" presents fifteen woodcuts of apocalyptic catastrophes, along with a small number of Gothic and Renaissance prints. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Photographs from the fifties and sixties, selected from the museum's collection. Among the artists shown are William Klein, Helen Levitt, Bill Brandt, and Lisette Model. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Fifteen American quilts and coverlets, made between 1803 and 1930, are on view. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ More than two hundred American portrait miniatures, most of them in watercolor on ivory, and none larger than six inches in size. Among the immortalized sitters are George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Abraham Lincoln. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five functional tools and decorative pieces from New Guinea, carved from three types of bone: bird, pig, and human. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum's third "Artist's Choice" exhibition consists of a hundred and seventy portraits in various mediums, and has been selected by Chuck Close. Through March 19. . . . ¶ An installation by Dennis Adams that includes documentary photographs of the museum's 1942 photography exhibition "Road to Victory." Through Feb. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Sixty paintings, sculptures, and prints from the nineteen-eighties, including work by Jasper Johns, Barbara Kruger, Susan Rothenberg, and David Salle. Starts Jan. 16. . . . ¶ A smaller selection, in the lobby, of thirty Surrealist and Surrealist-inspired drawings by artists such as Matta, Arshile Gorky, and Roy Lichtenstein. . . . ¶ "Robert Rauschenberg: The Silk-Screen Paintings, 1962-1964." It has been more than a decade since the last Rauschenberg retrospective, so this very focussed show of one of the artist's most productive periods comes as a special treat. Half of the nearly eighty silk-screen paintings he made during the early sixties are on view, and their energy is intense. These paintings are striking because while they chronicle the spirit of their time with amalgamations of machine-produced media images—Rauschenberg's Kennedy is as much an icon as Warhol's Marilyn—they are also chockablock full of glorious brushwork. There is a lusty unruliness to this work that sets Rauschenberg apart from his more calculating peers Johns and Warhol. We are distant enough from Pop art now to see "Barge," his thirty-two-foot-long magnum opus of the period, as an everlasting work; its grand scale is related to Pollock and its brilliant mark-making conjures Twombly, but it remains vintage Rauschenberg. Through March 17. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A lobby installation by Reeva Potoff that includes, among other materials, pages of the 1911 Encyclopaedia Brittanica arranged in a cone that reaches to the ceiling. Starts Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Forty works of art from Oceania (mostly from the Sepik and Ramu river basins in New Guinea), including three-inch-long fish-hooks, three monumental carved-wood "guardians," and a skull rack made of palm and bamboo. Through Feb. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Romance of the Taj Mahal," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, carpets, jewelry, and other items relating to the grand "jewel" in the crown of India. Included is the extraordinarily carved Taj Mahal Emerald, from the Mogul period in which the palace was built. Starts Jan. 16. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

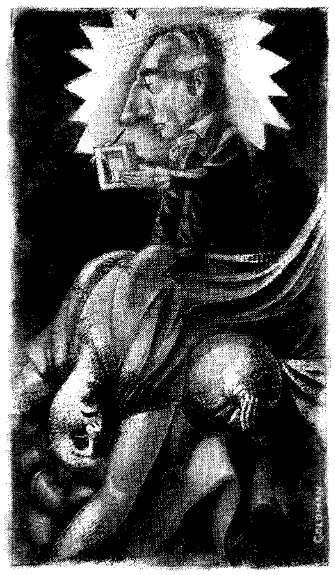
Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The museum, in residence at the New-York Historical Society until December, 1992, will reopen with an exhibition of a hundred sculptures and thirty-one drawings by Jacques Lipchitz. Starts Jan. 16. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Be Merry & Wise" examines the development of children's books in England from the seventeenth century to the mid-nineteenth. Among the many books, manuscripts, and drawings on view are the "History of Tom Thumbe" (1621, the first English folktale in print), Dorothy Kilner's "The Life and Perambulation of a Mouse" (1783), and the third edition of Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" (1861). Through Feb. 3. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A hundred and thirteen master drawings, from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, by such artists as Poussin, Fragonard, Delacroix, and Cézanne. From the Louis-Antoine Prat collection, in Paris. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Drawings and watercolors by the British Romantic Henry Fuseli (1741-1825). Through March 24. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Rhetorical Image." An impressively ambitious exhibition that brings together artists of different generations from Eastern and Western Europe, North America, Brazil, and Japan. The premise of the show is that the art in all its diversity was created as a means of resistance to accepted expressions of power. The curator, Milena Kalinovska, favors some of today's more full-bodied political art, the kinds that have a strong sense of poetry and are thus not trapped by their own ideologies. But somehow the work doesn't look very good here. For example, both Lothar Baumgarten's impeccably designed word installation—about native Americans and the railroads that displaced them—and Lawrence Weiner's equally exquisite wordwork, which have always shone in distinctive architectural settings, are here somewhat diminished by their arbitrary placement. Even so, the exhibition and its catalogue are worth the effort if only for the cross-pollination they encourage. Think about Braco Dimitrijevic's banner of a non-famous person, with its comment on the Communist world's cult of personality, in relation to Muntadas's attempts to dismantle a capitalist embodiment of power with his "Limousine Project." Or compare the philosophy of On Kawara's date painting with that of Félix González-Torres's pile of red, white, and blue wrapped candy. Or consider Krzysztof Wodiczko's potent light projections in conjunction with Judith Barry's videotaped stories of immigrants' attempts to negotiate their identities. Through Feb. 3. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"On Paper" examines the history of papermaking, from its invention in China through John Cage's edible paper. Through March 2. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays and Jan. 21, from 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Manuscript fragments, letters, first editions, photographs, and illustrations are all part of "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work." (Berg Collection. Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Jan. 21, from 10 to 6.)



Henry Fuseli at the National Academy of Design

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Sigmar Polke—An essential show of key sixties works in mixed mediums, probably unfamiliar to many American viewers, by this most mercurial of contemporary German artists. The "Potato House" has been reconstructed, along with other ephemeral masterpieces. (This is the conceptual Polke.) Through Jan. 19. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Short List—**george mc neil,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 2); **donald sultan,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Feb. 9).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Christian Boltanski—The general form of Boltanski's work, with its overwhelming funerary aura, has become pretty familiar by now, but it has fresh impact every time. This new, ten-piece installation, "The Dead Swiss," is in a sense an inversion of his past works about exterminated Jews and the children of murderers, in that it sets forth a preposterous proposition: neutrality about death. The central component is a three-sided building of stacked, worn biscuit tins that form a dead-end corridor so narrow one can barely enter it. Lights arc over the two walls, forming a low-wattage roof. The boxlike structures, each of which features a picture of a dead Swiss, are arranged in an ostensibly neutral—or minimalistic—way. But the installation is nonetheless loaded with references: to the cemetery, the archive of endless documents, the warehouse of stacked goods, the concrete-block bunker, the cul-de-sac. Through Jan. 19. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning and **Jean Dubuffet** (1901-85)—An exceptionally strong and coherent exhibition of paintings, mostly from the fifties, and all of women, by the two masters. For de Kooning, Woman tends to be a frightening though rather familiar bourgeoise: the floozy as Mother. To Dubuffet, she is the eternal archaic mystery—yes, the Other, which rhymes with . . . —but a benign one, really, more like the total *maman.* Through Jan. 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—A gorgeous show of paintings from the sixties. This first-generation Abstract Expressionist reached her unstoppable stride at the time when Pop and minimalism reigned supreme, after most of her male counterparts had died. Chief among the works here is "Combat," an explosion of pink and orange, with wonderful arcing rhythms, that is at once balletic and fierce. "Portrait in Green" could be an homage to Kandinsky, but in an unmistakably Krasnerian way, while "Kufic" is in harmony with the pre-Ab-Ex surreal mysticism of Pollock and Gottlieb. Through Jan. 26. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Although the women artists brought together in this show are of different generations and have very different artistic positions, there is a pleasant, unanticipated similarity between them. A large, simply breathtaking painting by Agnes Martin enters into an interesting dialogue with a wiry construction by Judy Pfaff and a rubberized-cheesecloth work by Eva Hesse, which is suspended by a hanger and looks a bit too much like a piece of drying laundry. Louise Lawler's photograph of Impressionist art works of women, with the caption "Is She Ours?" beside it, gives the show an unmistakably feminist spin. Melissa Meyer's rich abstract painting, recalling Alechinsky, Dubuffet, and Klee, and Kiki Smith's paper sculptures of women and their hair couch the political in more personal terms, tinged with experience. Through Jan. 19. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**charles biederman,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Jan. 30); **grace hartigan,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 9); **hans hoffman** (through Jan. 26), and **alexander liberman** (through Feb. 2), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **frederick kiesler** and **leonard stokes,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 2); **david krueger,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 31); **cheryl laemmle,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 2); **james moore,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 2); **hugh o'donnell,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 2); **rolph scarlett,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 6); **karl schrag,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 6); **frederic matys thursz,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 9).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bo Bartlett—Traditional realism with a weird, forced twist, by a painter whom the actor-turned-art-historian Dennis Hopper dubs a "great American artist of classical proportions" in the show's catalogue. One painting depicts a group of working-class guys in the mud in various stages of undress after what may have been sex tinged with violence. Another, entitled "God," is a very large, forceful painting of a black man wrapped in a tattered patchwork quilt. There is a certain soul to this work, but it tends to be negated by a greater dose of pretension. When the artist attempts to lace his narratives with Tanseyian conceits, he falls flat on his face. Through Jan. 26. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Keith Haring (1958-90) and **Jean-Michel Basquiat** (1960-88)—There are those who contend that Haring was not much of a painter; the aim of this show is to prove otherwise. The impressive grouping includes some of the artist's most exuberant paintings on tarp—the ones that display a sense of mission as well as a fine command of the drippy brush—along with several painted objects, such as a standing Nefertiti-like sarcophagus. In the few works where Haring has attempted to be more pictorial and less pictographic, his charismatic hold seems to evaporate and his limitations as a painter become clear. Basquiat, on the other hand, never had to prove himself a painter. He seemed to spring forth fully formed, with a masterly, scratchy hand that made him the most commanding scribbler since Twombly, and an unerring compositional sense that allowed him to put the list, the "X," and the smudge in exactly the right place. The show ends on a bittersweet note with a late painting by Haring in his earlier style. It depicts a pile of crowns, the kind Basquiat drew in his Samo days. It is a reverential portrait of Basquiat, although it is unclear whether the pile is an accumulation of trophies or of refuse. Through Feb. 9. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

Barbara Kruger—For at least a decade, Kruger, more than almost any other artist, has remained committed to a consistent style and statement. But in her current show she takes her usual fashion-mag graphic style and completely inverts the message. Whereas Kruger's past work was cajoling in its mood and seductive in its design, this overwhelming, objectless new installation dares and inflames. The Boone gallery has been transformed into a war zone of large-scale red, white, and black graphics; even the floor and ceiling have been painted red with white texts atop them. Such sayings as "All Violence Is the Illustration of a Pathetic Stereotype" appear in huge letters against a sea of offensive slang names. In the past, Kruger, with a great dose of irony, has played off the phrase "It's our pleasure to serve you"; here the work literally says "It's Our Pleasure to Disgust You." There are large photographic images everywhere—a naked, crucified woman wearing a gas mask, for instance—but now they have become the background, while the words have become the images. "All That Seemed Beneath You Is Speaking to You Now," Kruger tells us, while presenting life as if it were taking place inside a pressure cooker and with a heavy dose of the sinister. Through Jan. 26. (417 West Broadway.)

Mario Merz—For several decades, Merz has been using his neon Fibonacci numbers in all sorts of works, ranging in spirit from aggressively male to poetically vulnerable. The piece in this show is one of the simplest, and a bit of a cross between the two poles. It consists of a twenty-one-unit sequence of the numbers in a diagonal line, each resting on a brick of plastic-wrapped clay. The clay has an appealing transformative presence—in a symbolic, Beusyian way—but the work's installation on a roped-off red linoleum floor makes it all unnecessarily coy. Through Jan. 26. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Short List—**jennifer bartlett,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Feb. 2); **robert bordo,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Feb. 2); **janet carkeek** and **jim isermann,** Feature, 484 Broome St. (through Feb. 2); **alan charlton,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Feb. 2); **robert colescott,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Feb. 13); **sheppard craige** and **michelle murphy,** Perlow, 560 Broadway (through Jan. 24); **jeffrey dennis,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Jan. 26); **gianni dessì,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 2); **duncan hannah,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 26); **susan hiller,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (through Feb. 2); **komar & melamid,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Feb. 16); **bruce kurland,** Munroe, 130 Prince St. (through Jan. 19); **john murphy,** Burgin, 130 Prince St., and Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 26); **jeff perrone,**

Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through Feb. 9); **MARGO SAWYER,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Jan. 26); **FRANK STELLA,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through Jan. 26); **ELLEN WIENER,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 26); **DAVID WOJNAROWICZ,** Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through Jan. 19).

OTHER GALLERIES

David Hammons—A wonderful retrospective, at P.S. 1, of works made over the past twenty years by this extraordinary, no-longer-overlooked artist. Included are a new installation called "Jesus Is the Light," in which tiny crucifixes dangling from the ceiling glow in the dark, accompanied by a soul-cleansing Aretha Franklin tape; the controversial 1986 billboard painting, "How You Like Me Now," of a bleached, blonded, and blue-eyed Jesse Jackson; a large tapestry, titled "Flying Carpet," that is covered with actual fried-chicken parts and reminded us of work by other contemporary orchestrators of culture's debris, most notably Cady Noland and the Belgian Guillaume Bijl; two standing 1990 sculptures, titled "Rocky" and "Esquire," made of plant stands with head-shaped stones adorned with honest-to-God Afro-American hair; and a spectacular series of rafters-high basketball-hoop constructions, including a Tramp-style hoop made of bottle caps. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ The rest of this contemporary-arts institution, perhaps the only one in town to inspire a sense of aesthetic adventurousness, is also in great, full form right now. In addition to the Hammons retrospective, you will find an exhibition, curated by Zdenka Gabalova, titled "Three Artists from Bohemia," with work by Thomas Ruller (a cross between endurance, installation, and body art), Ivan Kafka (metaphysical neo-Dada sculptures), and the especially talented Vladimir Kokolia, whose wallful of Expressionist-symbolist drawings are not to be missed. The basement and attic of this big, funky building have been given over to various site-specific works. In the attic, which is really rickety, are a series of sharply realized and gently confrontational installations by Maura Sheehan, Kim Jones, Renee Green, Patrick Ireland, and Lawrence Weiner. Through Feb. 10. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

There was a young lady named Bright
Whose speed was faster than light;
She eloped on a day
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

IT was with this limerick that Dr. Harold Edgerton opened his photography book "flash!," published in 1939. The volume is a marriage of art and science, but instead of being intimidating or technocratic it is wonderfully down-to-earth. Our favorite chapter is "Drops and Splashes," but the whole book is a treat. It's full of mesmerizing views of everyday things revealed through Edgerton's chief invention: high-speed stroboscopic photography. How quick is a wink? How fast does glass crack? What happens when a golf ball is struck? "flash!" has the answers.

Edgerton died a year ago, and he is being honored this month at the Laurence Miller gallery, in SoHo. The photographs are a journey back to an era when science seemed like a miracle and abstraction the symbol of a progressive world. There's a picture here, for example, that resembles a skewed crown—the caption tells us it's not a royal jewel but a "milk-drop coronet." Why cry over spilled milk?

Short List—**HAROLD EDGERTON** and **HELEN LEVITT,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Feb. 2); **JUDY FISKIN,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 9); **LISETTE MODEL,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 16); **IRVING PENN,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 19).

MUSIC

IT is regularly lamented that the Metropolitan Opera House, with its yawning auditorium of nearly four thousand seats and its Olympic-size orchestra pit, is too big for Mozart. In fact, it's too big for Wagner: nothing in the Western operatic repertoire was designed for such performing conditions. The distortions necessary to adapt to them, and the losses suffered thereby, have become so ingrained that many people don't hear them as distortions or losses anymore.

But the paradoxical fact is that Mozart has been consistently better served over the past decade at the Met than has just about any other composer (Berg is the possible exception). Success is relative; there have been plenty of problems in Mozart. But there have also been plenty of performances, all of them conducted by James Levine, that stand out in our recollection as exemplary for "big house" Mozart: manifestly well rehearsed, exquisitely played by the orchestra, sensitively cast, musically satisfying. They have not often been well staged—that has been a thorny area—but there have been some fine individual dramatic portrayals. We especially recall a taut, well-blended revival of "La Clemenza di Tito" that offered superb singing from Carol Vaness and intense dramatization from Tatiana Troyanos, introduced Hei-Kyung Hong, and presented the late John Alexander in the best role of his mature career; and, more recently, an "Entführung" that discovered in Mariella Devia unsuspected Mozartean eloquence and virtuosity. There was also Luciano Pavarotti's unexpected classical dignity and fire in "Idomeneo." And several very distinguished portrayals—the Osmin of Kurt Moll, the Fiordiligi of Ms. Vaness, the Cherubino of Frederica von Stade—have been kept before the New York public on a satisfyingly regular basis.

Another fond memory is of Kathleen Battle as a radiantly lyrical Pamina in "Die Zauberflöte." The main effort at the Met just now is a new production of that difficult work, and Ms. Battle is returning to her role. Mr. Moll is in the cast, too (along with the tenor Francisco Araiza and the coloratura soprano Luciana Serra), and we look forward to a visit.

Shlomo Mintz with the New York Philharmonic

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Kathleen Battle, Luciana Serra, Francisco Araiza, Manfred Hemm, and Kurt Moll; conducted by James Levine. (Jan. 14 and Jan. 17 at 8.) . . . With Kathleen Battle, Luciana Serra, Peter Kazaras, Manfred Hemm, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. (Jan. 23 at 8.) . . . **BORIS GODUNOV,** with Stefania Toczyska, Vladimir Popov, Sergei Koptchak, and Paul Plishka; Christian Badea. (Jan. 15 at 8 and Jan. 19 at 1:30.) . . . **FAUST,** with Diana Soviero, Diane Kesling, Richard Leech, and Samuel Ramey; Thomas Fulton. (Jan. 16 and Jan. 19 at 8.) . . . **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Florence Quivar, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; James Levine. (Jan. 18 and Jan. 22 at 8.) . . . **DIE FLEDERMAUS,** with Pamela Coburn, Barbara Kilduff, Helga Dernesch, Neil Rosenshein, Siegfried Jerusalem, Walter Berry, and Dom DeLuise; Julius Rudel. (Jan. 21 at 8.)

Bronx Opera Company—Presenting a staged performance of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English, with Michael Spierman conducting. (John Jay College Theatre, Tenth Ave. between 58th and 59th Sts. Jan. 18-19 at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-1356.)

"L'Isola Disabitata"—Thomas Crawford conducts the period-instrument Fairfield Orchestra in a concert version of Haydn's opera, with soloists Kristin Norderval, Louise Toppin, Marty Singleton, and Wilbur Pauley. Since the opera is short, there will also be time for a symphony by Thomas Arne (best remembered as the composer of "Rule, Brittania"). (Church of St. Luke In-the-Fields, 485 Hudson St. 633-2167. Jan. 20 at 4.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 15 at 8: Charles Dutoit conducts Schumann's Fourth Symphony, Kodály's "Variations on a Hungarian Folksong," and Dutilleux's "Tout un Monde Lointain . . . ," with cello soloist Lynn Harrell. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8, Jan. 18 at 2, and Jan. 22 at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducts the New York première of Jacob Druckman's "Brangle," as well as works by Haydn and Lalo (his "Symphonie Espagnole," with violinist Shlomo Mintz).

Camerata Bariloche of Buenos Aires—The chamber orchestra, led by concertmaster Elias Khayat, performs concertos by Alessandro Marcello and Telemann, Ginastera's "Impresiones de la Puna" (with flute soloist Claudio Barile), and orchestral works by Mozart and Suk. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 15 at 8.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducts a twentieth-century program, including works by Otto Luening, Karel Husa, and David Amram. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 16 at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducts Mahler's Fourth Symphony (with soprano Abbie Furmansky) and Penderecki's Viola Concerto (with Misha Amory). (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 16 at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—A highlight of the program is the first New York performance since 1944 of Samuel Barber's Second Symphony, conducted by Dino Anagnost. Barber composed it in 1943; he was a corporal in the Army, under orders to write a symphonic work to celebrate Army Air Forces fliers. The result was a highly descriptive piece (it even includes electronic sounds to evoke radio signals). Despite later revisions, Barber remained dissatisfied, and in 1964 he shredded the manuscript and withdrew the score from his publisher's catalogue. In 1986, a set of instrumental parts surfaced in England, and the late composer's estate granted permission for the work to be resurrected. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 17 at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Sixten Ehrling conducts works of Casella, Sibelius,

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just one soaping, this man's skin will start living better.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN

His face will be thoroughly clean. Look fresh. Feel comfortable.

Because it's had an important meeting. With Clinique Soap that cleanses a face without overdoing it—without leaving skin feeling taut, stiff, or dry. Clinically formulated, this soap knows exactly what to do. How hard to work. Where to stop.

Clinique Soap has a rich, robust lather that feels good on the face. Works quickly. Has no perfume. Its big brick-shaped bar lasts for months. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Clinique Soap is the first step in Clinique's 3-step system of skin care. It's where better skin starts.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

MUSIC—Cont'd

and Rachmaninoff (with pianist Ruth Laredo). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Jan. 18-19 at 8 and Jan. 20 at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Geoffrey Simon is guest conductor for a program of music by Glinka, Debussy, Respighi, and Tchaikovsky. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 20 at 3.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—Raymond Leppard conducts the first symphonies of Sibelius and Shostakovich, as well as Britten's "A Charm of Lullabies," with contralto Maureen Forrester. Originally composed (in 1947) with piano accompaniment, the five-movement cycle is presented here in a new orchestral arrangement by Colin Matthews, who (with his brother David) served during Britten's last years as the composer's amanuensis. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 22 at 8.)

Greenwich Village Singers—Mark Mangini directs Leonard Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms," as well as the "Requiem" and "Quatre Motets" of Maurice Duruflé. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Jan. 17 at 8. For information about tickets, call 679-9146.)

New York Virtuoso Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directs Britten's "A Boy Was Born" and "Voices for Today," assisted in the former by the Northport High School Choir. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Jan. 19 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 763-3453.)

Musicians of Melodious Accord—The sixteen-voice choir, the Just Friends vocal sextet, and contralto Pamela Warrick-Smith perform spirituals and gospel hymns in a salute to Martin Luther King, Jr. Directed by Alice Parker. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Jan. 20 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Ascension Music—Presenting Brahms' "Ein Deutsches Requiem," in the composer's own rarely heard arrangement for piano four-hands, played here by Myron McPherson and Neal Goren. Dennis Keene directs the Ascension Music Chorus and soloists Beverly Myers (soprano) and Kevin Deas (baritone). (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. Jan. 20 at 8.)

RECITALS

Concert Artists Guild—The organization, which encourages emerging artists, is honored on its fortieth birthday with performances by ten alumni. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 15 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Solo and chamber music by Beethoven, Smetana, and Dvořák. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Jan. 17 at 7:30 and Jan. 20 at 4.)

Eugenia Zukerman—Performing flute works by Schubert, Fauré, Franz Doppler, Messiaen, and others; accompanied by Dennis Helmrich. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 18 at 7.)

Martina Arroyo and Robert Grayson—The soprano and tenor perform arias and duets from "Tosca," "La Gioconda," "Otello," and other operas, as well as songs by Verdi and Puccini; with pianist Gabriel Guimaraes. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 18 at 8.)

Tribute to a Tuner—Until Edgar Rebich's death in October, members of New York's historical-performance circle depended on the harpsichord technician to re-create arcane tuning systems of past centuries. Ten harpsichordists, among others, salute him in a concert featuring works of Purcell and Bach. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Jan. 18 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Consort—The early-music ensemble traces the musical history of Portugal and its colonies from the Middle Ages to the Baroque. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Jan. 19 at 8.)

Partita Chamber Ensemble—The group offers a flute quartet by Mozart, a clarinet quintet by Weber, and chamber music by Debussy, Ravel, and Villa-Lobos. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Jan. 19 at 8.)

Continuum—The ensemble presents works by notable women composers: songs (1931) and a violin sonata (1926) by the American Ruth Crawford Seeger; a piano sonata (1953) and chamber orchestra work (1966) by the Pole Grazyna Bacewicz; and a trio (1949) and the Symphony No. 5 (1989-90) by the Russian Galina Ustvolskaya. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 19 at 8.)

Vladimir Spivakov—Violin, performing chamber works of Schubert, Shostakovich, Schnittke, and Beethoven; with pianist Sergei Bezrodny, violinist Kerry McDermott, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 20 at 3.)

Bradshaw and Buono—The piano duo of David Bradshaw and Cosmo Buono performs original works and arrangements of Richard Strauss, Liszt, Debussy, and Johan Kvandal, a contemporary Norwegian composer. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 20 at 3.)

James Levine and Friends—Chamber music by Mozart and Wagner, as well as Bach's Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto, performed by Mr. Levine (piano) and musicians from the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Jan. 20 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock

Yin Cheng-Zong—Piano, performing works by Baldassare Galuppi, Debussy ("Preludes, Book One"), and Brahms (his Third Sonata). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 20 at 8.)

New York Consort of Viols—For this concert of songs, dances, and motets from the Middle Ages, the ensemble's accustomed viols are replaced by medieval vielles and rebecs. With guest singer Peter Becker and lutenist Grant Herreid. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Jan. 21 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Gregory Fulkerson—The violinist performs a Bach solo sonata and, with pianist Charles Abramovic, works by Bartók and Stephen Dembski. Presented by the Washington Square Contemporary Music Society. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 21 at 8.)

"High-Brow/Low-Brow: An American Sampler"—Seventeen pieces of American music revealing the delicate balance between concert-hall compositions and the popular-music models that sometimes inspire them. Including works by Ives, Carpenter, Gershwin, Barber, Bernstein, Copland, Carter, and Cage. Soprano Angelina Réaux and pianists Ilana Vered, Margaret Leng Tan, and Robert Kapilow will appear. Presented by Music from Rutgers SummerFest. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 22 at 8.)

Astonishing Winds—Robert Dick (flute), Esther Lamneck (clarinet), and Gary Louie (saxophone) present recent compositions for their instruments; assisted by pianist Jon Klibonoff and the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Jan. 22 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Emerson String Quartet—Playing music by Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, and Prokofiev. With guest artists Kim Kashkashian (viola), Gary Hoffmann (cello), and Yefim Bronfman (piano). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 23 at 8.)

Francesco Trio—The ensemble charts the progress of the violin-cello-piano trio through the last four decades of American music, featuring trios by Mel Powell (1954), Henry Cowell (1965), Seymour Shifrin (1974), and Andrew Imbrie (1989). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Jan. 23 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jeffrey Siegel—The pianist plays and discusses ballades by Brahms, Chopin, and Grieg. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Jan. 23 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Billy Taylor Trio—With the Juilliard String Quartet, in the second of three concerts this season. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 17 at 8.)

Phill Niblock—With the Soldier String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 17 at 8.)

Barbara Cook and Wally Harper—92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Jan. 19 at 8.

Irish Music Concert—With James Keane, Seamus Connolly, Jerry O'Sullivan, Maureen Glynn, and Treasa O'Carroll. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Jan. 19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock—In a program geared to a young audience. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Jan. 20 at 2. For tickets, call 947-5850.)

"New Sounds" Concert—With Laurie Anderson, Ben Neill and his ensemble and Zeitgeist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 20 at 3.)

The Kitchen—Jan. 16: Myra Melfo[illegible], David Lopato, and Matthew Shipp. . . . ¶ Jan. 17: Jaki Byard and Borah Bergman. . . . ¶ Jan. 18: Anthony Coleman, with an ensemble, and with Tim Berne and Mark Dresser. . . . ¶ Jan. 19: Linda Montano. (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, Jan. 16 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Jan. 21 at 1.

Nets—Vs. the Golden State Warriors, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Bulls, Jan. 23. (Game time, 7:30.)

Rangers—Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Jan. 17. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Boston Bruins, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Jan. 22. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Jan. 16. (Game time, 7:45.)

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Talks on Pots—Linda Rosenfeld Shulsky will talk about Chinese blue-and-white porcelain from the fourteenth century to the seventeenth. (Place des Antiquaires, 125 E. 57th St. Jan. 16 at 2. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Ellen Conant will talk about traditional and contemporary Japanese pottery. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Jan. 17 at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-7496.)

Green Scene—The Central Park Rangers will take interested parties to the Arthur R[illegible] Pinetum. Meets Jan. 20 at 2, at 85th St. and Central Park West.

Readings—Jan. 16 at noon: Cynthia Ozick will read from her own prose. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Fulton St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 8: August Wilson reads from his recent work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6: Samuel R. Delany, the science-fiction writer, will read from his own work. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.) . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6:30: For the opening night of the "Selected Shorts" series, Charles Keating, Paul Hecht, Sakina Jaffrey, Isaiah Sheffer, and Diane Venora read stories by Primo Levi, Paul Theroux, Bharati Mukherjee, Mark Strand, Aleksandr Afanas'ev, and James Thurber. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Memorandum—Martin Luther King, Jr., Day will be observed on Jan. 21.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "To Sleep with Anger" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Come See the Paradise" (directed by Alan Parker), with Dennis Quaid and Tamlyn Tomita. From Jan. 18: The Third Animation Celebration.
Theatre 3: "Vincent & Theo" (†).
Theatre 4: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.
Theatre 5: "The Russia House" (†).
Theatre 6: "Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Diego Rivera: I Paint What I See" (Mary Lance and Eric Breitbart), a documentary; "Frida" (Paul Leduc; in Spanish), with Ofelia Medina; and "Rodrigo D: No Futuro" (Victor Manuel Gaviria; a Colombian film, in Spanish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 2: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.
Theatre 3: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Russia House" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 17: "The Godfather Part III" (†). From Jan. 18: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 17: "Dances with Wolves" (†). From Jan. 18: "Eve of Destruction" (Duncan Gibbins), with Gregory Hines and Renee Soutendijk.
Theatre 6: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 17: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
From Jan. 18: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer, Ethan Hawke, Seymour Cassel, and James Remar.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Sheltering Sky" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris, John Hurt, Tom Berenger, Brenda Fricker, and Sean Bean.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "The Godfather Part III" (†). From Jan. 18: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.
Theatre 3: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.

stside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"GoodFellas" (†).

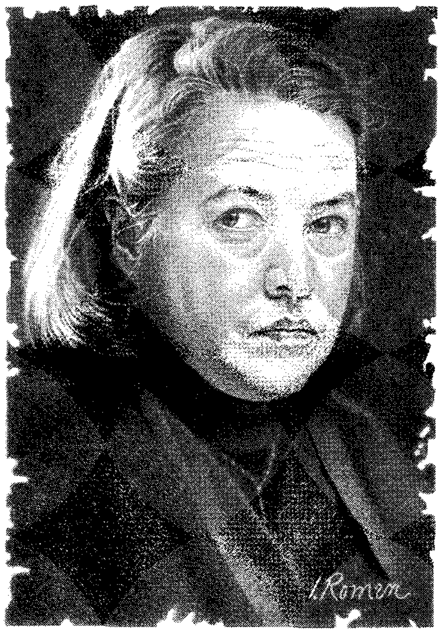
tton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (†). From Jan. 18: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer and Ethan Hawke.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Come See the Paradise" (Alan Parker), with Dennis Quaid and Tamlyn Tomita.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)



Kathy Bates in "Misery"

Through Jan. 17: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
From Jan. 18: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 2: "Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 3: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Look Who's Talking Too" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Jan. 17: "Havana" (†).
From Jan. 18: "Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter and Danny Aiello.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Russia House" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Godfather Part III" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson, Glenn Close, Alan Bates, and Paul Scofield.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Godfather Part III" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.
Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "Solovki Power" (1988, directed by Marina Goldovskaya; in Russian), a documentary. From Jan. 16: Six new films from Europe, South America, and Asia.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Privilege" (Yvonne Rainer), with Alice Spivak and Novella Nelson.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 2: "Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson, Glenn Close, Alan Bates, and Paul Scofield.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio. From Jan. 18: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer and Ethan Hawke.
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 2: "Havana" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 17: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Jan. 18: "Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, Danny Aiello, Laura San Giacomo, and Gena Rowlands.
Theatre 4: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (†).
Theatre 5: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 6: "Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.
Theatre 7: Through Jan. 17: "Come See the Paradise" (Alan Parker), with Dennis Quaid and Tamlyn Tomita. From Jan. 18: "The End of Innocence" (Dyan Cannon), with Cannon, John Heard, and George Coe.
Theatre 8: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek and Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 9: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif.
Theatre 2: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 3: "Avalon" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Green Card" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif.
Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 3: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 5: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 6: "Postcards from the Edge" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Edward Scissorhands" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Sheltering Sky" (†).

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Through Jan. 17: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek and Whoopi Goldberg.

From Jan. 18: "Men of Respect" (William Reilly), with John Turturro, Katherine Borowitz, Dennis Farina, Peter Boyle, and Lilia Skala.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

To be announced.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"Alice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Vincent & Theo" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Dances with Wolves" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Freeze—Die—Come to Life" (Vitaly Kanevski; in Russian). From Jan. 18: "Taxi Blues" (Pavel Lounguine; in Russian).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 17: "Jesus of Montreal" (Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau. From Jan. 18: "Rikyu" (Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 17: "Havana" (†).

From Jan. 18: "Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter, Danny Aiello, Laura San Giacomo, and Gena Rowlands.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci. From Jan. 18: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.

Theatre 2: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

Theatre 3: "The Russia House" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Godfather Part III" (†).

Theatre 6: "Green Card" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 2: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Misery" (directed by Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

Theatre 2: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.

Theatre 3: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (†).

Theatre 4: "Hang Five."

Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 6: "Look Who's Talking Too" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, and Olympia Dukakis.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through Jan. 17: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

From Jan. 18: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "The Russia House" (†). From Jan. 18: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci. From Jan. 18: "Eve of Destruction" (Duncan Gibbins), with Gregory Hines and Renee Soutendijk.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 17: "Ghost" (†). From Jan. 18: "The Russia House" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Godfather Part III" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.

Theatre 2: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "RobotJox." From Jan. 18: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer, Ethan Hawke, Seymour Cassel, and James Remar.

Theatre 2: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Jan. 14: "Show Boat" (1951, directed by George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, Joe E. Brown, William Warfield, and Marge and Gower Champion; and "Roberta" (1935, William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Irene Dunne.

Jan. 15-16: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952, Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner; and "The Killers" (1946, Robert Siodmak), with Burt Lancaster, Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, and Sam Levene.

Jan. 17-19: "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon; and "Mogombo" (1953, John Ford), with Clark Gable, Gardner, and Grace Kelly.

Jan. 20-22: "The Barefoot Contessa" (†) and "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (†).

From Jan. 23: "Bhowani Junction" (1956, George Cukor), with Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Bill Travers; and "The Great Sinner" (1949, Robert Siodmak), with Gregory Peck, Gardner, Walter Huston, Ethel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, and Melvyn Douglas.

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

Through Jan. 15: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "The Soft Skin" (1964, Truffaut; in French), with Jean Desailly, Françoise Dorléac, and Nelly Benedetti.

Jan. 16-19: "La Dolce Vita" (1960, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Jan. 20-22: "The 400 Blows" (1959, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Jules and Jim" (1962, Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

From Jan. 23: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (1990, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Antonio Banderas, Victoria Abril, Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona; and "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (1990, Peter Greenaway), with Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, Alan Howard, and Richard Bohringer.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Through Jan. 15: "Masculine Feminine" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "La Chinoise" (1967, Godard; in French), with Anne Wiazemsky, Léaud, and Juliette Berto.

Jan. 16-17: "Every Man for Himself" (1979, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye; and "A Letter to Jane" (1972, Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin; in French).

Jan. 18-21: "Weekend" (1968, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne; and "Tout Va Bien" (1972, Jean-Pierre Gorin and Godard; in French), with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda.

From Jan. 22: "Pierrot le Fou" (†); and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 14: "The Last Metro" (1981, François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Love on the Run" (1979, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade.

Jan. 15: "The Petrified Forest" (1936, Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942, William Keighley), with Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.

Jan. 16: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955, Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, and Ben Cooper; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960, Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Jan. 17: "Imagine: John Lennon" (1988, Andrew Solt), a documentary; and "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" (1978, Michael Schultz), with Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees.

Jan. 18-19: "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950, Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Jan. 20: "Ninotchka" (†); and "Grand Hotel" (1932, Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Jan. 21: "The Ritual" (1969, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "After the Rehearsal" (1984, Bergman; [illegible] Swedish), with Erland Josephson, Thulin, and Lena Olin.

Jan. 22: "Cavalcade" (†) and "In Which We Serve" (†).

Jan. 23: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958, Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood, and Jack Carson; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Forbidden Love" (1990, directed by Helmut Dziuba; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "My War" (1990, Harriet Eder and Thomas Kufus; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "In the Splendor of Happiness" (1990, Johann Feindt and Helga Reidemeister), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 3: "The Crowd" (1928, King Vidor; silent), with Eleanor Boardman. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6: "Miss Lulu Bett" (1921, William deMille: silent). . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 3 and 6: ". . . And Woman Wove It in a Basket" (1989, Bushra Azzouz, Marlene Farnum, and Nettie Kuneki), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3 and Jan. 19 at 5: "Speaking Directly: Some American Notes" (1973, Jon Jost). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6 and Jan. 19 at 2:30: "All the Vermeers in New York" (1990, Jost), with Emmanuelle Chaulet. Mr. Jost will be present on Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "Angel City" (1976, Jost), with Bob Glaudini. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5 and Jan. 21 at 2:30: "Portrait" (1963), "Leah" (1967), and "A Man Is More Than the Sum of His Parts/A Woman Is" (1971), all directed by Jost. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6: "Dead End" (1977, Jost), with Tom Blair. . . . ¶ All eleven parts of "Heimat" (1984, Edgar Reitz; in German). Jan. 17 and Jan. 21 at 2:30: Part 1, "The Call of Far Away Places, 1919-28." . . . Jan. 17 and Jan. 21 at 6: Part 2, "The Centre of the World, 1928-33" and Part 3, "The Best Christmas Ever, 1935." . . . Jan. 18 and Jan. 22 at 2:30: Part 4, "The Highway, 1938" and Part 5, "Up and Away and Back, 1938-39." . . . Jan. 18 and Jan. 22 at 6: Part 6, "The Home Front, 1943" and Part 7, "Soldiers and Love, 1944." . . . Jan. 19 at 2: Part 8, "The Americans, 1945-47." . . . Jan. 19 at 4:30: Part 9, "Hermännchen, 1956-57." . . . Jan. 20 at 2: Part 10, "The Proud Years, 1967-69." . . . Jan. 20 at 4:30: Part 11, "The Feast of the Living and the Dead."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Programs about contemporary comedians and people who influenced them. Lily Tomlin: Jan. 15-19: "Lily: Sold Out" (1981, CBS) and "Lucy Takes a Ballet Class" (1952, CBS), an episode of "I Love Lucy," with Lucille Ball. . . . From Jan. 22: "Lily" (1973, CBS) and excerpts featuring Jean Carroll, Imogene Coca, Beatrice Lillie, and Joan Davis. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ From Jan. 22: "A Long Time Till Dawn" (1953, NBC), an episode of "Kraft Television Theatre," with James Dean; and "The Unlighted Road" (1955, CBS), an episode of "Schlitz Playhouse of the Stars," with Dean and Natalie Wood.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at

Second St. (477-2714)—Jan. 16 at 7: A program of seven short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8:30: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944, Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Un Condamné a Mort S'Est Échappé" (1956, Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 18-19 at 8: A program of short films by Marcel Broodthaers. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: "Pickpocket" (1959, Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 7: A program of short films by Robert Breer. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8:30: "passing through/torn formations" (1988, Philip Hoffman) and "Kitchener-Berlin" (1990). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: "Mouchette" (1966, Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 9:30: "Small White House" (1990, Richard Newton).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-[illegible]19)—Jan. 15 at noon: "The Canterville Ghost" (1944, Jules Dassin), with Charles Laughton. Margaret O'Brien, and Robert Young. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924, Raoul Walsh; silent), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at noon: "Mooney vs. Fowle" (1961) and "The Chair" (1962). . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at noon: "Blithe Spirit" (1945, David Lean), with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Constance Cummings, and Margaret Rutherford. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30: "Camille" (1936, George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Lionel Barrymore.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In either the Riklis Theatre or the Warner Communications Screening Room. A program of films for which Gordon Willis was the cinematographer. Jan. 19-20 at 2: "End of the Road" (1970, Aram Avakian), with Stacy Keach, Harris Yulin, Dorothy Tristan, and James Earl Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 4:30: "The Landlord" (1970, Hal Ashby), with Beau Bridges, Lee Grant, Pearl Bailey, and Louis Gossett, Jr. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 4:30: "Klute" (1971, Alan Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"In Aztlán: The Films of the Chicano Movement, 1969-79." Jan. 15-16 at 2: "Los Vendidos" (1972, George Paul) and "El Corrido: La Carpa de los Rasquachis" (1976, Kurt Browning). . . . ¶ Jan. 18-20 at 2: "Requiem-29" (1971, David Garcia), "Cristal" (1975, Severo Perez), "Guadalupe" (1976, José Luis Ruiz), "Carnalitos" (1973, Richard Davies), and "Aqueda Martinez: Our People, Our Country" (1977, Esperanza Vasquez). . . . ¶ Jan. 22-23 at 2: "Los Desarraiquados" (1974, Francisco X. Camplis), "The Unwanted" (1976, José Luis Ruiz), and "After the Earthquake" (1979, Lourdes Portillo and Nina Serano).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Jan. 14 at 6:30: "High and Low" (1963, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6:30: "The Chase" (1957, Yoshitaro Nomura; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6:30: "The Lady Pickpocket" (1960, Yasuzo Masumura; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo and Eiji Funakoshi.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Jan. 16 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Monsieur Hire" (1989, Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 12:30 and 6: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Muriel" (1963, Resnais; in French), with Seyrig.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Jan. 20 at 2 and 7:30: "King: From Montgomery to Memphis"; and "Martin Luther King, Jr.," a program of his speeches.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Alice—Woody Allen's latest picture is an awkward blend of whimsy and moralizing. The title character, played by Mia Farrow, is a pampered Upper East Side lady-who-lunches. She lives in a huge apartment with her handsome husband (William Hurt), her adorable children, and a staff, and she looks terrific. But her life, the movie tells us, is totally empty and false. A Chinatown doctor (Keye Luke) gives her a variety of herbal remedies to knock the yuppie malaise out of her system. One of them makes her invisible; one makes her irresistible to men; and so on. As these fantasy episodes mount up, Alice begins to see how artificial her life is, how far she's strayed from the pure ideals of her Catholic girlhood, how much more love she needs than she has been getting, and what a revolting piece of Wasp slime her husband is. In the end, the heroine seems, incredibly, to have redeemed herself through self-absorption; the movie doesn't benefit from any such miracle. Although there are more jokes here than in any of Allen's last few features, the picture isn't really a comedy: it's a sermon with gags. The large cast also includes Joe Mantegna, Alec Baldwin, Blythe Danner, Judy Davis, Bob Balaban, and Bernadette Peters (who does a sensational brief turn as a cynical muse).—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/90.) (Loews Fine Arts.)

Avalon—In legend, Avalon is an earthly paradise. The writer-director Barry Levinson uses the name as his Rosebud: it's carved into the façade of the castlelike Baltimore apartment house where the five Krichinsky brothers, Jews who immigrated from Eastern Europe before the First World War, make their first American home. In Levinson's view, those early years were a golden age. The film is set mostly during his own childhood, in the late forties, when his parents move to the suburbs, and TV breaks up the clan's social patterns, and the surviving brothers have divided into feuding factions. The scattered fine comic moments don't make up for the wide streak of fuddy-duddyism in the notion that the family used to be the bulwark of the nation's value system. The movie is an elegy to a mythical past, and people emerge from the theatre sniffling. They've been told they're suffering from soul-sickness—the loss of unity, harmony, family music. With Elizabeth Perkins, Aidan Quinn, Kevin Pollak, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Joan Plowright, and Elijah Wood.—P.K. (10/22/90) (23rd St. West Triplex, and WorldWide Cinemas.)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—Writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz tries to tell all about Hollywood—where the men aren't men and the women are magnificent, frustrated animals. Flamenco dancer Ava Gardner is discovered in the slums of Madrid by a vicious millionaire producer (Warren Stevens), a gutless, sycophantic press agent (Edmond O'Brien), and an alcoholic, broken-down director (Humphrey Bogart). She becomes a glamorous star but only feels at home with her feet in the dirt (symbolized by a guitar player, a chauffeur, and a gypsy dancer). The movie is so ornate and so garrulous about telling the dirty truth that it's a camp classic: a Cinderella story in which the prince turns out to be impotent. It's hard to believe Mankiewicz ever spent an hour in Hollywood; the alternative supposition is that he spent too many hours there. With Rossano Brazzi as the castrated Italian count, Marius Goring as a rich South American playboy, Valentina Cortese, Elizabeth Sellars, Franco Interlenghi, Bessie Love, Tonio Selwart, Enzo Staiola, and Riccardo Rioli.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 20-22.)

The Bonfire of the Vanities—Brian De Palma walked right off a cliff when he made this version of Tom Wolfe's novel—a satirical exposé of how democracy works in New York in the eighties. A rich Wasp bond trader and his mistress, in his Mercedes, hit a young black man; as a result, pressure groups, politicians, and newspapermen are out to get him, and they break him. The story is overwhelmed by a shrill, sprightly, bravura style that's meant to be dizzyingly aggressive. What's missing is the shock and offensiveness that would give the commotion some point. The picture keeps pulling back from the true outrageousness of borderline racist humor; that was what gave the novel its hostile charge. Without that, not only does the movie miss the target, you don't know what the target is. What's left is like a sci-fi version of a loud, overbright screwball comedy. Michael Cristofer's script suggests that he was hired to make the worst adaptation that could be made, and the score, by Dave Grusin, is in some tinkling world of its own. With Tom Hanks, Bruce Willis, Melanie Griffith, Morgan Freeman, F. Murray Abraham (uncredited), John Hancock, Kim Cattrall, Saul Rubinek, Richard Libertini, Donald Moffat, Robert Stephens, André Gregory, Alan King, and Clifton James.—P.K. (1/14/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Cavalcade (1933)—An orgy of British self-congratulation in the restrained, clipped style of Noël Coward, with the added know-how of an American producer (Winfield Sheehan) and a Hollywood director (Frank Lloyd). Americans doted on this gilded tearjerker, which begins with Clive Brook and his wife, Diana Wynyard, toasting the advent of the twentieth century, and follows the fortunes of their son (Frank Lawton) and their servants (Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor) up to the present—i.e., when the picture was made. The self-conscious good taste of it all creaks, but Coward knows plenty of tricks, and the performers know how to get the most out of his lines. The cast includes Ursula Jeans, Billy Bevan, Beryl Mercer, and John Warburton and Margaret Lindsay honeymooning on the Titanic. Adaptation of Coward's play by Reginald Berkeley; William Cameron Menzies worked on the war scenes.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 22.)

"In Which We Serve"

Dances with Wolves—Set during the Civil War, this big Indians-versus-Cavalry epic is like a New Age social-studies lesson. Kevin Costner, who directed and is the star, has an untroubled face and laid-back diction. As Lieutenant Dunbar, a Union officer, he sees that the Sioux have a superior culture and he changes sides. This is a nature-boy movie, a kid's daydream of being an Indian. When Dunbar has become a Sioux named Dances with Wolves, he writes in his journal that he knows for the first time who

"WHEN THEY TOLD
us we were adopted
WE FELT
TEN
feet
TALL."

NORTH HIGH BASKETBALL TEAM, *Torrance, CA*

©1990 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North ' erica, Inc.

"THE BOYS PLAYED THEIR HEARTS OUT," said a disappointed coach Nielsen after the big game. The Saxons, in a tight, nail-biting finish were eliminated from the area tournament finals. "It was a gutsy effort, we're all real proud," said the coach.

In the locker room the boys weren't in the mood to do much talking. "Well I'm glad you took that photograph *before* the game," joked Darren Sato, the captain. "Right now we look more like a bunch of undertakers!" He was full of praise for the coach. "He's super-dedicated. He not only whipped us into shape, he also organized the whole event." Needless to say, it ran like clockwork.

We have to admit that all of us at Toyota were rooting for North High. Even though we had sponsored the tournament, we couldn't help but be biased.

Because North High happens to be our adopted school.

While we're happy to provide the kind of support that puts balls into baskets, it's only a small part of our commitment.

Among other things, we have donated summer school scholarships and provided transport for the wrestling team. (Go team!) This year, Toyota employees will also tutor pupils and give career guidance.

We're also participating in meetings with parents and teachers to discuss new ideas.

Including how we can help North High win the championship next year. And the year after. And the year after that. And the year...

TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

“Ninotchka” *(playing January 20 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) is simultaneously timely and timeless. Though it premièred in 1939, it would look right at home on a double bill with* “The Russia House.” *The comic romance between a lovely Bolshevik (Greta Garbo) and a Parisian playboy count (Melvyn Douglas) weds the understated virtuosity of Ernst Lubitsch's direction to the unabashed wisecracks of the script, by Billy Wilder, Charles Brackett, and Walter Reisch. The movie is full of smart, cynical jokes in what became the established Wilder manner: for example, Ninotchka defends Stalin's purges by declaring, “There are going to be fewer but better Russians!” But if* “Ninotchka” *doesn't have the silken flow of a dazzling Lubitsch lyric such as* “Trouble in Paradise,” *in its own crunchier fashion it, too, is a classic.*

What makes the comedy special is the double-decker construction. On the first deck are the three Soviet stooges played by Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, and Alexander Granach. Sent to Paris to obtain revenue from the sale of Russian jewels, they succumb to the sensual high life of the West. They imagine Lenin rationalizing their decision to stay in a royal suite: “You can't afford to live in a cheap hotel. Doesn't the prestige of the Bolsheviks mean anything to you?” On the second deck is Ninotchka, the “envoy extraordinary” ordered to oversee this unholy trio. Rumann, Bressart, and Granach represent the Russia of “borscht, beef Stroganoff, and blini and sour cream.” Ninotchka stands for the Russia of Tolstoy. Garbo balances the farce; she's both soulful and effervescent.

The ads proclaimed “Garbo laughs!” And Lubitsch does catch her lightest and most intimate shades of feeling. Suddenly she'll raise her brow, her eyes will brighten, and she'll look miraculously silly. In the final shots, the Russian gloom fades from Ninotchka's face, and with an amorous smile she seeks the only asylum she craves—the tender embrace of her lover. Lubitsch had the wit to transform a topical satire into a comic love letter to Garbo's romantic spirit.

---

he really is. Costner has feathers in his hair and feathers in his head. He and his friend Michael Blake (who worked up the material with him in mind and then wrote the novel and the screenplay) are trying to show the last years of the Sioux as an independent nation from the Sioux point of view, and it's probably that sympathy for the Indians that the audience responds to. But Costner is a moviemaking novice: instead of helping us understand the Sioux, he simply makes the Sioux like genial versions of us. This three-hour Western weeper, with its sluggish action and poorly shaped scenes, was made by a bland megalomaniac. (The Indians should have named him Plays with Camera.) Shot in South Dakota; the wide-screen cinematography, by Dean Semier, is spacious and open at times, and there are fine images of buffalo pounding by. With Mary McDonnell, Maury Chaykin, Robert Pastorelli, Graham Greene as Kicking Bird, and Rodney A. Grant as Wind in His Hair. —P.K. (12/17/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Edward Scissorhands—A Transylvanian castle rises high in the air out of the end of a bare, flat suburban street. One day, Peg Boggs, the Avon lady (Dianne Wiest, magically daffy), makes a call on the macabre, tumbledown place and discovers an adolescent fairy-tale boy, white-faced Edward (Johnny Depp), with two collections of long sharp shears where his hands should be. (He was created in the castle's kitchen workshop by an aged inventor—Vincent Price, in flashbacks—who died before he could attach the hands he had prepared.) Peg invites the boy to come home with her. At first, this movie, directed by Tim Burton, has a lovely comic spirit, but when the suburbanites think Edward is dangerous and turn against him, the material turns into cheesy, plot-centered melodrama. It has a central flaw: the idea of a boy who cuts when he wants to touch is pre-interpreted—he's the pure creative artist who can't be around people because he can't help hurting them; he's the woeful misunderstood kid. Edward is an emasculated Tim Burton; he's Burton saying, “I've always been a sweet guy.” (The picture becomes Christmassy and angelic.) With Winona Ryder.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Ziegfeld.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays onscreen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopie Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of “It's a Wonderful Life” and some of the goofier, more solemn episodes of “The Twilight Zone,” and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Embassy; through Jan. 17.)

The Godfather Part III—Lightning didn't strike three times. It's a big, ambitious project, and it looks like the first two “Godfather” movies, but the internal force has vanished, and the quality of feeling—what gave the films their lyricism and made the public bond with them—is gone. In the first two pictures the director, Francis Ford Coppola, took opportunistic, sensationalist material and turned it into drama. Now he doesn't transform the sensationalist material (the Corleones' involvement in Vatican swindles); he just presents it, with an aura of solemnity. With Al Pacino as the morose godfather, Andy Garcia as his successor, and Diane Keaton, Talia Shire, Eli Wallach, Joe Mantegna, Donal Donnelly, Raf Vallone, Bridget Fonda, Sofia Coppola, George Hamilton, Franc D'Ambrosio, and Helmut Berger. Written by the director and Mario Puzo.—P.K. (1/14/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese, gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book “Wiseguy,” it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks “Scarface” without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura: the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Green Card—A limp, dispirited romantic comedy, written and directed by Peter Weir. A rather prissy horticulturist (Andie MacDowell) agrees to an in-name-only marriage to a Frenchman (Gérard Depardieu); he needs a green card to stay in New York, and she needs to show that she's married in order to get past the stuffy co-op board of the building in which she wants to buy an apartment. They meet (for the first time) at City Hall, do the deed, and separate, until several months later, when they're forced to pretend that their union is real—that they aren't strangers but devoted partners who know every little thing about each other. This is a serviceable premise for a screwball comedy, but the screwball is apparently not one of Weir's best pitches: the movie is as flat and lifeless as a hanging curve. Depardieu—as shaggy and hefty as ever—is a skillful comedian, and he looks as if he's having a great time. Not even his vivid presence is enough to rescue this wan little picture. Also with Bebe Neuwirth and Gregg Edelman.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Quad Cinema, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Havana—This Robert Redford vehicle, directed by Sydney Pollack, is a long, lavishly produced, and entirely unconvincing attempt to make a “Casablanca”-style romantic thriller set in the final days of Batista's Cuba. Castro's revolution functions here as what the coming attractions of fifty years ago might have called a “turbulent backdrop” to a love story; the garish, corrupt Havana of the fifties is the sort of setting that's supposed to heighten all the basic human passions—to charge everything with danger and excitement. It doesn't. The screenplay (credited to Judith Rascoe and David Rayfiel) gives Redford and his co-star, Lena Olin, page after page of florid pop-existentialist dialogue, and nothing the characters do makes any sense except in old-movie terms: he's transformed from a cynic into a hero; she runs through the rioting, exultant crowds on the night the city falls to the rebels; they part, ruefully; alone on a beach, he waits for her. That sort of thing. Pollack's direction is, as always, proficient and tasteful; unfortunately, the picture would be more fun—in a campy way—if it were cruder and sloppier. Also with Raul Julia, Alan Arkin, and Tomas Milian.—T.R. (Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Regency; through Jan. 17.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—During the Second World War, Noël Coward and David Lean co-directed this skillful, discreetly realistic film about the courage and sacrifice of the British Navy, specifically the men on a destroyer. Coward himself plays the ship's commander; he also wrote and scored the movie and produced it. Coward's ability to package emotions and to break the audience's heart without relaxing his upper lip is more perplexing here than elsewhere. The restraint of his proud patriotism may seem a much worse con than rampant jingoism, but he's a wizard at this English game. The cast includes Celia Johnson, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 22.)

Mr. & Mrs. Bridge—An adaptation, by the Merchant Ivory team (the director James Ivory, the producer Ismail Merchant, and the writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala), of Evan S. Connell's novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City. Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. They're monsters of moderation. At the beginning of the film, Ivory seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility. The picture gets by, initially, on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Newman doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects, and his scrupulousness pays off. The character seems not more likable but more human than it does in the novels; by very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude. And Woodward, too, gives a delicate, subtle performance: she embodies a foolish woman vividly and unpatronizingly. But the screenplay retains the static quality of the books' construction, so at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. And Ivory's perspective on the material seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae—a surfeit of period detail. (The action takes place in the late thirties and early forties.) In the end, the Bridges aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us; they're the Ambersons without the magnificence. Also with Blythe Danner, Kyra Sedgwick, Robert Sean Leonard, Margaret Welsh, and Simon Callow.—T.R. (12/3/90) (Cinema II.)

Pandora and the Flying Dutchman (1951)—Certifiably one of a kind. Albert Lewin, who produced, directed, and wrote the story and screenplay, shows more visual feeling than common sense. James Mason, in his gloomily romantic period, is, literally, the doomed sailor, and Ava Gardner (looking unspeakably luscious) is an American playgirl in evening clothes who wanders through exotic, poetic landscapes before sacrificing herself to save him. Lewin's direction is static, yet his staging is so luxuriantly mad that it's easy to get fixated on what, if anything, he could have had in mind. Sally Bowles might have called it divinely incoherent—it's as nutty-fruity as another Ava Gardner film, "The Barefoot Contessa" (see above), but without as much talk. The English production, shot in Spain, has a mostly British cast—Nigel Patrick, Pamela Kellino (Mason), Marius Goring, and John Laurie. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 20-22.)

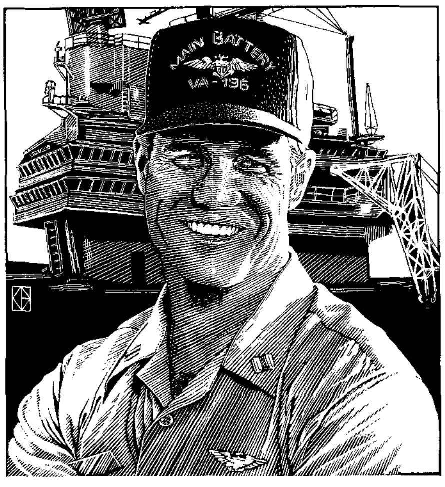
Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film: it gets to you. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, and existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo as Ferdinand, who leaves his rich wife in Paris and goes off to the South of France with the restless Marianne (Anna Karina); he comes to an unforgettably explosive end. Also with Jimmy Karoubi as the dwarf, and Samuel Fuller as himself, and a glimpse of Jean-Pierre Léaud. The cinematography is by Raoul Coutard; the script (by Godard) has its origins in the novel "Obsession," by Lionel White. In French.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Jan. 22.)

Postcards from the Edge—This tale of a sorrowful, wisecracking starlet (Meryl Streep) whose brassy, boozing former-star mother (Shirley MacLaine) started her on sleeping pills when she was nine is camp without the zest of camp. It's camp played borderline straight—a druggy-Cinderella movie about an unformed girl who has to go past despair to find herself. The director, Mike Nichols, is a parodist who feigns sincerity, and his tone keeps slipping around. What's clear is that we're meant to be enthralled by the daughter's radiant face, her refinement, her honesty. Nichols keeps the camera on Streep as if to prove that he can make her a popular big star—a new Crawford or Bette Davis. (She remains distant, emotionally atonal.) The tacky, bright-colored film—a near-plotless version of a woman's picture—is weightless, yet it's watchable. Its jadedness appeals to the narcissism of show-biz insiders and to the would-be insider in the rest of us. (Nichols is acclaimed for being hip to the Zeitgeist.) There are a lot of people to look at: Gene Hackman, Dennis Quaid, Richard Dreyfuss, Annette Bening, Robert Bartlett, CCH Pounder, Oliver Platt, Gary Morton, Mary Wickes, Rob Reiner, Simon Callow, Michael Ontkean, Pepe Serna, and Dana Ivey. The screenplay, by Carrie Fisher (with Nichols' uncredited collaboration), is based on her novel; cinematography by Michael Ballhaus.—P.K. (10/22/90) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Reversal of Fortune—An entertainingly trashy sick-joke docudrama about how Claus von Bülow's conviction for trying to kill his superrich wife was overturned on appeal through the brainpower of the Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and his team of students and former students. Jeremy Irons' von Bülow is a pop conception of a decadent aristocrat, and the crowd-pleasing satirical subtext is that the heirs and heiresses of the great fortunes are useless, bored, unloving, and unloved. The fun here is that Irons' performance is a masterly conceit. His von Bülow is a depraved cuckoo; he simply can't resist playing ghoulish comedian and making Dershowitz (Ron Silver) his stooge. The script, by Nicholas Kazan, is skillfully constructed, but it's based on Dershowitz's book about the case, and he's the protagonist—the crusading lawyer searching for evidence of innocence. Silver's Dershowitz seems to be overdosing on proud sentimental Jewishness. (That this is a positive stereotype makes it no less a stereotype.) The direction, by Barbet Schroeder, is assured but often impersonal and emptily energetic. With Glenn Close (very effective as Sunny von Bülow, the comatose narrator), Christine Baranski as Andrea Reynolds, Julie Hagerty (uncredited) as Alexandra Isles, and Stephen Mailer, Annabella Sciorra, Uta Hagen, and Fisher Stevens. Music by Mark Isham.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Quad Cinema, and West Side Cinema.)

The Russia House—Fred Schepisi's movie, based on the novel by John le Carré, is an immensely satisfying entertainment. It's an espionage thriller in which things are much, much simpler than they appear to be—a notion that all but subverts the premises of the genre. As is usual in such stories, there are important secrets up for grabs; here they're contained in a manuscript written by a top Soviet defense scientist, Yakov (Klaus Maria Brandauer). The scientist has tried to put this document in the hands of a man he considers a kindred spirit—an alcoholic, saxophone-playing English publisher named Barley Blair (Sean Connery)—but it winds up in the possession of the intelligence professionals of the C.I.A. and MI-6, who then involve Barley in a complicated espionage operation. In this story, the fine-tuned paranoia of the Cold War seems almost comic. The screenplay, by Tom Stoppard, is cleverly constructed, and Schepisi—a virtuoso at making complex action lucid—gives the picture an even, flowing rhythm: he knows that the thriller elements are a farcical counterpoint to the real story, in which all the thrills are emotional ones. The movie diagrams the moves of the professional-spy game while keeping our attention focussed on the amateurs: Barley, Yakov, and Katya (Michelle Pfeiffer), the beautiful woman who acts as a messenger for Yakov and falls in love with Barley. This is a great role for Sean Connery; he gives his richest, most affecting performance. And he and Pfeiffer are superbly matched, because they're both direct, unfussy actors. (There's nothing devious or self-conscious in their relation to the camera or to each other.) The Russian scenery is lovingly photographed by Ian Baker, and the supporting cast provides small delights throughout. (James Fox and Ken Russell are particularly good.) This movie's professionalism is bracing because the enthusiasm and the generous spirit of the amateur are still in evidence. Also with Roy Scheider, John Mahoney, J. T. Walsh, and Michael Kitchen.—T.R. (12/31/90) (Angelika Film Center, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

The Sheltering Sky—Published in 1949, Paul Bowles' semi-autobiographical account of his marriage fascinated readers by its Olympian closeted tone. Under the novel's vaporousness is a pop theme: what happens to a modern, dissatisfied woman—a New York artist-intellectual—if she's in the Sahara, her husband dies, and she's enslaved in a harem? But this is not simply a male writer's version of a woman's harem-whore fantasy; the wife, Kit, seems to be fulfilling the nature and desires that the husband, Port, cannot fulfill for himself. Bernardo Bertolucci's attenuated film version filters out the pop element that gives the book its bit of kicky horror. The movie is about Kit (Debra Winger) giving over to another way of seeing; it's about the shift in her psyche as she becomes a contented love slave and moves away from the verbal, from definitions and categories and neuroses. Bertolucci appears to have lost interest in pace and excitement and verve; he goes deep into monotony. (The whole thing has the impressively decadent look of an Armani ad.) With John Malkovich as Port (who's full of smug self-hatred), Campbell Scott as Tunner, Jill Bennett, Timothy Spall, and Bowles (at seventy-nine) as some sort of presiding expatriate sage. The script is by Mark Peploe and Bertolucci; the cinematography is by Vittorio Storaro; the music is by Ryuichi Sakamoto.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Murray Hill Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)



Brad Johnson in "Flight of the Intruder"

To Sleep with Anger—A domestic comedy with an unusually dense texture. It's shot straightforwardly, in a style that appears realistic almost to the point of banality, and yet right from the start there's something unsettling about its plainness: Charles Burnett, who wrote and directed, keeps hinting that things are not necessarily what they seem. Gideon (Paul Butler) and Suzie (Mary Alice) are a middle-aged black couple who live in Los Angeles; their roots, however, are in the rural South, and they've retained quite a few of the customs, values, and superstitions of the culture they were brought up in. The story gets going when a friend of theirs from back home appears on their doorstep; they invite him to stay with them awhile, and he does. This unexpected guest, Harry (Danny Glover), turns out to be a gifted confidence man, with a sharp eye for human weakness; he's a grinning, honey-tongued demon. He uses his backcountry wisdom with sinister, obscure intent, for purposes that Burnett, cunningly, allows to remain ambiguous. The presence of Harry gives the realistic surface of the movie a vibrant strangeness; he seems to transform everything that happens in these clean, comfortable living rooms and kitchens into dark rituals performed in the woods in the dead of night. The picture has a risky, complex tone: it's a comedy, because the family's threatened world is set right in the end, but there are moments along the way when the intimations of unseen controlling forces—both in Glover's elegantly suggestive performance and in the eerie, calm precision of Burnett's direction—give us the creeps.—T.R. (11/5/90) (Angelika Film Center.)

Vincent & Theo—The director, Robert Altman, and the screenwriter, Julian Mitchell, give us an interpretation of the bond that helps to keep Vincent alive while it tears Theo apart. Vincent is obsessive about his painting; Theo is obsessive about Vincent and about his own inability to sell Vincent's work and help him—he can give him only a pittance. This double Passion-play movie is very different from the other Altman movies (even allowing for how different they are from each other). The theme—the bitter entanglement of art and commerce—is Altman's lifelong theme, and, staying with it strictly in terms of the van Gogh brothers, he's able to release his own feelings about how an artist's frustrations lead him to acts of self-destructive fury—cutting off his ear to spite his face. It's a movie about two sensualists made by a sensualist, who understands that their bond of love of art is also a bond of shared rage at the world of commerce. This daring film works on its own relentless, celebratory terms. With Tim Roth, whose acting is a form of kinetic discharge, as Vincent and Paul Rhys as Theo. The cinematography is by Jean Lepine, the production design is by Stephen Altman, the score is by Gabriel Yared; all three rise to the occasion.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema 3.)

Miss Saigon

FOR A
JOLLY GOOD SHOW
IN LONDON,
TAKE
CENTER STAGE.

London has some of the best theater in the world. Take the Edwardian Hotels Center Stage program, and we'll guarantee you the best seats at the very best shows. That even includes Phantom of the Opera and Miss Saigon.

ANY SHOW IN LONDON

You'll stay at one of London's most exclusive hotels, in the luxury of a bygone era. Each one is just a pleasant stroll away from the theater district – you'll be near all the sights and some of the world's best shopping, too.

Center Stage prices start at just $4[illegible] (guaranteed US dollar rates) for four nigh[illegible] including the best seats at any show, continental breakfast, UK airport transfers and valuable discounts. Should you decide to stay six nights, we'll include a second theater ticket as part of the program.

Take Center Stage. It's a jolly good show.

EDWARDIAN
HOTELS

YOUR ADDRESS IN LONDON

FOR INFORMATION AND RESERVATIONS CALL 1-800-331-SHOW (7469) OR ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

THE HAMPSHIRE ★★★★★ LEICESTER SQUARE. THE BERKSHIRE DE LUXE ★★★★ OXFORD STREET. THE MOUNTBATTEN DE LUXE ★★★★ COVENT GARDEN. THE MARLBOROUGH DE LUXE ★★★★ BLOOMSBURY.
THE GRAFTON ★★★★ TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD. THE KENILWORTH ★★★★ BLOOMSBURY.

THE NEW YORKER

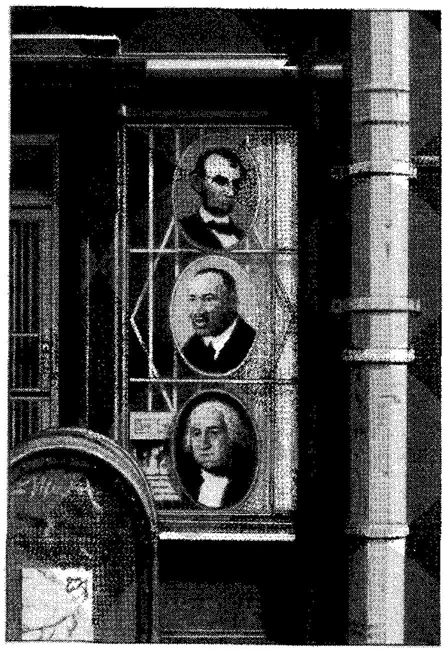
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN November, a year after the Berlin Wall was breached, American troops and airmen by the thousand began leaving the German bases they had occupied for four decades and heading for the Persian Gulf. The movement of these troops gave the American people their first glimpses of the "post-Cold War world." For a moment, that term had seemed to evoke, however vaguely, a vision of peace and new possibilities: of American forces finally returning home; of an enlarged role for the United Nations; and of a reliance on sanctions and collective action, rather than unilateral use of force by one or another of the Great Powers, to uphold world security. But on November 8th, two days after the American elections, and without consulting Congress or the American people, President Bush announced that he was nearly doubling the American force in the Gulf and would, in effect, rely on the threat of military attack, rather than on sanctions, to expel Iraq from Kuwait. Mr. Bush by taking this step made it clear that the post-Cold War world would be a familiar place. By acting precipitately and making use of the United Nations and its own allies largely as political cover, the Bush Administration elevated a serious but local conflict in the Persian Gulf into a supreme challenge to its own credibility, and pushed the country, despite the evident uncertainty and hesitancy of its own citizens, to the brink of war—a war that could leave thousands of soldiers and tens of thousands of civilians dead, leave the Gulf region in political turmoil, and leave the United States bearing the blame and obliged to pick up the pieces.

"If we don't check this aggression," President Bush explained last month, "a chance for lasting peace and for stability and security in the Gulf and a new world order will have been . . . forgone. It's that big. It's that important. Nothing like this since World War II. Nothing of this moral importance since World War II." The President has provided few details of what his "new world order" might look like, however, or how it might work. What he has said suggests an order little different from that of the immediate past. "I would not call [the United States] the world's policeman, because there are certain areas where we wouldn't be in a position to act or want to act," the President told *Time*. "But we have a disproportionate responsibility for the freedom and the security of various countries."

The United States began to assume disproportionate responsibility for the Persian Gulf during the nineteen-thirties, when American oil companies brought in thousands of American technicians to build and manage the Saudi wells. President Roosevelt formalized that relationship during the Second World War, when he announced that the defense of Saudi Arabia was of vital interest to the United States. It was not until the early seventies, however, after British forces had left the region, that the United States took on the whole burden of insuring a "secure and stable Gulf." The result was a string of disastrous policies, beginning with the Nixon Doctrine, under which President Nixon anointed the Shah of Iran America's "policeman of the Gulf." In 1979, the Shah was overthrown by the Ayatollah Khomeini, and Iran then became the major threat to American interests in the region. After Soviet forces invaded Afghanistan, President Carter felt compelled to replace the Nixon Doctrine with a doctrine of his own, declaring that any outside challenge to America's interests in the Gulf would be "repelled by any means necessary, including military force." But that threat was not fully convincing; because the sensitivities of Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states prevented the stationing of American troops there, America's only recourse appeared to be the use of nuclear weapons. During the nineteen-eighties, while Iran and Iraq were at war, the United States "tilted" increasingly toward Iraq, and by the end of the decade American policymakers believed they had found still another solution to the perennial problem of insuring the "stability and security" of the Gulf: they had a new policeman—Saddam Hussein.



Our government's stubborn faith in Saddam Hussein, and its willingness to countenance his intimidating tactics against Kuwait, helped pave the road for his August 2nd invasion. And that mistaken faith does much to explain the Administration's reaction, which had in it all the fury of a lover betrayed. In the words of former Secretary of the Navy James Webb, "we overreacted militarily . . . after we underreacted diplomatically for a number of years." American forces poured into Saudi Arabia with great speed and efficiency; after two decades of failure by proxy, and of humiliation in Teheran and Beirut and Baghdad, America was at last putting its vital interests firmly in American hands.

There is little in this story to suggest Mr. Bush's "new world order," although vague elements of such a thing were discernible in his original policy, adopted in August. Saudi Arabia could have been protected by a relatively small number of troops—a mixed force, in which Americans would have been one participant among many, and which might eventually have been shifted to service under the United Nations flag. The worldwide sanctions imposed could have been maintained and tightened over a period of months, or even years, effectively punishing Iraq for its invasion by depriving it of oil revenues, military parts, and other imports. Using a patient strategy that might well have become a model for maintaining discipline in a "new world order"—a model for combatting aggression everywhere, and not just in those places where the United States felt it had "disproportionate responsibility"—the nations of the world could have acted together to punish one of their number for its flagrant lawbreaking. Eventually, Iraq would have had to leave Kuwait.

But in November President Bush abandoned the chance to carry out such a policy; according to his officials, he was worried about time—about how long the coalition would "hold together." Having elevated the Iraqi invasion into a threat to America's "way of life," the President—no doubt aware of the 1992 elections, and of the political damage Carter had suffered in 1980 from the endless hostage crisis—decided that time was one thing he didn't have. America's credibility, after all, was at stake. He determined to force the issue.

To a reluctant, uncertain American people the President has made a soothing promise. "This will not be another Vietnam," he said at the end of November. "We will not permit our troops to have their hands tied behind their backs." But in the very act of making his promise the President was ignoring two larger lessons of Vietnam: that the nation should enter upon a war not as a matter of expediency or of Great Power prestige (however much the cause might be cloaked in vaguely stated principles, such as "Aggression should not be rewarded") but only as a last resort, to defend an interest that is truly honorable and truly vital to the nation; and that the nation should not enter upon a war before the people have a clear understanding of what sort of sacrifices will be needed in order to win it, and have made a commitment to undertake those sacrifices. President Bush must know that support for a war in the Gulf now is very shallow. (According to a January 6th Washington *Post*–ABC News Poll, although sixty-three per cent of Americans said they would support the use of military force against Iraq after January 15th, only forty-three per cent said they would support a war in which a thousand Americans died, and only thirty-five per cent would support a war in which ten thousand died.) But instead of speaking frankly to the people, or trying to prepare them, the President simply implies that it will all be over soon.

Saddam Hussein clearly hopes that American support for war will prove to be weak; even before he invaded Kuwait, he told the American Ambassador that America is "a society that cannot accept ten thousand dead in one battle." But in any case he will be fighting for his survival, and may well feel that simply not losing will be enough to insure political victory. Despite Mr. Bush's promise, no one can predict what will happen in any war; history is full of planned short wars that turned into long ones. And a conflict in which a democratic leader who is under pressure to triumph quickly is pitted against an all-powerful dictator who has a large army and is determined not to lose could be bloody indeed. Already, the crisis has proved enormously costly—not only in the tens of billions of dollars spent by the military but in higher oil prices, destabilized financial markets, the continuing neglect of our domestic problems, and in the increasingly bitter divisions within our nation. If war comes, the future costs will be incalculable, and there is no way to tell how war will eventually affect domestic politics in Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Jordan, and our other allies in the region; the prospects for a solution of the Arab-Israeli conflict; and, for that matter, Mr. Bush's dream of a stable and secure Gulf—a mirage that since the collapse of the Ottoman Empire a succession of Great Powers have pursued and then been forced to abandon, and one that, whether or not war comes to the Gulf, will almost surely lead to the long-term presence of American forces there.

In 1914, at the outset of what was to be another "splendid little war," a bitter Henry James wrote to a friend, "The plunge of civilization into this abyss of blood and darkness . . . is a thing that so gives away the whole long age in which we have supposed the world to be, with whatever abatement, gradually bettering, that to have to take it all now for what the treacherous years were all the while really making for and *meaning* is too tragic for any words." Not only young men and women will die in a war in the Gulf; so will the hope, held out so briefly, of a different and better post-Cold War world.

• •

Permanent Grin

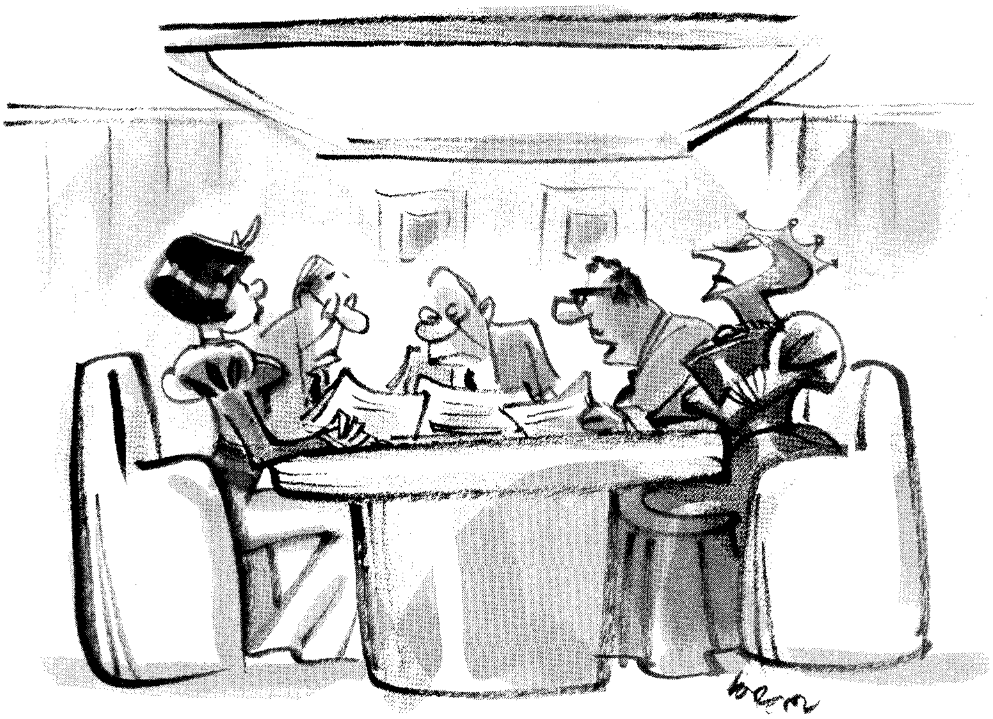
As a rule, the only people desperate enough to engage New Yorkers in conversation as they enter the subway are panhandlers and candidates for elective office. John Gerst, who has been greeting passengers on the Broadway IRT local since the beginning of the year, is neither. A large man with broad, friendly features and a booming voice, he is the station manager for the last seven stops (all of them elevated) on the Bronx end of the line. He is the face of what until his arrival was a resolutely faceless bureaucracy. "If you go to Macy's and you've got a problem, you can find a manager," Mr. Gerst told us the other morning, after we caught up with him on the downtown side of the 238th Street station. "Well, if you have a problem on the subway you'll be able to find me. That's why I was created."

The station-manager program was instituted last summer by the president of the Transit Authority, Alan Kiepper, whom Mr. Gerst characterized as a "station man," in contrast to his predecessor, David Gunn, who was more of a "railroad man." In a period of budget cuts, the program has quietly expanded, from five managers, covering fourteen stations, to twelve managers, covering fifty stations. Eventually, the Transit Authority hopes to have all of the system's four hundred and sixty-nine stations covered.

Not everyone would think that the world had done him a favor by making him publicly responsible for conditions at a group of New York City subway stations, putting up his photograph at every entrance, and requiring him to appear bodily, wearing a nameplate and a white carnation, before the workbound populace. In his first few days on the job, Mr. Gerst was cursed out by a woman who did not care for his explanation of the long lines at a token booth; he discovered some unflattering graffiti scrawled above one of his portraits; and he listened to the views of a number of passengers who felt a need to impugn the intelligence or dedication of his Transit Authority colleagues. Notwithstanding these indignities, we found him in a vigorously upbeat mood.

"I feel honored to have been one of the original five in the station-manager program," Mr. Gerst told us. "I've been walking around with a permanent grin on my face." He turned his grin, and extended his hand, toward an elderly man whose face was buried in a newspaper. "Good morning, I'm John Gerst, your station manager," he said. "I'll be around to listen to your concerns and suggestions."

Many of the passengers intercepted by Mr. Gerst seemed at first too stunned or too sleepy to appreciate the opportunity that had been conferred on them. But some returned within a few minutes, having thought of something to say. One wanted to complain about a conductor who had been announcing stops exclusively in Spanish. (Mr. Gerst assured him that communications skills were a high-priority concern of the Transit Authority.) Another spoke of a chronically broken revolving-door-style entrance on the uptown side of the station, where, because of the low volume of passengers, there is no token booth. (Mr. Gerst blamed vandalism for the problems, but promised to talk to the turnstile people.)



Snow White and the Wicked Queen submit the fairness question to binding arbitration.

• •

"My goodness," he said, beaming at the approach of two attractive young women. "If I'd known that *you* were coming, I would have held the train."

"Can you call it back?" one of the women replied, with a smile.

The other told Mr. Gerst, with some annoyance, that she was consistently late for work.

Delicately, Mr. Gerst asked if the subway was at fault "or are you late when you get to the station?"

"I'm late because you hire incompetent people to do the work of men," she said.

A veteran of twenty-six years' service with the Transit Authority, Mr. Gerst was obviously pained by her words, but he strove to maintain his composure. "What would you do if you were running the subways?" he asked.

"Lay off everybody and hire new people," she said brightly. "Except for you, of course."

Much of the discontent at 238th Street—and at 225th Street, where we visited Mr. Gerst two mornings later—centered on what the Transit Authority calls its "skip-stop" service, which has split the Broadway local into two lines, each bypassing a different set of stations. The idea was to reduce travel time for residents of Upper Manhattan and the Bronx, but Mr. Gerst told us that he had yet to find a passenger who liked the arrangement. "I'm sure that the people who started the skip-stop believe that it works," he said. "But from what I'm hearing—well, if you can stand on the platform and reach out and touch a train and it doesn't stop for you, you're going to be aggravated."

A man carrying a muffin and a steaming cup of coffee pointed out some graffiti.

"We've got the John F. Kennedy High School at this stop," Mr. Gerst told him. "Graffiti is the No. 1 problem at any school location." He added that it was Transit Authority policy to bring in a paint team within seventy-two hours of the appearance of fresh graffiti.

"It's been like this here for two months," the man with the muffin said.

"Well, I'm going to make sure it's gone by Monday," Mr. Gerst replied.

The man with the muffin moved on, and Mr. Gerst began reminiscing about the early days of the anti-graffiti program. Compared with the graffiti levels of those days, he said, the current problem is trivial. "We've done wonders," he said. "I was a field superintendent then, and I had the horror of Fordham Road on the D. The graffiti would get so bad that you would almost want to get out there and wipe it off yourself."

Mr. Gerst's recollections were interrupted by a well-dressed young man who informed him that teen-agers on their way to school were regularly getting off the uptown train and crossing the tracks to the downtown platform instead of crossing the street below. Mr. Gerst replied that he had already heard about that problem and would be on the lookout for it. No sooner had he said this than an uptown train pulled out of the station and three boys in long overcoats came traipsing across the tracks. Mr. Gerst was waiting for them when they climbed up onto the downtown platform, and he pointed his thumb at the wall.

"How old are you?" he asked when they had formed an orderly lineup.

The answer in each case was fifteen.

"I have a son who's sixteen," Mr. Gerst said. "I hope the three of you live that long, because I know your parents love you." He asked for their school I.D. cards. "You take a nice picture," he told one of the boys. "You'll make a damn good-looking corpse."

After sending the three boys on their way, Mr. Gerst got on the phone to the Transit Authority police, and then he called the high school, in order to make an appointment with the principal. "I'm so upset about this that my stomach is tied up in knots," he told us. "They do it so natural! They get off the rear car and they plop down on the track. These kids are fifteen years old. They're *babies!*"

A passenger came up to Mr. Gerst with a skip-stop story. "I was waiting for an uptown train at Times Square last week, and three No. 9s went by in a row," he said. "Why is that?"

"When we get a situation such as you refer to, somebody's going to have to be smart enough to speak to the dispatcher and say, 'Let's make a change—let's make this a No. 1 train,'" Mr. Gerst replied. "What I'll be doing is meeting with the individuals responsible for the various departments and calling this to their attention."

We asked Mr. Gerst what he would do about the skip-stop service if the decision were up to him.

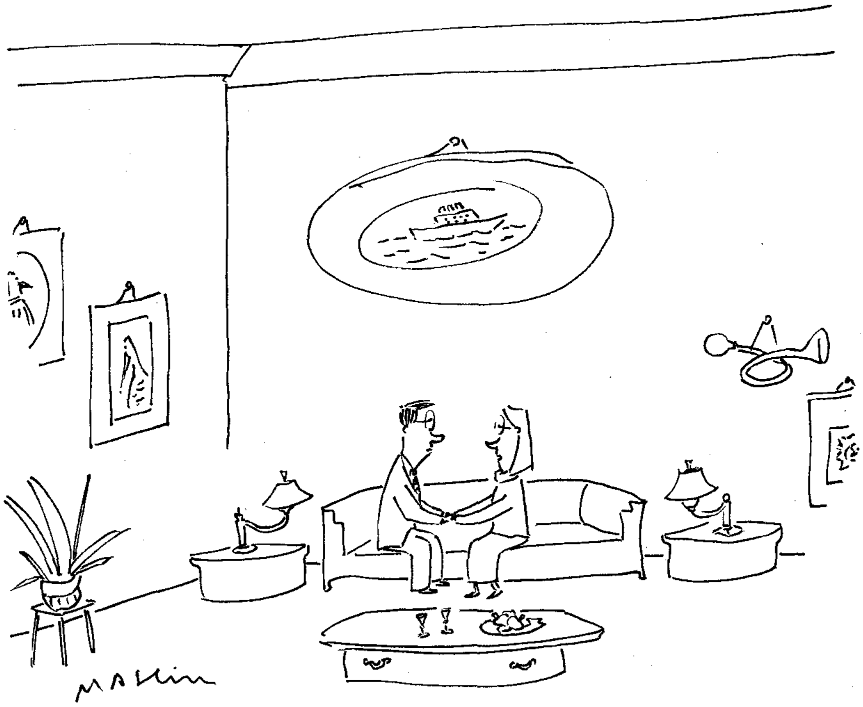
"My personal opinion?" he said, sounding surprised. "What would I do if I had the authority to send it back where it came from?" He paused, then forged on. "My recommendation would be to make a study to see if it's really worthwhile."

Rabbi Jokes

SO, anyway, there are these eight rabbis in a basement, plus a reporter. Wait, sorry, we left out a part. It's not just eight rabbis, it's eight *funny* rabbis. O.K., so there are these eight funny rabbis in a basement. Hold it. We've got to check our notes here. Oh, right, it isn't exactly eight *funny* rabbis, it's eight rabbis who *think* they're funny. And these eight rabbis have all entered the Funniest-Rabbi Contest at Stand-Up New York, the comedy club in the West Seventies where on a typical week night amateurs go to find out what it's like to live or die in front of a flesh-and-blood audience, and where on occasion the club owners, Cary and Suzanne Hoffman, hold special stand-up-comedy competitions for lawye[illegible], stockbrokers, accountants, teachers, fitness instructors, or, as on this particular night, rabbis.

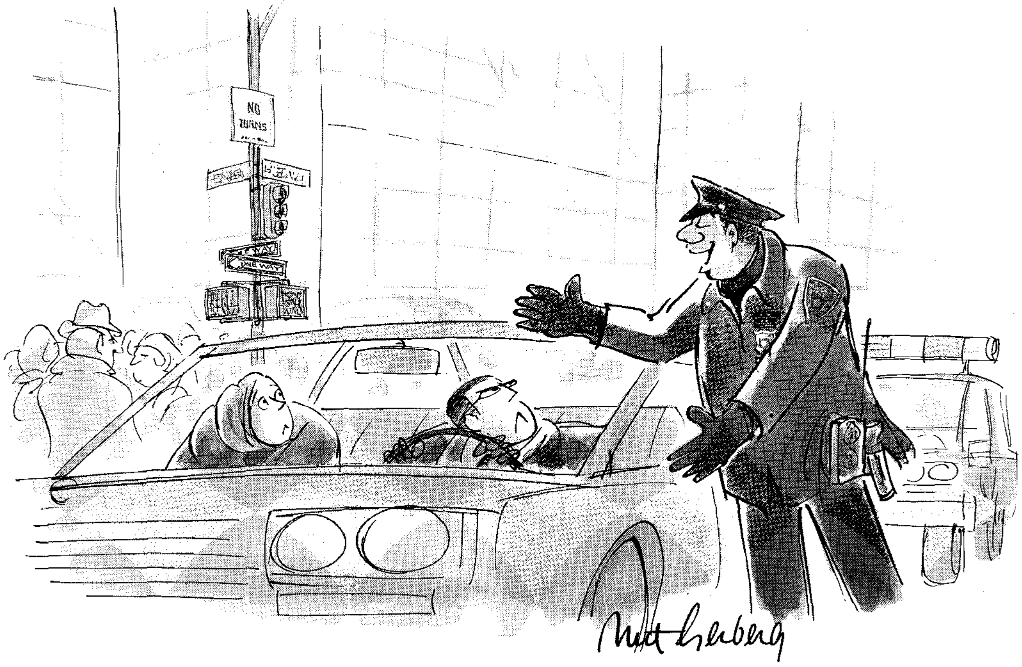
So, anyway, this reporter wants [illegible] talk to these rabbis before they step into the spotlight for their three to five minutes each, and he asks the comedy club's publicity person, Jennifer Walker, where he can find them—"in the green room?" And she says, "No, in the Green*berg* Room." So he goes to the Greenberg Room, which is really just a couch and two chairs in the middle of the basement—the Hoffmans' old furniture from when they were living in Florida—and there the rabbis are, lounging. There's one Chassid, with the beard and the hat and everything; two other Orthodox rabbis; three Conservative rabbis; a Reform rabbi; and a lapsed rabbi, who doesn't want to get too specific about what it is he does for a living at this point—only that it involves Israel and some sort of defense contracting. And there's another, not quite lapsed rabbi—not one of the original eight rabbis but a guy who has established residence in Vermont even though his congregation happens to be in Philadelphia, and who has also established a nice working relationship with a personal manager on Long Island, who arranges regular bookings for him with the aid of some personal-managerlike aggressiveness and palaver plus a hefty supply of postcard-size glossy photographs that say "Bob Alper—Rabbi/Stand-Up Comic (Really)."

But, seriously, the Chassidic rabbi's name is Shea Hecht, and he's the least bashful of the eight amateur-comedian rabbis, so the reporter has to do no prompting to get him talking about himself. Rabbi Hecht says, "My congregation is the Seaview Jewish Center, in Canarsie. I only heard about this contest a few days ago. I got a call last Friday, five minutes before sundown. I'd never done anything like this



"Would it surprise you to learn, Felix, that we're already married?"

before, but I bounced a few ideas off a couple of friends, and it seemed to work. They said my routine had potential—if the delivery was right. I know it'll work, because I'm a survivor. I'm one of twelve kids—seven boys and five girls. I wasn't a very good student, so that's how I became a rabbi. Four of my brothers are pulpit rabbis. One brother-in-law is in business. One brother-in-law is a comptroller of a Jewish organization. Two of my brothers-in-law run congregations. I have two stepbrothers who are involved in Jewish education. How many is that—ten? Oh, well, one of my stepbrothers married my sister. It was O.K., because they weren't technically stepbrothers; they were twins who came to live with us when they were ten. You understand Yiddish? You know what a *machuten* is? That's your child's father-in-law. My father, he should rest in peace, used to say that from my sister marrying my stepbrother he got the only *machuten* he doesn't have to fight with."



"Oh—now I see where we part company. You are cleaving unto the spirit of the law, while I am cleaving to the letter of the law!"

• •

So by this point the reporter is willing to listen to the family histories of any of the other rabbis, but the rabbis are all too busy worrying—either, like Rabbi Ronald Brown, of Merrick, about whether his parking space is, according to orthodox New York City law, strictly legal or else, like Rabbi Robert Harris, of Pelham Manor, who's holding a crib sheet and scrutinizing it as if it were a fragment of ancient Phoenician text or something, about the possibility that the instant he steps onstage he'll completely forget why he's there. But when it's just about time for the rabbis to go upstairs and watch Rabbi Alper spend fifteen minutes warming up the crowd they begin either to loosen up a little or to chatter nervously—it's hard to tell which. First, the defense-contractor rabbi talks about why he has entered the contest. "How did I find out about this? Roz Pincus called my mother. Who's Roz Pincus? A friend of my mother's." And then the two other Orthodox rabbis, Neil Fleischmann and Jay Yaacov Schwartz, start debating whether Rabbah bar Nachmani, a Talmudic sage who was well known for having taught that it was a nice custom to begin a class with a joke, actually did or did not say to his students in third-century Babylonia, "You know, a funny thing happened to me on the way to the synagogue today."

Rabbi Alper does such an excellent job warming up the crowd—"We follow Jewish tradition in our family. When our son was born we named him after my grandfather. We call him Grandpa"—that by the time the amateur-comedian rabbis come out and start doing their routines the room often gets so quiet you can hear some of the rabbis chanting the traditional Hebrew prayer for laughter. A couple of the rabbis suffer because they tell jokes that aren't funny, and a couple have serious logistical problems resulting in non-delivery, but only one rabbi manages to bomb so miserably that in the middle of his monologue several audience members spontaneously decide to do their impersonations of people who suddenly realize they've stayed too long at a wedding reception.

O.K., so Robert Harris, the rabbi from Pelham Manor, wins easily, because the judges recognize that he has nice material and an engaging deadpan delivery, and because at no point does he say to the audience "And that's a true story, honestly, true story," and because they particularly like his anecdote about how he once lived on a kibbutz in Israel, not far from Nazareth, and how the kibbutz had a herd of dairy sheep and how nobody else on the kibbutz liked his idea of producing a line of merchandise to be called Cheeses of Nazareth. Winning entitles Rabbi Harris to a post-game interview with a woman from Cablevision of New Jersey, plus a T-shirt, tickets to "Saturday Night Live" or an off-Broadway show, dinner at a famous restaurant, and an offer to return to Stand-Up New York and do another set and get paid for it.

So, anyway, while Rabbi Harris is being interviewed by the cable-TV woman about how when he was a seminary student he used to enjoy translating Broadway musicals—"Damn Yankees," "Brigadoon," "Camelot"—into Hebrew, and his wife, Nellie, is breathing a great sigh that the whole thing is over, because for days he has been more nervous than she has ever seen him except at Yom Kippur, the reporter decides to ask Cary Hoffman how he thinks the whole thing has gone.

The night-club owner looks at the reporter and says, "This was a very good night. Usually, on a Tuesday like this, we'll get maybe seventy people in here. Tonight, we had two hundred. We charge a seven-dollar cover and a two-drink minimum. We never had a crowd this big and so many single checks."

JOURNALS

FROM THE SIXTIES—I

Memorial Day. A new notebook. A man wearing a powdered wig and a tricorne carries a bass drum past the liquor store. I do not take my younger son to the parade, as I would have done two years ago. I have grown this old, not to say jumpy. Taking Ben to see "The Bridge on the River Kwai" I think of X, who, suffering from melancholy, walked through the city looking for moving pictures that dealt with cruel and sudden death, torture, earthquakes, floods, and assassinations—with any human misery that would, briefly, make his own burdens seem lighter. And sitting in the movie I wonder if this *cafard*, this immortal longing, this mysterious and stupendous melancholy from which I seem to suffer is no more than common alcoholism. So I look yearningly at the soft stars, but they will do me no good. I think of moral crises, but when have I known the taste of abstinence and self-discipline?

•

To describe human misery in all its vastness and intensity without creating an air of disqualification. To trim misery of petulance and morbidity, to give pain some nobility. But can one do this—can one handle tragedy—without some moral authority, some sense of good and evil?

•

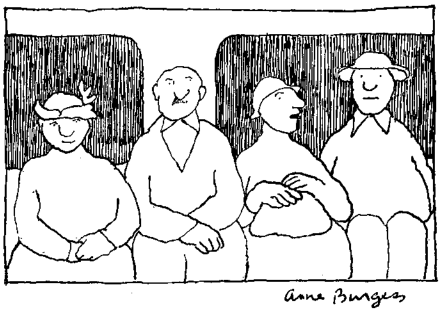
Having drunk less than usual, having, as my father would say, gone light on the hooch, I find myself, for the first time in a long time, free of the *cafard*. Quarter to nine. Eastern daylight-saving time. It would be pleasant to consider this a simple matter of self-discipline. Thunder and rain in the middle of the afternoon; the first of the month. Our primordial anxiety about drought and its effect on the crops, the crops in this case being three acres of lawn and forty-two rosebushes.

•

In thinking of the book, I would like to avoid indecency, but to overlook the fact that we have, after a long struggle, achieved a practical degree of sexual candor would be like perching on a stool and writing with a quill pen by candlelight. We have the freedom to describe erotic experience, and it seems irresistible.

•

The congress of church organists produces fewer odd sticks than I expected. Several of the men would have passed in business; one of them actually appears to be athletic. And one of them—a small man—has a harried or demented look. The women have that look of widowhood or bereftness that sometimes seems to follow a life dedicated to music. Two of them are plump, florid, and dressed in pink. One of them has a liverish face that is deeply and unremittingly incised with pain. She appears to have been crying continuously. The national, cultural, and economic differences in the houses of God are abysmal. The painted memorial windows in the Polish church need repair. The church itself has a vast and institutional bleakness. The Stations of the Cross are bloody and vulgar. The floor is dusty. But, even so, there is something here: the unequalled poetry of our faith, this vast reflection of human nature, the need for prayer, love, the expressiveness of grief. Christ Church in Greenwich is a triumph of wealth and Trinitarianism in this leafy corner of the United States. In preparation for a wedding, florists are tying white stock to the ends of the pews. This scents the air, not with sweetness but with an exciting smell of earth. The stained-glass windows are explicit, gloomy, and dated, but they have, like everything else in this house, the authority of great wealth. There is no baroque foolishness about the organ, no liquid and nostalgic reach. It is straightforward, wrathful, and thunderous, and has in its fainter ranges an echo like some sweetness of remorse. To be buried from this chancel would, it seems, assure one a place in Heaven.



•

The dog days go on. I read the Hemingway book. This arouses the mixed feelings we endure when some intact part of adolescence clashes with the men we have become. When I was a young man, my absorption in his work was complete. I imitated his person and his style. He writes with the galvanic distortion that gives the illusion of a particular vision; that is, he breaks and re-forms the habitual rhythms of introspection. I think I think his remarks about Scott's cock are in bad taste, as may be the quarrel between Stein and her friend. I am for some reason embarrassed by his references to walking home on the dry snow and making love.

•

It was Sadie Hawkins Day at the country club. Women chose their golfing partners and paid for their drinks and their dinner. The double-entendres about balls kept them all laughing merrily from morning until night.

•

In the men's room at Grand Central there is a scene not quite comprehended. Two men, I do not see their faces, are pretending to fasten their trousers but are in fact exposing themselves. Presently, the show ends, and they go away, but I am shaken and mystified. Later, while I am having my shoes shined, one of them returns. His whatsit as well as his backside is on display, and the opportunities that he represents seem to me dangerous and fascinating. Here is a means of upsetting the applecart in an intimacy, a word. One could, with a touch, break the laws of the city and the natural world, expose the useless burdens of guilt and remorse, and make some claim for man's wayward and cataclysmic nature. And for a moment the natural world seems a dark burden of expensive shoes, and garters that bind, tiresome parties and dull loves, commuting trains, coy advertisements, and hard liquor. But I take Federico swimming and find myself happily a member of the lawful world. Decency, courage, resoluteness, all these terms have beauty and meaning. There is a line, but it seems in my case to be a very faint one. I seem to move only on a series of chance recognitions, and when there is nothing recognizable about the face, the clothing, or the conduct I seem threatened by an erotic abyss. The sensible thing is to stay out of such places.

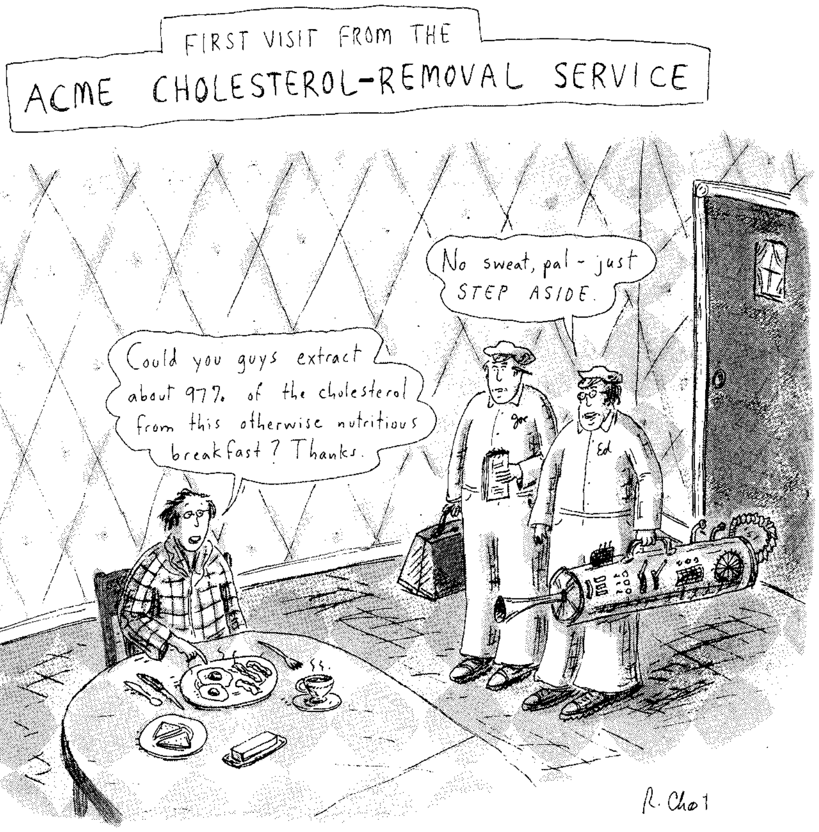
•

Either my age or some change in my humor makes the heaviness of the air in the valley these days depressing. At three there seems to be some intensification of this. The air appears to be smoky. There is a double note of thunder in the southwest. I observe that should the rain not come, should the storm not break, I would be bitterly disappointed. Then the storm moves around to the east and finally strikes the valley. The air is aromatic the instant the rain falls. Ben cuts a paper airplane for his little brother. The old dog will not leave my side.

•

There is a flight of black birds, starlings I guess, from the B.s' woods. They come in twos and threes, in dozens and larger numbers; they seem, like the leaves in autumn, to unwind from the dark woods. This is no season for migration. They cross the sky travelling from the B.s' woods to the S.s' in thousands; one had not known there were so many starlings around. My son bets me a penny that we have seen the last of them, and when we have made the bet another flight unwinds. Later, we see swallows in pairs, and, later, bats. The woods that stand all around the sky darken. It is beautiful, I think, more beautiful than the rest of the world, as if some curious competition went on between Tuscany and the Hudson Valley.

•

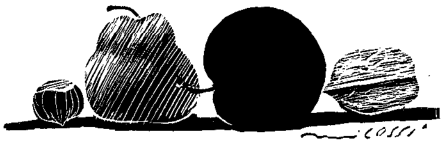

FIRST VISIT FROM THE
ACME CHOLESTEROL-REMOVAL SERVICE
Could you guys extract about 97% of the cholesterol from this otherwise nutritious breakfast? Thanks.
No sweat, pal - just STEP ASIDE.
Ed
R. Chast

A bright, fine day and I accomplish nothing. Ben goes off with his effeminate friend at four. Federico and I walk over to the greenhouse to get some rosemary. We stop to watch a football game. The grass is green, its greenest; the trees are still full-leaved and beginning to color. Such a pure light shines on the cliffs of the river that the shadow, black, seems like a darkness deposited in the stone, on the stone, by the passage of night. It is a handsome scene—the well-dressed men and women, the brilliant red-and-maroon football uniforms against the green playing field. But my son, I notice, is not here—neither he nor his friend—and I wonder where they are. Are they cobbling each other as I sometimes did, in a damp toolshed, while the irrecapturable beauty of the autumn afternoon begins to fade? The beauty of the day seems to add some acuteness to my feeling. As we walk toward the temple of love, Mrs. V. speaks to us. Her face is clear in the autumn light, the features still striking, vigorous, and colorful. She wears a broad-brimmed straw hat, covered with autumn flowers and leaves, that she bought in Spain, she explains, many years ago. "What a beautiful scene," she says of the football game. "How beautiful motion is, isn't it? I love trains. I was born and brought up within sight of a railroad track. I like to see the sparks fall off the brake box, the lighted windows reflected in the cove. I can also remember the horsecars. I'm not quite sure whether they were drawn by horses or mules, but they were very light. By jumping up and down on the back you could nearly upset them." We say goodbye and go on, and she stands by the temple—an old lady, an autumn day, a garden close to ruin. Back at the house, Ben shows up and I ask him angrily to come in for a minute. I ask him why he didn't go to the football game, why he didn't have supper with his friends, where he has been. What I claim to feel is that he has turned his back on the beauty of the autumn day, the green playing field, and the decent people, but what I really fear is that he has been indulging in the vices of my own youth, smoking cigarettes and masturbating in the moldy-smelling woods. I ask him why he isn't out there playing, working as a linesman, bringing water to the players, and I do not seem to remember going to the meadow to play football one day and being overtaken by—what? shyness or cowardice?—and hurrying by so no one would invite me to play. So I seem to pour onto his broad and tender shoulders all my anxiety, my guilt. And yet, for all the depth and bitterness of my feeling—bitterness and tenderness—the scene lacks a degree of reality, the suburban sky seems to reflect a bland, an unserious light. Yes, there is some longing here, some real longing here, for a more tempestuous, more genuine atmosphere. What has gone wrong, that we should all seem to be made of paper and straw? What is the world I wish to achieve for myself and my sons? What would be a better scene for this discourse? God knows. A mountain pass, a long beach, the darkness just before a storm. Why does the man teaching his son to get out a fishing line, as I have done; the gallant old lady reminiscing about horsecars; me pouring onto the shoulders of my fair son the guilty vices of my adolescence—why should we seem to be no better than the characters in a vulgar situation comedy? By turning my head I can see the ancient cliffs of the river, still scored by the volcanic powers that shaped the planet, the days of creation, so why, as we quarrel, as his character is being made or unmade, should the air that my beloved son and I breathe seem so domesticated, so bland, so thin? Let us away to Italy or St. Botolphs.

•

Tired in the morning, and I tire myself mostly with drink and conviviality. I find the drive tiring, gruelling. I observe the works of man and nature —the fair pastures along the parkway and the grace of the elms. Farther north, some of the maples have colored —these incendiary colors that are so lambent they lie outside the spectrum. Up into the granite hills, the granite mountains, the fine, light air, carrying all the fragrance of the land so clearly, the deep blue of the shadows, rainlights. I kiss Susie goodbye, and wish her good things in Italian. We have already been to church. Let us all make something decent and admirable of our lives. I dine on creamed chicken in a candlelit barn. In bed, my teeth ache, my heart is painful, my chest is sore, my back is lame. I dream that the atomic bomb is exploded somewhere off the Battery. Whose? Ours? I hear the hellish noise and see the mushroom cloud. Many men throw themselves into the harbor, shouting, "Let's get the hell out of this world." Mary wants to do this, but I say, "No, no, we will stay alive, we will do something with our lives." But my skin has begun to burn, and I realize it is too late. I am waked by a church bell that rings all the hours and has a pure and gentle note. I hear all the hours rung but five.

I spend the night with C., and what do I make of this? I seem unashamed, and yet I feel or apprehend the weight of social strictures, the threat of punishment. But I have acted only on my own instincts, tried, discreetly, to relieve my drunken loneliness, my troublesome hunger for sexual tenderness. Perhaps sin has to do with the incident, and I have had this sort of intercourse only three times in my adult life. I know my troubled nature and have tried to contain it along creative lines. It is not my choice that I am alone here and exposed to temptation, but I sincerely hope that this will not happen again. I trust that what I did was



HOMAGE TO GEROLAMO MARCELLO

Once in winter I, too, sailed in
here from Egypt, believing that I'd be greeted
on the crowded quay by my wife in resplendent furs
and a tiny veiled hat. Yet I was greeted
not by her but by two small, decrepit
Pekinese with gold teeth. Their German owner
told me later that, should he be
robbed, the Pekinese might help him
to make ends meet; well, at least initially.
I was nodding and laughing.

The quay was infinite and completely
vacant. The otherworldly
winter light was turning palazzi into porcelain crockery
and the populace into those who won't
dare to touch it.
Neither veil nor, for that matter, furs
were at issue. The sole transparent
thing was the air and its pinkish, laced
curtain in the hotel "Meleagres and Atalanta,"
where, as far back as then, eleven years ago,
I could have surmised, I gather,
that the future already
had arrived. When a man's alone,
he's in the future—since it can manage
without the supersonic stuff,
streamlined bodies, an executed tyrant,
crumbling statues; when a man's unhappy,
that's the future.
                    Nowadays I don't get
on all fours any longer in the hotel
room, imitating its furniture and safeguarding
myself against my own maxims. Now to die of grief
would mean, I'm afraid, to die
belatedly, while latecomers
are unwelcome, particularly in the future.

The quay swarms with youngsters chattering in Arabic.
The veil has sprouted into a web of rumors,
dimmed later into a net of wrinkles.
And the Pekinese long ago got consumed by their canine Auschwitz.
No sign of the owner, either. What seems to have survived
is but water and me, since water also
has no past.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by the author.*)

• •

"How's your bank?"

• •

not wrong. I trust that I have harmed no one I love. The worst may be that I have put myself into a position where I may be forced to lie.

•

I suppose it is all tied up with my romantic agony. He leaves just before dark, and alone in the living room I feel sick—with what? Sick over a morbid and hopeless love, sick over my inability to resume the life I've chosen. We go out for dinner, and Mary, across the room, looks pretty and I remember the hundreds, the thousands of nights when I have sat cheerfully through the anecdotes, the arguments, the games, with the thought of a jolly hour in bed to keep me humorous and alert. But now my vitals seem sapped, I throw bad dice, I despair. But at home Mary takes me in her arms, kindly, tenderly, and I am myself. I have what I want, and waking in the morning, stiff and randy, I am as high as at dusk I was miserable. As I walk up from the station in the cold north wind some dream of love seems to spread out before me, golden ceilings and garlands of fruit, and gigantism and richness. We make love in the afternoon, and now the new house resumes its importance for the first time in months; we talk about painting the kitchen. So there are, I suppose, two faces to this: my fear of being caught in a world that bores me, and the sexual richness of my marriage. I think—foolishly but, nonetheless, with pleasure—of the house, of greeting guests, of pointing out the river view from the terrace. I am back in my own jolly country. Now the image of death is laid, it is insubstantial, and now that it is over, now that I am unafraid, I think that I will write C. a letter. But by doing this wouldn't I begin the whole cycle again, wouldn't I betray some incurable taste for melancholy?

•

The closing; and so I have at last bought a house. Coming home on the train, Mary speaks of the complexity of our lives—the red coat she wore to the hospital in Rome when Federico was born—and it does seem rich and vast, like the history of China. We move books. To Holy Communion, where I first express my gratitude for safe travels, luck with money, love, and children. I pray that our life in the new house will be peaceful and full. I pray to be absolved of my foolishness and to be returned to the liveliness, the acuteness of feeling, that seems to be my best approach to things. I remember walking in the autumn woods six or seven years ago when, in a powerful rush of feeling, I felt that my participation in life was a participation in something vivid and magnificent. It is a dark morning. The window above the altar shows only a few dark colors. Sleet, and, in the afternoon, snow. The driving is bad, we cannot move, and I find the suspense galling.

•

On Monday we pack. My feelings are mostly confused, painfully so, and are still confused today. On Tuesday the furniture is carted off, but I have no clear feelings about this house, now empty, where we have lived happily and unhappily for so many years. I remember coming to the place alone, with a box of books. I was ten years younger. In the dirty, cold, and empty room I had an enthusiastic vision of a dinner party—lights and pretty women—myself (yes, yes) in dinner clothes, and it all came true. "We gave a dinner party for eighty-five," I told the young man, "the night before we sailed for Italy." We eat precooked frozen dinners off tinfoil plates, and I think of a family who customarily do this, and who speak to one another in advertising slogans. "Aren't these garden-fresh peas in fresh creamery butter delicious?" "And this tangy, zesty Swiss steak is served in such generous portions!" Even the littlest child has something to say along these lines. Even the babe in arms sings a commercial. Mary goes off to sing with A., and I am left alone in what seems to be a haunted house, but haunted by whom? The oil-burner stinks and the fumes are so bad they make the baby ill. S. calls to ask where her husband is. "We've married wandering minstrels, haven't we," she says, "you and I?" I am sore but keep my temper. On Wednesday morning I wake asking for valor, courage, strength, largeness of spirit, all good things, and seem to have a few of them. We move. The new house is empty, and long after we have put down our rugs and arranged the furniture, long after the friends have come and gone with flowers and wine, after the pictures have been hung and the curtains drawn and the lamps lighted, the image of the empty house—cat smell in the upstairs hallway, and scuffed and faded paint—is much more vivid than all our arranging. The image of emptiness is for me a kind of horror. The lamps and flowers seem transparent. The arrangements go on through Thursday and Friday, and on Friday afternoon the snow begins to fall, and falls steadily for twelve hours. Old Mrs. L. once said that I should not be too sensitive, and I don't seem to be able to take her advice. My feelings about heating plants are conditioned by the fact that the heating plant in the old house frequently broke down and once blew up. There is a leak in the guest room. The oil-burner seems erratic. I had a drink at half past eight.

•

More snow. Ben's school bus is late, and I bring him home. Shovel snow, blessed snow, until half past three, whereupon I drink too much and am unpleasant about the dressing room. Wake in the night to hear the domestic machinery making its own decisions. First the oil-burner, then the icebox, the vacuum pump, the sump pump. I seem less anxious, more thick-skinned, I hope. I hope that inch by inch we will take possession of this house, this place. It does seem to be a struggle. Wake to a dark morning, heavy snow falling. I drive Ben to Scarborough, and there is that fine sense—adrenaline, I guess—my mouth dry but some new reserves seem called on. Mary is unforgiving, and I shovel snow for my good health, and I seem to move, through this simple exercise, from despair into hopefulness. I see the buds on the trees, I can imagine how it will look in the summer, I seem to hear my daughter's voice from the shore of the pond. I almost—but not quite—get into the beauty of the scene, away from the anxieties, an old man's rancorous feelings for winter.

•

To disguise nothing, to conceal nothing, to write about those things that are closest to our pain, our happiness; to write about my sexual clumsiness, the agonies of Tantalus, the depth of my discouragement—I seem to glimpse it in my dreams—my despair. To write about the foolish agonies of anxiety, the refreshment of our strength when these are ended; to write about our painful search for self, jeopardized by a stranger in the post office, a half-seen face in a train window; to write about the continents and populations of our dreams, about love and death, good and evil, the end of the world.

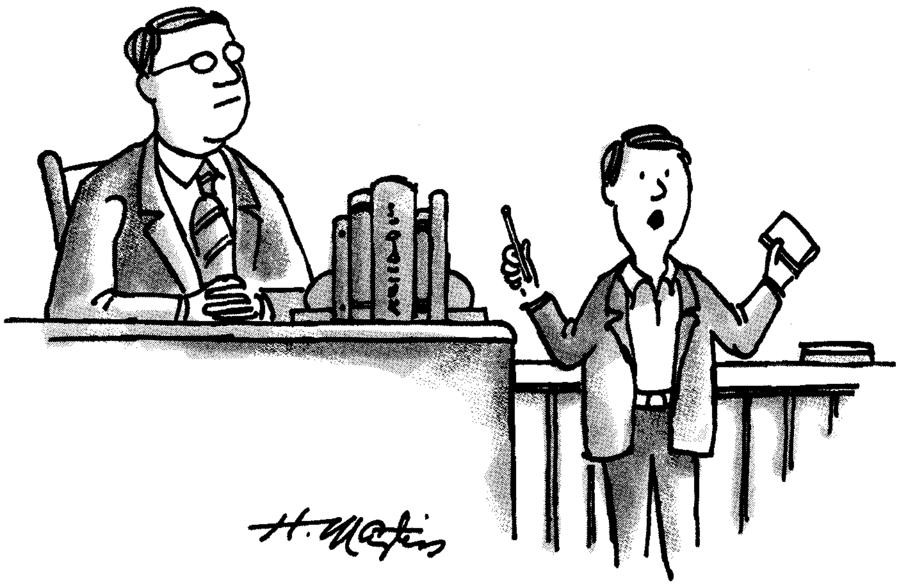
•

He was one of those Americans who had suffered in the middle of their lives a serious mental and spiritual breakdown. I have never observed it in any other country. The male menopause is, as we know, an old wives' tale, a legend, and has nothing to do with the facts of the case. I have seen this trouble overtake so many that we might point out the symptoms. You can single out their faces at the railroad-station bars. They were mostly handsome, but now their handsomeness is harried with worry, and sometimes gin. Mostly, their hands shake. Their friends, if they are left with any, say that X seems to be going through some sort of psychological crisis. It usually begins with sharp discontents about their business life. They have been treated shabbily and cheated out of the promotions and raises they deserved, but their position at this time of life, their security, is too precarious to allow them to express any grievance. They are sick of ball bearings and bedsheets or whatever else it is they sell. Sexually their wives have come to seem unattractive, but they have not been able to find mistresses. Their friends bore them. Their children seem, oftener than not, strange and ungrateful. The financial burdens they have been forced to assume are backbreaking. All of this is true, but none of this would account for the wanton disappointment that engorges them. Something of more magnitude, something much more mysterious than these bare facts would show, has taken place. Valor, lustiness, hope—all these good things seem to have been misplaced.

He finds the noise of his wife's voice insufferable, he strikes his favorite son with a piece of firewood. He is lost, as lost as anyone on the side of a mountain, and yet the way in which he reached this tragic wilderness is hidden from him and from the rest of us. There is one down near the service bar drinking a beer. Here comes another, in at the door. That man in a silk shirt drinking a Martini is one of them, and there is a fourth gazing at his wristwatch, although it makes no difference to

him whether it is three, or four, or five in the afternoon.

SHOW AND TELL



"Last night, my parents and I went to the Café des Artistes, located at 1 West Sixty-seventh Street, just off Central Park West. I had the jambon persillé, which was tasty and well seasoned. The staff is knowledgeable and ready with delicious tips. Here are a matchbook and a swizzle stick I picked up."

• •

•

I think unconcernedly of C.; I see the idiot grin, the uncut hair, the bohemian suit, the Desert boots, the ungainly shins, the lively body with its restlessness, its thrust—the pure waywardness. And I think of our cloudy feelings about the sexual commerce between men—that it is a legitimate but an unsatisfactory field of investigation, that it is undignified and sometimes comical.

•

I make no headway, and yet it seems best to come here every day and try. It is not easy. I have had winters before and will have them again, and do not seriously doubt that they will end—the winters—but it is not easy. I am reminded of the weeks and months in Rome when I saw nothing with the right eyes but a cobweb gleaming in the sunlight and an owl flying out of a ruin. Thinking of X, who was tyrannized by a fable of herculean sexual prowess but who was, like the rest of us, clay. The books and stories he read and the movies he saw stated or implied a lurid and nearly continuous eroticism, but when he seized his bony wife in his arms he was mostly frustrated. Why couldn't he get into the fun, the sport? Why weren't his days and nights, like every other man's, a paradise of wenching? Was he growing old? Was this the rumored falling off? Should he stand serenely and watch his leaves fall to the ground? Should he retire, and leave the field to younger men? But if there was some diminishment of prowess there was none of yearning. How he longed for that sensual paradise where he had so happily lived, where the noise of the brook and the sounds of the rain seemed to celebrate the skin.

•

On Sunday afternoon my only brother comes to call. He is told that if he drinks again he will die, and he is drunk—the bleary eyes, the swollen face, the puffy hands, the drunkard's paunch. He wants to be alone with me to tell me this story: "The funniest God-damned thing happened to me. They gave me the Boston territory, you know. Well, I was in a bar watching one of those TV debates, and I got so God-damned stinking that I didn't know what I was doing. I decided that I wanted to see Al Houston so I got into the car and started off and the next thing I knew I was in jail and you know where? In our home town. I was in jail at home. Well, they took away my license and fined me a hundred bucks. It's the second time. So when they let me go I got a suspended sentence, and you know who was there? Mildred Cunningham. She married Al. You remember her. So I said, 'Hi, Mildred, I was going out to see Al a couple of nights ago.' And you know what she said? 'I buried him six months ago.' Funniest God-damned thing." What is involved seems almost beyond my comprehension. He is drunk. He has lost his job and will not be given another. And in his drunkenness he has tried to find a college roommate, an old friend of forty years ago, a homosexual friend for all I know—although this may be an ugly suspicion—and has ended up in the jail of the town where our prominent and respectable parents shaped a life for themselves and for us, and he refers to this whole series of events as an uproarious joke. I think this is insanity. I have been drinking and make my long complaints to Mary, who is most tender, but I do not make love to her, because I think I must carry this through alone.

•

Looking around me I seem to find an uncommon amount of misery and drunkenness. We are not cold, poor, hungry, lonely, or miserable in any other common way, so why should so many of us struggle to forget our happy lot? Is it the ineradicable strain of guilt and vengefulness in man's nature?

•

A warm day; we lunch on the outside steps and my old dick stirs in the sunlight like a hyacinth. Later, in the warmth, taking away wheelbarrow-loads of dead leaves, I am suddenly very tired. I move slowly and painfully, like an old man. Pain seems like a rivet put through my chest into my back. Then I think that I shall not live to see the spring; I shall soon die. "John is dead, he died quite suddenly. Do try to get to the church early. We are so afraid there won't be room." My muffled voice rises from the casket: "But I haven't finished my work. My seven novels, my two plays, and the libretto for an opera. It isn't done." The priest tells me to be still. Preparations are made for a crowd, but on the big day the telephone begins to ring: "It's Binxie's only chance to play golf. We're sure John would understand. He was always so carefree." "It's Mabel's only chance to go shopping." Etc. In the end no one comes. I see the disgusting morbidity of all this, I try to cleanse my mind. If we do not taste death, how will we know the winter from the spring? I paint shutters, cut a little wood, light a fire. The clear light of the fire is appealing; this, and the sound of water, is what I want. How far away from X's underwear, lying on the floor in a heap. I will have love tonight, I think, fire and water, and I drink to still my anxieties and misgivings, but I fail. I have been in this poor place before, and I shall find my way out.

•

I wake before daylight in an ecstasy of sereneness. I think that I will have it all back: the green seas of the North Atlantic, the wit and high spirits of a randy life, blue-sky courage, a natural grasp of things. I think that I will have it all back. I dream a pleasant dream with pleasant and unpleasant figures. The most unsavory drops his britches, but, dear God, why should I worry about this anymore? I meet old friends from my childhood. I see a quality of love like a length of cloth, tranquil and unanxious, a fine, sere shade. And I will go out of that dread country where I lie sweating in bed, waiting for the oil-burner to engorge the house with fire, waiting to be crushed by my debts, my groin smarting like a wound. I will have it all back.

•

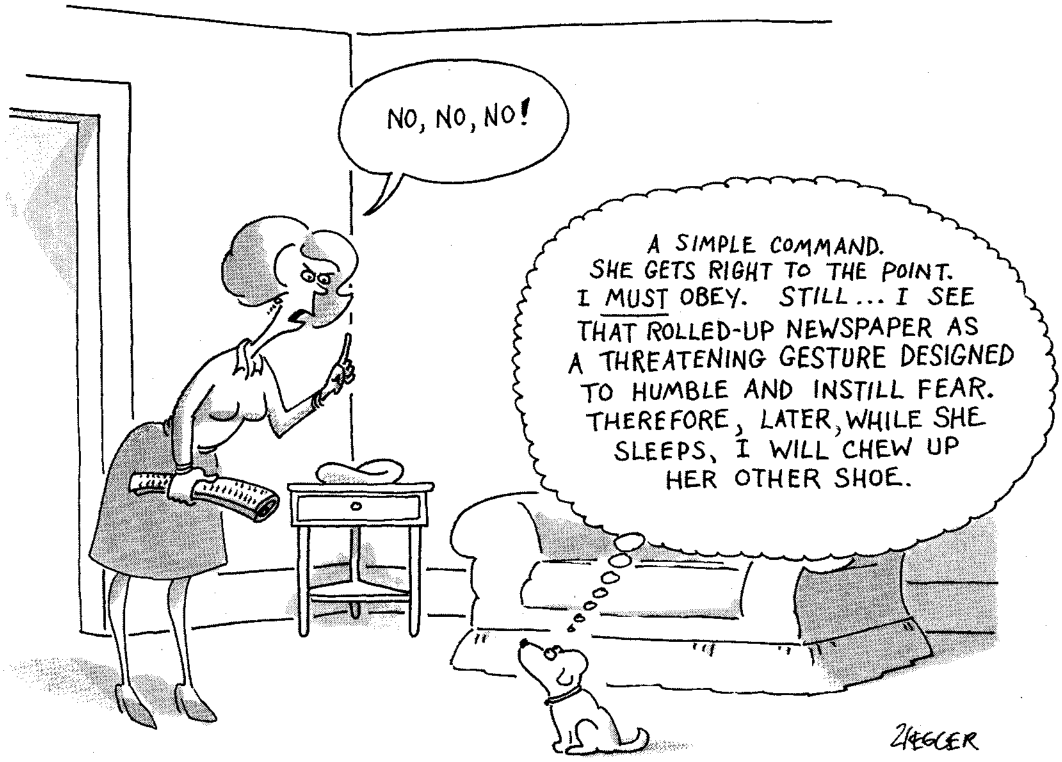
Unable to work because of the dark, the cold, and the snow—a pitiable state of affairs—and so I lose a day. At the breakfast table I say, "I don't understand Susie at all," and I shiver with unhappiness or despair. "I've fed her, bathed her, taken her up in the night, plucked thorns and splinters out of her feet, loved her, taught her to swim, skate, walk on beaches, admire the world, but now when I speak to her she weeps and slams the door, hides in the woods on a fine Sunday morning, seems on the one hand merry and on the other to carry some unanswered question. Is this a glimpse of our inability to understand one another? I seem to know more about a stranger on a train than I know about my only daughter."

•

Let us pray for all of those killed or cruelly wounded on throughways, expressways, freeways, and turnpikes. Let us pray for all of those burned or otherwise extinguished in faulty plane landings, midair collisions, and mountainside crashes. Let us pray for all alcoholics measuring out the hours of the day that the Lord hath made in pints and fifths, and let us pray for the man who mistook a shirt button for a Miltown pill and choked to death in a hotel.

•

Hemingway shot himself yesterday morning. There was a great man. I remember walking down a street in Boston after reading a book of his, and finding the color of the sky, the faces of strangers, and the smells of the city heightened and dramatized. The most important thing he did for me was to legitimatize manly courage, a quality that I had heard, until I came on his work, extolled by Scoutmasters and others who made it seem a fraud. He put down an immense vision of love and friendship, swallows and the sound of rain. There was never, in my time, anyone to compare with him.


NO, NO, NO!
A SIMPLE COMMAND. SHE GETS RIGHT TO THE POINT. I MUST OBEY. STILL... I SEE THAT ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPER AS A THREATENING GESTURE DESIGNED TO HUMBLE AND INSTILL FEAR. THEREFORE, LATER, WHILE SHE SLEEPS, I WILL CHEW UP HER OTHER SHOE.
ZIEGLER

•

I get up at half past six to get breakfast—in a fair humor, I think, but while I am shaving, so to speak, Mary also rises, scowls, coughs, makes small noises of pain, and I speak meanly. "Can I do anything to help you, short of dropping dead?" I am offered no breakfast, so I have none—but that we, at this time of life and time of day, should reënact the bitter and ugly quarrels of our parents, circling angrily around the toaster and the orange-juice squeezer like bent and toothless gladiators exhaling venom, bile, detestation, and petulance in one

another's direction! "Can I make a piece of toast?" "Would you mind waiting until I've made mine?" Mother finally grabbing her breakfast plate off the table and eating from the sideboard, her back to the room, tears streaming down her cheeks. Dad sitting at the table asking, "For Christ's sake, what have I done to deserve this?" "Leave me alone, just leave me alone is all I ask," says she. "All I want," he says, "is a boiled egg. Is that too much to ask?" "Well, boil yourself an egg then," she screams; and this is the full voice of tragedy, the goat cry. "Boil yourself an egg then, but leave me alone." "But how in hell can I boil an egg," he shouts, "if you won't let me use the pot?" "I'd let you use the pot," she screams, "but you leave it so filthy. I don't know what it is, but you leave everything you touch covered with filth." "I bought the pot," he roars, "the soap, the eggs. I pay the water and the gas bills, and here I sit in my own house unable to boil an egg. Starving." "Here," she screams, "eat my breakfast. I can't eat it. You've ruined my appetite. You've ruined my day." She thrusts her breakfast plate at him and drops it on the table. "But I don't want your breakfast," he says. "I don't like fried eggs. I detest fried eggs. Why should I be expected to eat your breakfast?" "Because I can't eat it," she screams. "I couldn't eat anything in an atmosphere like this. Eat my breakfast. Eat it, enjoy it, but shut up and leave me alone." He pushes the plate away from him, and buries his face in his hands. She takes the plate and throws the fried eggs into the garbage, sobbing horribly. She goes upstairs. The children, who have been waked by this calamitous and heroic dialogue, wonder why this good day that the Lord hath made should seem so calamitous.

•

Susie due in at 2 A.M. I go to meet the train. This seems the end of the line: trains, bells, whistles, a shrill sound in the air like the trains of France and Italy, hammering somewhere, yellow headlights, showers of golden fire and modest lightnings. A pretty girl sits in the dark cabstand. One more train and her boy will take her home. I go into a bar. Two men play pool. One shoots a good and lucky game and has a most light and simple face and stance, as if life had been for him always a nourishing, uncomplicated, and easily digestible dish. "There's an extra *News* and *Mirror* here," one says, looking kindly through his spectacles at the others. "You want one?" "What did the daily double pay?" "Seven-fifty." "You had five, I had four." "We shoulda got together. I'll bring the chick over tomorrow night and we'll have some cherry." "I got two hanging right here," says the bartender, jiggling his balls. Drawn, thin, needing a shave, his apron soiled, does he feel the crippling need, mount his old woman, gasping, gasping, gasping? A nice, comfortable place.

•

A brilliant autumn day. Searching lights. Many vapor trails drawn high, due north. Are these warriors or businessmen eating butterfly shrimp off plastic trays? Is this the end of the earth or a bond to keep it from ending? Hot and cold, brilliance and darkness, the afterglow as fine as anything seen in the mountains; but X, studying the stars, would find in this wall of brilliance a reflection of his own emotional vacuity.

•

Hurricane watch, they say. Heavy rains after midnight. Gale winds. I wake at three. It is close. No sign of wind and rain. Then I think that I can do it, make sense of it, and recount my list of virtues: valor, saneness, decency, the ability to handle the natural hazards of life.

•

Mary *maldisposta*, I think, and I think, after drinking, that in middle age we come into the big scenes; that I am perhaps no longer able to make a rueful joke of my disappointments; that I can no longer carry the burden of her eccentricity; that I must speak loudly; that I must say what I feel. It is not in the light of day that my disappointments are keenest, most painful. It is when staring into the dark, counting

TRÄUMEREI

All I have done in music seems a dream I can almost imagine to have been real.
—*Robert Schumann, 1810–56.*

Perhaps this, then: the holystone licks
of the winter Rhine. A cleansing.
A scouring away. Anything to free him
from the constant filling.

Weeping, in slippers and dark robe, maddened
by phantom voices, music,
he walks from his house with
the tentative half steps of a pheasant.
A little rain collects on his robe hem,
and street meal, the cubiform dust chips
of cobblestones. He has carried no coin purse
and offers to the bridge guard
a silk facecloth, then the image
of a man in bedclothes, in the quarter arc of flight

from railing to river.
There is wind—upward—
and the parallel slaps of his slippers.
With the abrupt closure of a trumpet mute
his heart stops. Then the music, voices. Water
has flushed through his robe sleeves, and
the thin, peppered trenches
between groin and thigh.

He will surface
as an opal surfaces: one
round-shouldered curve of brocade in the wave-chop.
Then his heart kicking back.
And the oarlocks of rowers who are
dipping to save him?
A-notes and A-notes—perfect—in unison.

What else but to starve?
The starched coats of asylum guards
give a fife's chirrups. They are joined by
tintinnabulum, chorus, and oboe
on his brief walks to the ice baths.

At the first flat shocks and frigid clearings
he smiles, murmurs
that his madness is at least his love,
distorted, of course, pervasive, but still . . .
aural. A music. The trees

by the fence line fill, release. One year,
two. He follows halfway, taking
into the self the quarter notes of
footsteps, the cacophony of laughter, wagons, doors,
the hums of the candle-snuff.
Writing stops, then speech. No word,
no flagged dot on its spidery stave
to diminish the filling. What else but

to turn from all food, to decrease from without
like the August peaches? To take at the last
the fine, unwavering balance
of an arc—heart and perimeter—
a cup where all sound resonates? . . .

A bell has fallen in Moscow, he once wrote,
so huge it carried its belfry to the ground.
And into the ground. The bell lip
and shoulder boring deep in the earth. Then
a cross-rip of belfry. Then, through
the stark reversal of summer grasses,
four pale steps leading down.

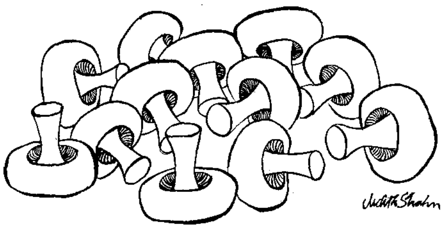
—Linda Bierds

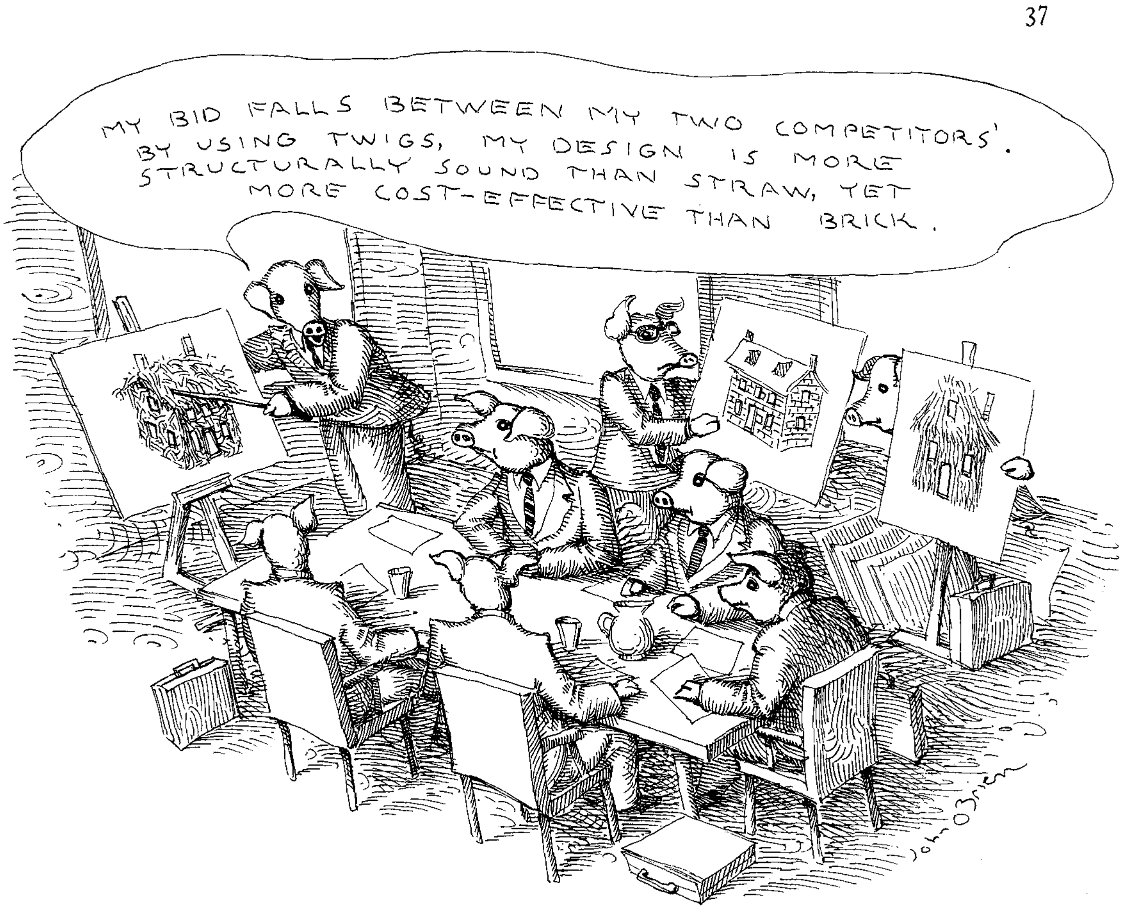
• •

the figures on the wallpaper in the beam of light from the children's bathroom, that I feel my spirits collapse. I can't be sure that I don't imagine this, that the fault is not mine. When I see her, come near her, rage and hatred, a curdling sensation, rise up from my feet to the top of my head with the speed of light. I don't know what happened, and it is one of those situations where scrutiny is not rewarding. The turning point may have come when I asked her if she wasn't going out for the evening; it may have come when I poured a second drink. I was putting poison in the mole burrows, admiring the brilliance of the afternoon. "See how the cut grass, the last growth of the year, full of clover, takes the light? Isn't it beautiful?" I ask, but there is no reply. She hurries away from me. So the pleasures of the afternoon are over. I sit down to read. She slams a door. I quiz my son on his homework, heady with self-righteousness. But I cannot lie down beside her and sleep. So I retire to the spare room—the thousands of nights I have spent on sofas! My beloved son has a nightmare at three or four. The cat wakes me, going from room to room, meowing.

•

And thinking how our origins catch up with us I wonder what I will have to pay on this account. I have been a storyteller since the beginning of my life, rearranging facts in order to make them more interesting and sometimes more significant. I have turned my eccentric old mother into a woman of wealth and position, and made my father a captain at sea. I have improvised a background for myself—genteel, traditional—and it is generally accepted. But what are the bare facts, if I were to write them? The yellow house, the small north living room with a player piano and, on a card table, a small stage where I made scenery and manipulated puppets. The old mahogany gramophone with its crank, its pitiful power of reproduction. In the dining room, an overhead lamp made from the panels of a mandarin coat. Against the wall, the helm of my father's sailboat—long gone, inlaid with mother-of-pearl.




MY BID FALLS BETWEEN MY TWO COMPETITORS'. BY USING TWIGS, MY DESIGN IS MORE STRUCTURALLY SOUND THAN STRAW, YET MORE COST-EFFECTIVE THAN BRICK.

Most of my characters are waited on by maids, but I was usually the one who brought the dishes to the table. My parents were not happy, and I was not happy with them. I was told that he meant to harm me, and I suppose I never forgave him. But my heart seems to have been open and I was innocently, totally in love with G. when I must have been ten or eleven. At twelve I was in love with J., at thirteen in love with F., etc. There was no possibility of requital for my feelings toward my father, and so I looked to other men for the force of censure, challenge, the encouragement that I needed, and was given this abundantly by W. But it seems, in retrospect, to have been almost entirely an improvisation. I have the characteristics of a bastard.

•

"I'm Lila," says the waitress, a pleasant woman of forty. "Would you like something from the bar? And here," she says "is your ice-cold dry Martini, lemon peel, just as you ordered. I'm putting it down with my right hand. That's quite an effort for me. I'm left-handed. It's an effort for me to do anything with my right hand. Now, I don't know whether you've been here before—you look familiar—but when you're ready to order I'd recommend the club steak, the London broil, or the chopped sirloin. With French fries and a tossed green salad. French dressing. Yes, dear." She is a friend to me, she is a friend to the world, and what I can see so clearly is the daughter or niece she is sending to college. She will major in modern languages and get a job at the U.N. But Lila seems to be a creation of a series of obvious needs. Some man has done her wrong, left her to bring up a fatherless child, but she has learned patience and compassion and—what's more—that the world is full of lonely, worried, and troubled men, and she makes, in my case, a very successful effort to turn this half-hour lunch into something easy-going and affectionate. And I think also of those people whose position in life seems immovable, of those who seem driven into their thankless pursuits like the nails in the floor. The clerk in the Turkish bath and the three masseurs; the elevator operator on 23rd Street; the old man who sells cigarettes on Second Avenue. You go around the world ten times, marry, divorce, raise your children and see them married, move from here to there, but when you return you find *them* where you left them, running the elevator, selling new brands of cigarettes. So I must work, and I think I can.

•

There is no point in my regaling myself with trifling injuries (you reflected on the quality of my mother's carpets, etc.), nor in my trying to determine what part the past plays in my so easily abraded feelings. What I must face is the small quantity of inferior work I have been turning out. Neither the novel nor the play possesses any form or shape or substance. It is not that I would mind going down in history as an inconsequential writer; it is that I would mind most bitterly going down as a writer who has wasted his gifts in drunkenness, sloth, anger, and petulance. I am no longer dealing with the common disadvantages of need, a poorly lighted room, a stomach ache. I am dealing with time, with alcohol, and with death.

•

For what it may be worth: hung over on Saturday. Walk in the woods with Ben. Shoot at tin cans. On Sunday the dog wakes at six. She will have to have her breakfast, says Mary, and so I give the dog breakfast. It is not yet light. I try to get back to sleep again in the spare room, but the dog dumps a load on the floor, whines, chews the light cords, etc. I miss church. It is not a good way to begin the day. I drink some gin at half past eleven and Susie and I play recorder duets. I wash the lunch dishes and take care of the boy. I embrace him. My eyes fill with tears. But after playing a little touch football I feel much better. Susie and I cook supper, and I wash the dishes. The dog dumps another load on the floor, and I am enraged. I drive Susie to Mamaroneck and, driving back, regale the dog with my troubles. I plan this morning to go into town and look for apartments. But I do not. Now, I would not want to be the kind of sorehead who rages on about his disappointments but who is too slothful, lazy, drunken, and bilious to get off his arse; who claims to be indifferent to the play of firelight on the panelled walls, but who will endure every sort of humiliation rather than leave his cozy fireside; and yet it seems that some of my indecision is legitimate. I cannot afford an apartment in town, and I have put so much money and time into this house that I am entitled to at least a touch of reluctance about leaving it. So I shall today try to be hopeful and conduct myself like a loving and intelligent adult.

•

And so it is over as suddenly as it began; at four or five on an overcast afternoon, unseasonably warm for November, her step becomes light, she sings in the hall for the first time in six weeks, and I have my way.

•

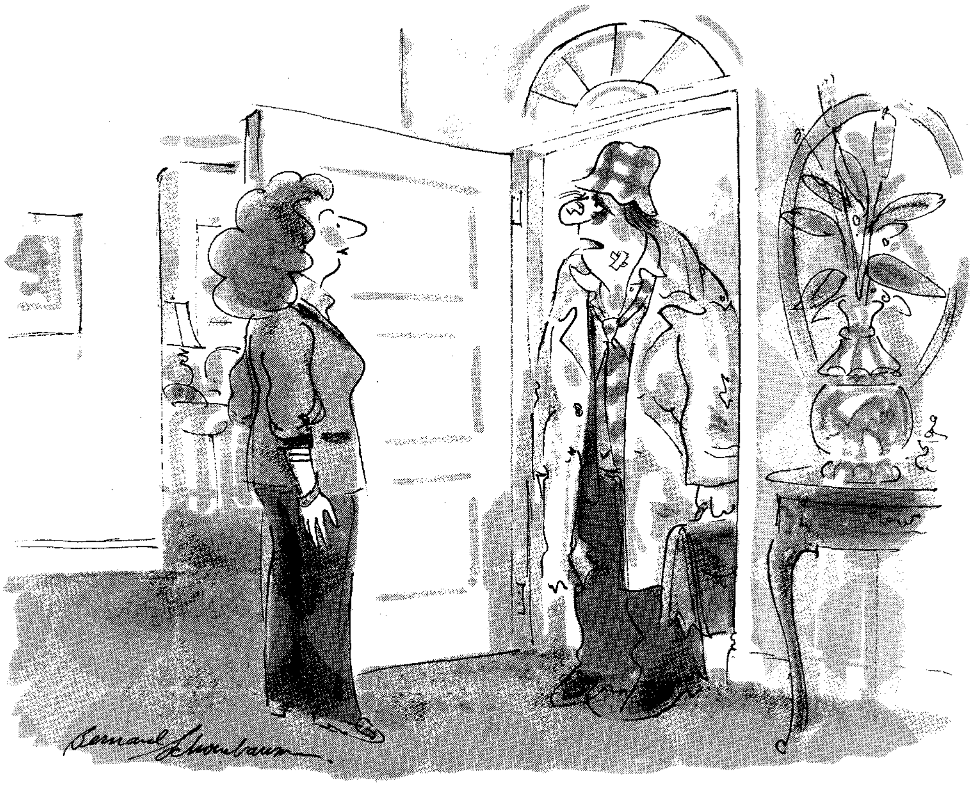
I lay a fire, drink some gin, watching the last rosy light of this winter day pour in at the western windows. These wooden walls, old pictures, yellow silk chairs are what I wanted, so why does my admiration of the scene seem fatuous? In the pinewoods the last light glows like coals. We dine with the B.s, who seem unhappy but not unhappy about being unhappy. On a scrap of paper one reads: i am miserable and i wish my mummy and daddy would not fite. The first day of a new year. I pray to finish the novel by spring.

•

I have not repaired the shutter on the west window. I have not got sand for the driveway or mixed fuel for the chain saw. I have not taken my clothes to the dry cleaner's. Cutting into the roast and finding it underdone I have, without saying a word, been able to accomplish a devastating emanation of disgust and disapproval. Serving the flounder I have, by way of petulance, helped the family generously and given myself a boiled potato and a spoonful of grease. I have unjustly accused my wife of unfaithfulness, and called my only and beloved daughter plain and friendless to her face. I have been drunken, dirty, unkind, embittered, and lewd.

•

I spend the day, as do many others, in watching Glenn orbit on TV, and I torment myself for not working. Once the man is in orbit, the crowds leave the beach. It is always, for me, a moving sight, to see people pick up their sandwich baskets, their towels and folding furniture, and hurry back to the hotel, the motel, the cottage, the bar. Their haste, their intentness, is like the thoughtlessness of life itself; and something will always be forgotten—a pair of sunglasses, an inflatable rubber raft, an old man, a roll of film, a pimply youth with a volume of poetry. They will be remembered briefly as we remember the dead, but no one will go back after dark to look for the sunglasses, or cheer the old man. My heart gives a heave as they hurry off, as if I could see here the forces of life and death. The end of the ballgame, the last hour of the county fair.



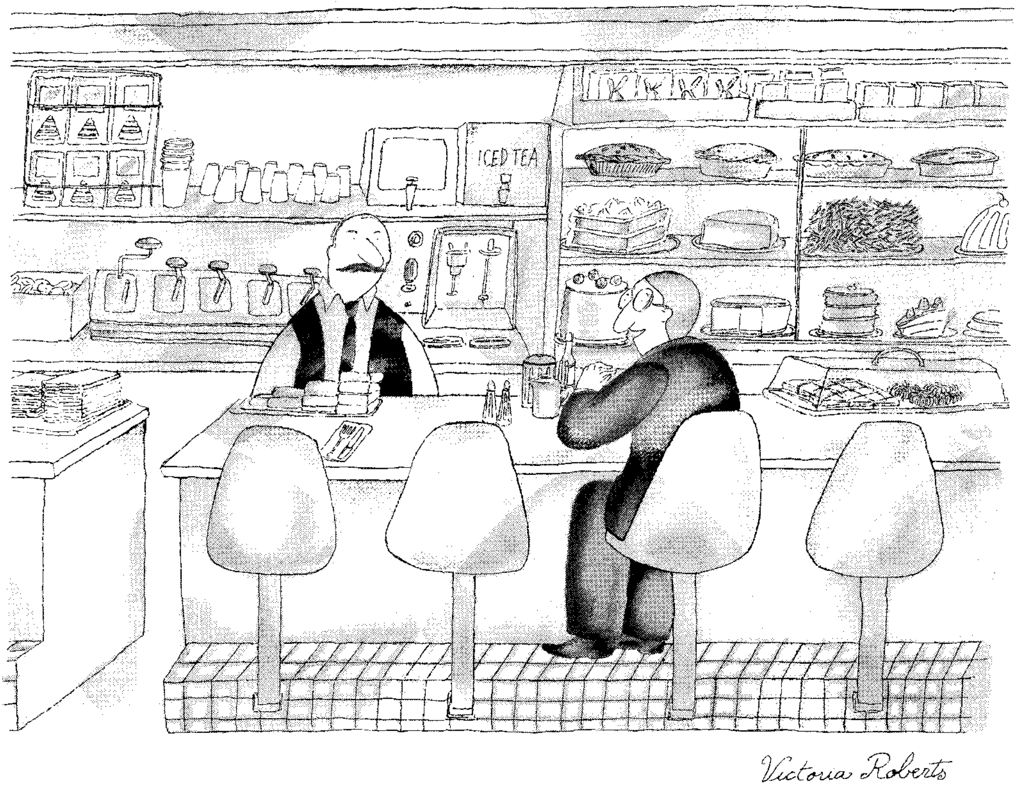
"We settled out of court."

•

Ossining-Tampa. P. and I leave in the fresh morning light. The quiet boy who wants to be a novelist; his little sister carrying a plastic horse; my friend. The heavy morning traffic, the overcrowded roads. The unreality of the massive city in the glancing light. The sense of travel as a sense of painful dislocation. The shabby building at the airport. Windowless. Artificial plants. Benches for waiting. Women in furs. The Florida-bound crowd whom I join so late in life. A man with a copy of *Variety*, three pretty children, a Scotch nursemaid with a head of long hair. A man with a beret. As soon as we are airborne, the woman on my left takes a plastic kit out of her handbag and begins to paint her nails. The man on my right introduces himself; "Pleased to meet you, John," he says. "I have a little present I'd like to give you." He gives me a gilt tie clip containing a thermometer. No, he doesn't manufacture them. "I just give them away because I like to. I travel a lot. I give away two, three thousand a year. It's a nice way to make friends, and I like to make friends." We discuss the people we know who are dying of cancer. He tells me the complete story of his life. Three anticlerical jokes. The lion who says grace, the brigadier, and the cardinal. He seems, telling his life story to a stranger, to be a large slice of my country, my people. The white silk shirts the stewardesses wear have come undone at the back. They keep tucking them in, but they come undone again.

A crew member wanders aft. He looks to have a terrible hangover, and I think the stewardess gives him a drink. We rent a car in Tampa, and drive south. Ugliness, but why bother to say so? Don't forget the fellow with a lighthouse on his front lawn.

Walk along the beach. The sea slams its bulkheads, its doors, shakes its chains. Drink gin in the hot sun and feel very happy. Waking in the morning, I suffer an excruciating melancholy. I long for my wife, I long for my sons. We swim before breakfast. Pelicans, willets. The smell of wood smoke. Bitter. A warm, moonlit night. This, I guess, is a tropical evening, and my love is far away. I wake at two or three. Cats fight. A dog jogs under my window, jingling his rabies and his license tags. Then suddenly I feel for my wife and my sons a great power of love. I don't swim before breakfast, and, after, I feel lost, melancholy, homesick. I don't know what it is. I am afraid that something may have happened to my family, although I know that my fears bear no relationship to the truth. I chain-smoke.



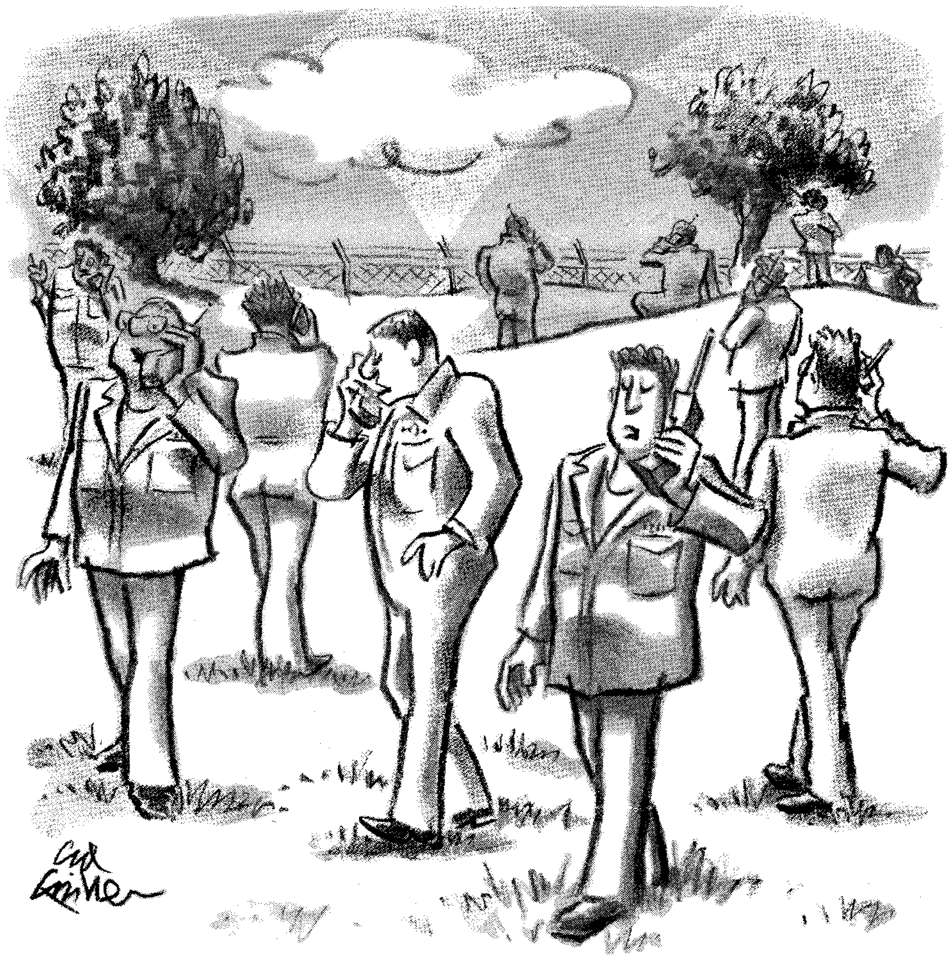
"I don't go out with girls who won't eat things on menus."

•

We cross a bridge where many old people are fishing. There are so many old. The main highway, the Tamiami Trail, is lined with supermarkets, diners, night clubs, seashell-and-driftwood shops, billboards advertising developments; this is the misspelled, the -burger, the -rama world—herburgers, Steerburgers, Smorgoramas. The pet cemetery and crematorium—animals guaranteed to be buried above water level. Trailer camps stretch for miles under the palm trees. There is a listless air in the back and side streets of Sarasota. The light is bright. It is hot. Old people snooze on bus-stop benches. Turn me around three times and I couldn't say if I was in Los Angeles or Sarasota. The atmosphere of domesticity seems dense. Mother, father, sister, and brother walk past the little frame house where the Gypsy palmist recites the past and the future. Next door is high colonic irrigation. This atmosphere of domesticity seems to abrade my aloneness. What a fainthearted traveller! We go to a jungle gardens. Admission $1.50. The old sit on benches watching flamingos, egrets. Here again are mother, father, sister, and brother. The warm air seems suffused with their kindliness. An old couple point out to strangers that a white peacock is asleep under a bush. Mostly Southern and Midwestern accents. We drink in one of those places where, on a platform, there is a set of music stands and a trap drum covered with a waterproof. We eat in a Royal Pancake Palace. The customers are mostly old. So back down the Trail, me with a painful feeling of emotional suspense. At home, surrounded by my family, I would say that this was the pain, the bite, of boredom. Now I call it the pain of aloneness. Drink seems to be the only cure. So what I am dealing with may be no more than crude alcoholism. And so I drink to kill the pain, and so I wake again in the night to think of my wife and my children. I seem to call out their names not in longing but in contentment. In the fullness of the hopes I hold out for them. So the day begins with the same pattern of longing, unease, thirst. There are only two more to go. The strangeness of time, the strangeness of personality. And how the figure of a young man in white sneakers, seen at the end of a museum corridor, has in fact no claims on my life or my person as I best know it but seems for a moment to be my executioner; yet the executioner mask may conceal a comely face. The day is overcast, the tide and the sea are high. We go fishing and catch nothing. We drink at twelve sharp and things pick up. We swim in the surf and things shift quickly from pain to pleasure. The high, the noisy sea is more like home, more like my coast. We go to the usual cocktail party; we will have been to seven. A round-faced, small-eyed man says, "By gum, he's as straight as a piece of string." Mrs. C. tells me the details of her husband's death. The wheelchair, the hardening of the arteries—this great, genial athlete; and there might be a scene of women watching flamingos and discussing in detail the death of men. After drinking the time passes easily. Wasn't it a pleasant day? we ask.

•

I bring home from church a green length of palm, not strong in the conviction that it is blessed and will bless my house but in an impulse of love. And to write, to get down the church



MINIMUM-SECURITY PRISON

• •

with its yellow, varnished floor; the homely memorial windows commemorating the dead in tearful shades of lavender and blue; the stink of hassocks and pew cushions, precisely like the smell of the cushions in the barn cupola; the discreet perfumery, like flowers smelled from a great distance; the sense that this is some reconstruction of the smells of my childhood; and then, to go a step further, that this is the smell of the turn of the century, some fading distillate of the late eighteen-nineties. But then, moving into this gloom, is the measure of the Mass. The language has the sumptuous magnificence of an Elizabethan procession. The penultimate clauses spread out behind their predicates in breadth and glory, and the muttered responses are emblazoned in crimson and gold. On it moves through the Lamb of God, the Gloria, and the Benediction until the last amen shuts like a door on this verbal pomp; and the drunken priest puts out his lights and hurries back to his gin bottle, hidden among the vestments.

•

It is not the facts that we can put our fingers on which concern us but the sum of these facts; it is not the data we want but the essence of the data. It is the momentary and overwhelming sense of pathos we experience when we see the congregation turn away clumsily from the chancel; the encouragement we experience when we hear the noise of a stamping mill carried over water; the disturbance we feel when we see misgiving in a child's face. She is carrying schoolbooks and waiting for the traffic light to change. The carnal and hearty smell of bilge water, the smell of must in the cold pantries of this old house. A continent of feeling lies beyond these. We call them apprehensions, but they have more fact, truth, illumination than the wastebasket, the gunrack, and the cheese knife. Why be afraid of madness? Here is a world to win, to discover.

•

He could separate from his red-faced and drunken wife, he could conceivably make a life without his beloved children, he could get along without the companionship of his friends, but he could not bring himself to leave his lawns and gardens, he could not part from the porch screens and storm windows that he had repaired and painted; he could not divorce himself from the serpentine brick walk he had laid between the side door and the rose beds. So for him the chains of Prometheus were forged from turf and house paint, copper screening, putty and brick, but they shackled him as sternly as iron.

•

So here is the day. What do you make of it? A brilliant morning, the light dealt out over the mountainous banks of the river. Cool. As I eat breakfast on the porch, my coffee smokes, the china cup is cold to touch. Last night I read Katherine Anne. How well she catches the essence of herself, the wit, the didactic style, the attractions of elegance. She fastens her slippers, shakes out the folds of her silvery dress, and fastens the belt as she goes out on a note of asperity and command. It is highly feminine, but a solid style. In some of the emotional scenes she strikes with exceptional accuracy that balance between the ritard of observation and the flow of feeling.

•

Mary *maldisposta* this morning, but then I think how wonderful it is that this marriage should embrace such a multitude of misunderstandings, storms, infidelities, rivers of tears, and still continue on its way, some of the passengers bruised, but nothing serious.

•

To get the difference in degrees of feeling at this time of life. It is Memorial Day. My persistent, my only memory of this in the past was of planting a garden at the farm; a garden that I thought, sentimentally, I would never see mature. I must go away. I spaded up the plot, eyed a sack of potatoes, and planted a patch. In the distance, at the four corners, I could hear the drums of the parade, and now and then a bar of music. My mother would have decorat-

A Private Island Shared Only With Your Friends And Neighbors. Isn't This Where You've Wanted To Live Since You Were Ten Years Old?

The Landings is a private island community complete with five championship golf courses, two clubs and two tennis centers you share only with other property owners through equity membership. Our two deep-water marinas are close to the ocean. And there's natural beauty and wildlife in abundance. All just twelve miles from Savannah and everything you'd ever want from the city. Homesites from $50,000-$175,000; homes from $175,000-$500,000. For more information, return the card or call 1-800-841-7011. The Landings on Skidaway Island. Live the dream.

The Landings. Private Community Living At Its Finest.

Developed by Branigar, a Union Camp subsidiary.

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal Agency has judged its merits or value, if any, of this property.

ed the family graves with cornflowers and daisies. Now, having served four years in an army and seen many good friends killed in battle, I hear again the music of the parade. I try to remember the names of my dead friends. Kennedy? Kenelly? Kovacs? I can't remember. Up from the river comes the sound of drums, and from time to time a bar of brassy and discordant music. It is very hot. I should scythe the orchard or do other work but I do nothing. It is a holiday, and I seem unable to give the day any other meaning. It is too hot to go fishing, it is too hot to cut the grass. Driving into the village to get a loaf of bread, I see the lines of heavy traffic on the main highway. At four there is a long peal of thunder. It is as though the day had a rigid script, beginning with band music, patriotic speeches, suffocating heat, and idleness, sandwiches and cold drinks, and now the clouds piling up in the northwest and the sound of thunder—all seem a part of some ancient ceremony. I sit on the porch with my sons and watch the storm come down. I have lived through this day a hundred times, it seems, and not a blade of grass has changed. The lightning is yellow. It flashes on the porch like a beam of sunlight. The old dog is frightened and buries her head in my side.

•

Fred comes. He is now a very heavy man, his girth so swollen that his naturally bellicose walk is close to a waddle. "Hi, guy!" he shouts. I wonder if he has come out to borrow money. "Congratulations on the new car," he shouts. I explain that the car is borrowed, but I wonder, later, if he believed me. His manner is broad, hearty; and the heartier it grows the more retiring, narrow, and continent I seem. He has been drinking. "What you ought to do—" he begins, and I squirm at being made a receptacle of unwanted information. The more ruinous his life becomes, the more didactic, informative, and overbearing is his manner. "Now listen to me. . . . Let me tell you. . . . I know all about the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company. You want me to tell you all about it. I know all there is to know. Just listen. Stop me if I talk too much. You want me to tell you." But in the end he loses track of the subject, founders, forgets what it was that he was going to explain. There is a rampant force of self-destruction in the man, and I think he has counted so on gin as a painkiller that he has mangled his responsiveness. He has endured many disappointments, indignities, and injustices, and in his determination to rally he has developed a crude mockery of cheerfulness. Everything is wonderful, simply wonderful. Gorgeous. Life is gorgeous, life is wonderful. This is the harshness of despair. "Whatever else I have," he says, "I have four beautiful children. Loving, wonderful children." "I like D. very much," I say, "and he's very loyal to you." He lifts his face, swollen now with years of drink, and says, "They're all loyal to me." I have seen them scorn and disobey him, and they have all run away from home. There is not a grain of truth in this pitiful claim to love. But now he looks like Mother, a painful and bewildering memory, and I remember our conversations—my struggle for coherence, my desire to put one idea after another, to sort out good from evil, while she skipped, or so it seemed to me, from one wild half-truth to another, from one larcenous prejudice to another. The aim never seemed to be to communicate but to confuse, obstruct, and dismay.

While I am making him some coffee in the kitchen my little son runs in with the news that there is a snake in the yard. I follow him. "There, there!" he cries. I am slow to pick them out, but then I see three lethal pit vipers, writhing in the sun. Two have lost their old skin and are brilliant copper. One is still as dark as a stick. I go to get the shotgun. The gun-shy bitch begins to whimper and bark. The hunting dog begins to bark with joy. My brother, purblind but too vain to wear glasses, stumbles over to the snakes. "I'll tell you what they are. I know all about snakes. Our place is infested with them. I'll tell you whether or not they're dangerous." Mary begins to laugh at me. "He thinks all snakes are venomous," she says. "Garter snakes, milk snakes. Please don't kill them," she says. "They're quite harmless." Before I can clear the yard, the vipers retire into the wall. "Helen Washburn was bitten by a copperhead last year," Fred says, triumphantly. "That's a help," I say bitterly. "Vipers never grow over two feet long," Mary says, "and one of those snakes was more than two feet. And anyhow, people never die of snakebites." The vipers are a clear danger to my beloved sons. Why should she be put into such a contradictory humor? She looks up vipers in the encyclopedia and in the snake book. She is saddened at having to admit they are deadly, deathly. It is a personal defeat.

And in Fred's ungainly walk there is a trace of furtiveness and haste—the hopeful gait of a man who has left a liquor store after having paid for a quart of gin with an unsubstantiated check. Will they call the bank before he gets out the door? Will bells and whistles sound, will somebody shout "Stop that man!"? He enjoys some relief when he gets out the door, but his troubles are not over. He enjoys a further degree of relief when he gets into the car, but his troubles are not over. The car floods, the car won't start. ("I'm calling to check on the bank balance of Mr. Lemuel Estes.") The battery, as he grinds the starter, begins to show signs of weakness. Then the motor catches, he backs out into the street, makes a right turn, and, when he feels safe at last, stops the car, screws the top off the bottle, and takes two or three long pulls. Oh, sweet elixir, killer of pain. Gently, gently the world reforms itself into interesting, intense, and natural arrangements. Thomas Paine drank too much. General Grant. Winston Churchill. He is in the company of the truly great. He stops twice on the way home and, having put away nearly a pint, comes into his house with that air of blustering good cheer, that heartiness that deceives no one.

•

Without the lift of whiskey I wonder if I am not less than intelligent in facing my problems. I am fifty. Can I go on writing stories forever? Why not? I should think of myself in terms not of my age but of my work, which is barely half done. I think that I should move to a hotel, but then I think that I cannot leave my family; my eyes flood with tears, and I empty the whiskey bottle. I should take advantage of my maturity and not be dismayed at the loss of my youth.

•

I dream that my face appears on a postage stamp.

•

It is after dark—just. A summer night, stars and fireflies. The last night in June. My older son stands on the bridge over the brook with a Roman candle. He is a man now. His voice is deep. He is barefoot and wears chinos. It takes two or three matches to light the fuse. There is a splutter of pink fire, a loud hissing, the colored fire is reflected in the water of the brook and lights the voluminous clouds of smoke that roll off the candle. The light changes from pink to green, from green to red. It makes on the trees and in the heavy air an amphitheatre or sphere of unearthly light. In this I see his beloved face, his figure. I cannot say truthfully that I have never felt anything but love for him. We have quarrelled, he has wet his bed, he has waked strangling from nightmares in which I appeared as a hairy werewolf dripping with gore. But all of this is gone. Now there is nothing between us but love and good-natured admiration. The candle ends with a loud coughing noise and voids a spate of golden stars and a smell of brimstone. He drops the embers into the brook. Then the dark takes over, but I think that I have seen something splendid: this young man, the weird and harmless play of colored light, the dark water of the brook.

•

The first page of a new journal, and I hope to report here soon that the middle section of the Wapshots has fallen into shape. I expect that I will continue to report here that I drink too much.

•

The O'Hara book—he is a pro, a gifted man. There is the sense of life being translated, but I think also an extraordinary vein of morbid sexual anxiety. I would like "The Scandal" to be clear of this. I think the difference is between a fascinated horror of life and a vision of life. He is good and rough and not so lacy as me, but I hope to come to better terms.

•

The firemen's bazaar. Seven o'clock. A July night. A rusted and battered backstop stands behind the circle of trucks and booths turned in against the gathering darkness like a circle of covered wagons. Parents and children hasten along the roads that lead to the bazaar as if it might all be over before they got there, although in fact they will get there before it has begun. The sumptuary revolution makes me feel old. Both the boys and the girls are wearing skintight pants, and there are many cases of ungainly and sometimes painful tightness. And in the crowd there are reminders of the fact that there are still some farms outside the village limits. I see a red-faced man, a little drunk, followed by an overworked woman who has cut her own hair as well as the hair of the four shabby children that follow. These are the poor; these are the ones who live upstairs over the shoe store, who live in the cottage down by the dump, who can be seen fanning themselves at their windows in the heat. When you leave at six to catch an early plane, these are the ones that you see at dawn, waiting by the bus stop with their sandwiches in a paper bag. But it is the children I enjoy most, watching them ride in mechanical pony carts and airplanes, suspended by chains from a pylon. Their brilliance, this raw material of human goodness. A very plain woman in the last months of pregnancy, who looks out at the scene calmly and with great pride in this proof of the fact that someone has taken her in his arms. Many of the girls have their hair in rollers half concealed by scarves. Like primitive headdresses and, in the darkness, like crowns.

•

Our relationship remains in suspense. I have neither the boisterousness nor the virility to make the bridge or span between these two unrelated personalities, and I experience that bewilderment which always overtakes me when some obstruction in my sexual life is felt. I cannot reach out. I am afraid I may be rebuffed. I cannot transcend these fears. I glimpse the horrors of incompatibility; the power of lovers to mutilate each other. At nine-thirty my stomach begins to heave. It is difficult to breathe. I should be familiar enough with these symptoms to put them in their place, but they overtake me with such intensity that they seem to be not a part of life but all of life. I feel racked by the visible and the invisible world. My guts are drawn with pain.

•

Light and shade, pleasant and discordant noises, the singing of the cleaning woman and the thumping

How to get a true picture of what your paintings are really worth.

The world of fine arts can be confusing. Unknown painters rapidly become famous. Certain styles are suddenly popular. Keeping up takes dedicated experts.

Which is exactly what we offer at Skinner. And why so many people have their fine paintings appraised by us. As New England's largest antique and fine arts auction house, we have a superb staff of some of the country's most knowledgeable professionals. Our fine arts experts will be delighted to answer all your questions about your paintings and give you a written appraisal of their value in today's market. You can also get a free oral appraisal if you bring them to our Boston or Bolton galleries.

For more information call Colleene Fesko at 508-779-6241.

And let us give you the picture.

SKINNER
Auctioneers and Appraisers of Antiques and Fine Art

357 Main Street
Bolton, MA 01740
508-779-6241

2 Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02116
617-236-1700

sound of the washing machine are dealt like a series of blows. I cannot think of the stories I have to write without a sharpening of this visceral pain. I cannot invent terms or images of repose. I grant myself all the privileges of a liar, but there is no heart in my lies and inventions. There is nothing. There is neither ecstasy nor repose, there is only the forced illusion of these things. The span between living and dying is brief and anguished, and the soul of man is reflected not in snug farmhouses and great monuments but in fourth-string hotel rooms, malodorous and obscure. This is all there is. There is nothing. Tired but sleepless, lewd but alone, hopeless, drunk, sitting at the window on the airshaft in some other country: this is the image of man. I remember those midtown hotels, the Carlton in Frankfurt, the Eden in Rome, the Palace in San Francisco, hotels in Hollywood, Innsbruck, Toledo, Florence. Here is the soul of man, venereal, forlorn, and uprooted. All the rest of it—the cheering lights of morning, sweet music, the towers and the sailboats—are fantastic inventions, evasions, lies, vulgarities, and politenesses poorly invented to conceal the truth.

•

A day like autumn, the light fresh, the wind sounding loudly in the trees. My family off to the mountains, and God bless them. The best I can do in these three weeks is to work hard and pull the novel into shape. Perhaps I can go abroad in the fall. I must do something about finding a place to work. I cannot go through another winter like last winter.

•

We rise from sleep all natural men, boisterous, loving, and hopeful, but the dark-faced stranger is waiting at the door, the viper is coiled in the garden, the old man whispers lewdly to the boy, and the woman sits at her table crying.

•

So in the dark hours, awake, I think of the wind and the rain and in my arms a willing love, her dugs hardened against my chest, her hand where it belongs. The night air is fresh. Daybreak spreads along the westbound highways, lighting the legends on the all-night trucks. Daybreak spreads along the westbound highways, and I shall sleep, I shall sleep. I shall conquer death and anger and fear.

•

Rows and misunderstandings, and I put them down with the hope of clearing my head. "I think it's too hot to split wood," say I. "Well, I don't," says Mary. "If it's not too hot for me to rake, it's not too hot for you to split wood." "You do your work," say I, "and I'll do mine." But I am in a bad temper, and I think of the W.s ordering one another around, working not so much to accomplish anything as to ingratiate themselves with the old king, who was trying, in turn, to ingratiate himself with immortality. At dinner I try to explain my leaving to work on the book. "I feel sorry for you," says Mary, "your life is so miserable. I really feel sorry for you. I won't miss you, of course. If you could only figure out what you want." I cut some edges, but I am angry, and returning to the kitchen I say (at dark), "Can't you figure out after twenty-five years what it is that I want? I want your love, I want to see the children grow and take up their lives, I want to do a piece of decent work." I am shouting. Then she says, "I am going away. I will take a little apartment and live there with the children. You are torturing me to death. You are torturing me to death."

•

Weeding the peony hedge I hear the windfalls in the orchard; hear them strike the ground, hear them strike against branches as they fall to the ground. The immemorial smell of apples, old as the sea. Mary makes jelly. Up from the kitchen, up the stairs and into all the rooms comes the smell of apples.

•

It is my wife's body that I most wish to gentle, it is into her that I most wish to pour myself, but when she is away I seem to have no scruple about spilling it elsewhere. I first see X at the edge of the swimming pool. He is sunbathing, naked, his middle covered by a towel. His voice sounds coarse and unpleasant. He speaks with a slight accent—Italian, perhaps—or perhaps a piece of faulty bridgework. He hogs the best chair, gives out aggressive emanations, says nothing that is not complaining or stupid, and we seem to be natural enemies. But then, a day later, I find him

The J. Peterman coat.
Unintentionally very flattering.

Classic horseman's duster protects you, your rump, your saddle and your legs down to the ankles.

Because it's cut very long to do the job, it's unintentionally very flattering. With or without a horse.

High count natural cotton canvas. Washable. Natural color. Light weight waterproof lining. Nine pockets. Corduroy collar. Heavy duty zippers. Metal snaps permit adjustment of length.

Men's and women's sizes XXS, XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL. Include height and weight when you order. I'll advise best size.

Price $184.

Although I live in horse country, I wear this coat for other reasons. Because they don't make Duesenbergs anymore.

J. Peterman

Call (800) 231-7341
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction
or your money back.

Catalogue on request

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
©1991 The J. Peterman Company

"REAL CATS" BLOUSE

A real work of Art!
All breeds in their natural colors.
Made in USA of Imported 100% Pima Cotton.
Slightly oversized, impeccably tailored.
Available in S, M, L, XL on Rose, Dusty Pink, or Periwinkle Blue.
$69 (3.95 S&H)
Major credit cards

Real Prints

1-800-REAL CAT

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

$89 WINTER PACKAGE
at our little hotel
includes breakfasts or
parking, afternoon tea,
discounts at nearby shops.
Antiques, robes and fresh
flowers in every room.

(800) 227-3844

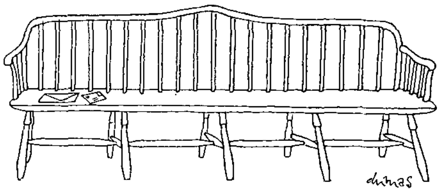
One block from Union Square

sitting beside me at the table, feel his gaze on me—soft, tender, and pupilless. He touches my shoulder. Suddenly he is all courtesy, kindness, and attention, and I see him in a different light. I see that he is handsome, well knit, but soft enough to do in a pinch. I think that a variety of hints or lures are sent out. He has met me before, he says, with Y, with Z. His soft gaze follows me, settles on me, and I have a deadly itchiness in my crotch. If he should put a hand on my thigh I would not remove it; if I should chance to meet him in the shower I would tackle him. But is this itchiness mutual or is it mine alone: is it only my tassel that is up, down, and sore as a boil? Does he sense this or is he thinking about yesterday's tennis game or a check he hopes to get in the mail? I am determined not to be a supplicant, not to be compromised by my instincts, and so perhaps is he; these are the murderous checks and balances of a flirtation. But then there are the spiritual facts: my high esteem for the world, the knowledge that it is not in me to lead a double life, my love of perseverance, a passionate wish to honor the vows I've made to my wife and children. But my itchy member is unconcerned with all of this, and I am afraid that I may succumb to its itchiness. We are urged to take things as they come, to plunge into life, to race after our instincts, to upset the petty canons of decency and cleanliness, and yet if I made it in the shower I could not meet the smiles of the world. I do not like his voice, his mind; I probably will not like his work. I like only that he seems to present or offer himself as a gentle object of sensual convenience. And yet I have been in this country a hundred times before and it is not, as it might seem to be, the valley of the shadow of death. And, whatever the instinctual facts are, there is the fact that I find a double life loathsome, morbid, and anyhow impossible. So I hear in the night the lightest of rain winds, but it does not draw me out of myself, and when I hear the sound of a fine and covering rain my wish to find some peace in this ancient noise seems childish and unseemly compared to the perverse thrust in my middle. But there is some spiritual element in this drive, some hunger to be taken care of—to put down, for an hour, the intolerable burden of total independence. But I have been here before, and in the end it may be nothing, nothing. Why should I be tempted to throw away the vast delights of love for a chance shot in a shower? And I think I share this trouble with most of mankind.

•

I take a train up the Hudson Valley on a brilliant autumn afternoon. Read, drink. Strike up a conversation with a heavy woman. Decorous. Educated as a schoolteacher, she has an accent that is prim and enlightened. She mistakes me for an Englishman and I lead her on. She is at first afraid of my intentions. Ultimately, I am afraid of hers. She tells me the story of her life: the fortune lost in the crash, her grandfather the judge; she ran for county supervisor on the Democratic ticket, spent a night in the governor's mansion in Albany. I do not listen carefully, and return to my roomette. I wake at three, bare-arse, my flower stiff as a horn vis-à-vis myself in the long mirror; and I think, Should we bring compassion to the exhibitionist hiding in the bushes of a public park, his pants down around his knees, or lingering in the Y.M.C.A. shower? Is this madness or is it the perversity of mankind? The track joints beat out a jazz bass, versatile, exhilarating, and fleet—some brilliant improvisation on the ardent beating of the heart—and the wind sounds in the brake boxes like the last records Billie Holiday ever made. These blues, these blues. I wake and dress before dawn. Ohio. The country flat. The light, rising in the east, shows the western sky, black as storm clouds.

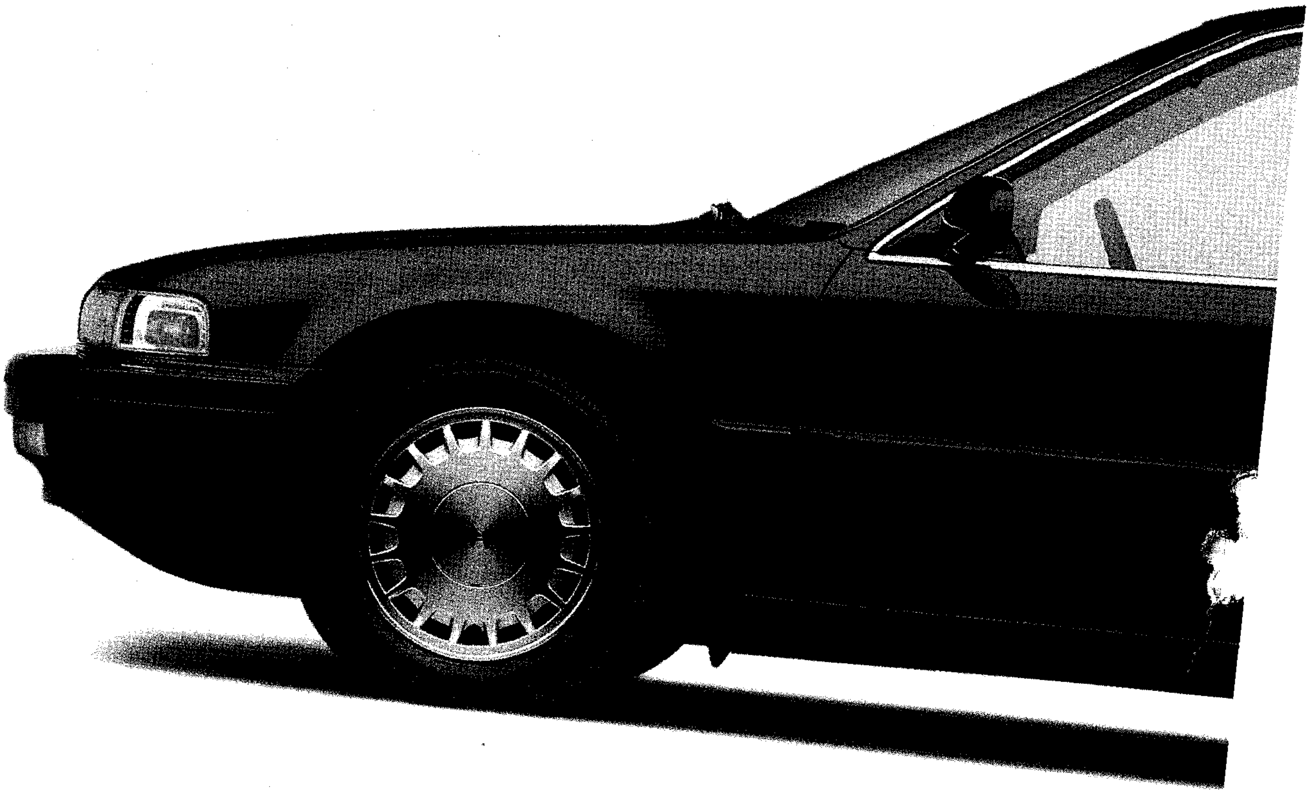
The old lady sits down. "I will need more butter than that," she says. Then she leans across the aisle and says, "Excuse me for speaking to you without having been introduced, but to see a happily married couple like you and your husband does my heart so much good that I have to say so. We don't see many happily married couples these days, do we? I don't know why it is. My own husband is gone. He went sixteen years ago. It sounds like a long time ago, but for me it seems like a moment. He was a minister. We had a nice congregation in Poughkeepsie. He had never had a sick day in his life. He had never had a toothache, a headache, a cold, he had never had a sick day in his life. Then one morning he woke with this pain in his side. Cancer. I took him to the hospital, but he simply wasted away. I had twelve specialists. When we all knew that the end was near, they let me take him home. He was lying in bed one afternoon and he said, 'Mother, Mother, will you help me? I want to sit in my chair by the window.' Well, I put my arms around him to help him to the window, and he went. He went in my arms. I had seven brothers and sisters, but they're all gone."



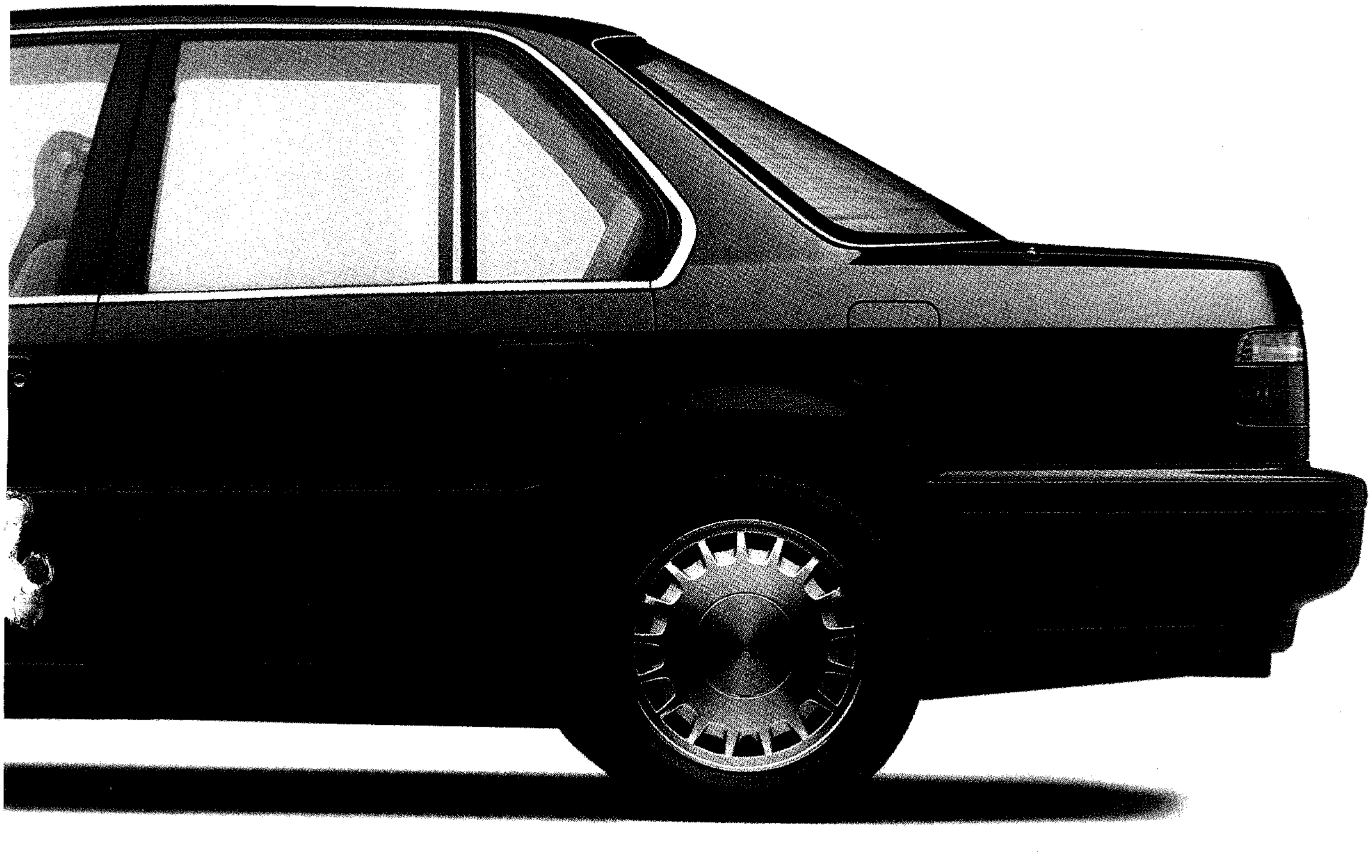
Two women come in. The waiter asks if they had a good trip to New York. "Let's write it off," they say gallantly. "Now we're home. The good old Middle West." They look out of the window at the fields, houses, pigsties, the distant groves of oak. The train blows its whistle—a minor fifth. A mare with a foal, cows, and pigs run away from the track. All the way across Ohio and Indiana the farm animals are frightened by the train.

•

I dream that someone in space says to me: So let us rush, then, to see the world. It is shaped like an egg, covered with seas and continents, warmed and lighted by the sun. It has churches of indescribable beauty, raised to gods that have never been seen; cities whose distant roofs and smokestacks will make your heart leap; ballparks and comfortable auditoriums in which people listen to music of the most serious import; and thousands or perhaps even millions of museums where man's drive to celebrate life is recorded. Here the joy of women's breasts and backsides, the colors of water, the shapes of trees, athletes, dreams, houses, the shapes of ecstasy and dismay, the shape even of an old shoe, are celebrated. Let us rush to see the world. They serve steak there on jet planes, and dance at sea. They have invented musical instruments to express love, peaceableness; to stir the finest memories and aspirations. They have invented games to catch the hearts of young men. They have ceremonies to exalt the love of men and women. They make their vows to music and the sound of bells. They have invented ways to heat their houses in the winter and cool them in the summer. They have even invented engines to cut their



We took a good idea



Allow us to introduce the Accord Wagon from Honda. If the appearance is somewhat familiar, don't be surprised.

After all, we took the very best features of the Accord Sedan. Then added the spaciousness of a wagon.

The result is quite astonishing. This car not only holds you, your passengers and your cargo. It also holds the road.

Drive the Accord Wagon, and you'll discover the cargo area isn't all that's bigger. Beneath the low, sleek hood you'll find a 140 horsepower, 2.2 liter, 16-valve fuel-injected engine.

The double wishbone suspension smooths out corners and eases bumps. Which always gets a nice response.

The interior is built for comfort. A power moonroof gives the cabin an open, airy feeling. And there's ample head and legroom for your family. No matter how extended.

All creature comforts are thoughtfully placed within your line of sight. And your reach. Power windows, door locks and mirrors. A High-Power AM/FM stereo cassette. Air conditioning. Cruise control. And an adjustable steering column. They're all here.

In the rear cargo area, you'll find three storage compartments. A cargo cover and cargo net. An extra wide tailgate opening. Like the interior itself, we could go on and on.

All in all, you couldn't ask for much more from a wagon. But more is what you'll get. A Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) driver's side airbag is standard equipment. As well as a remote entry system to make getting into the car easier.

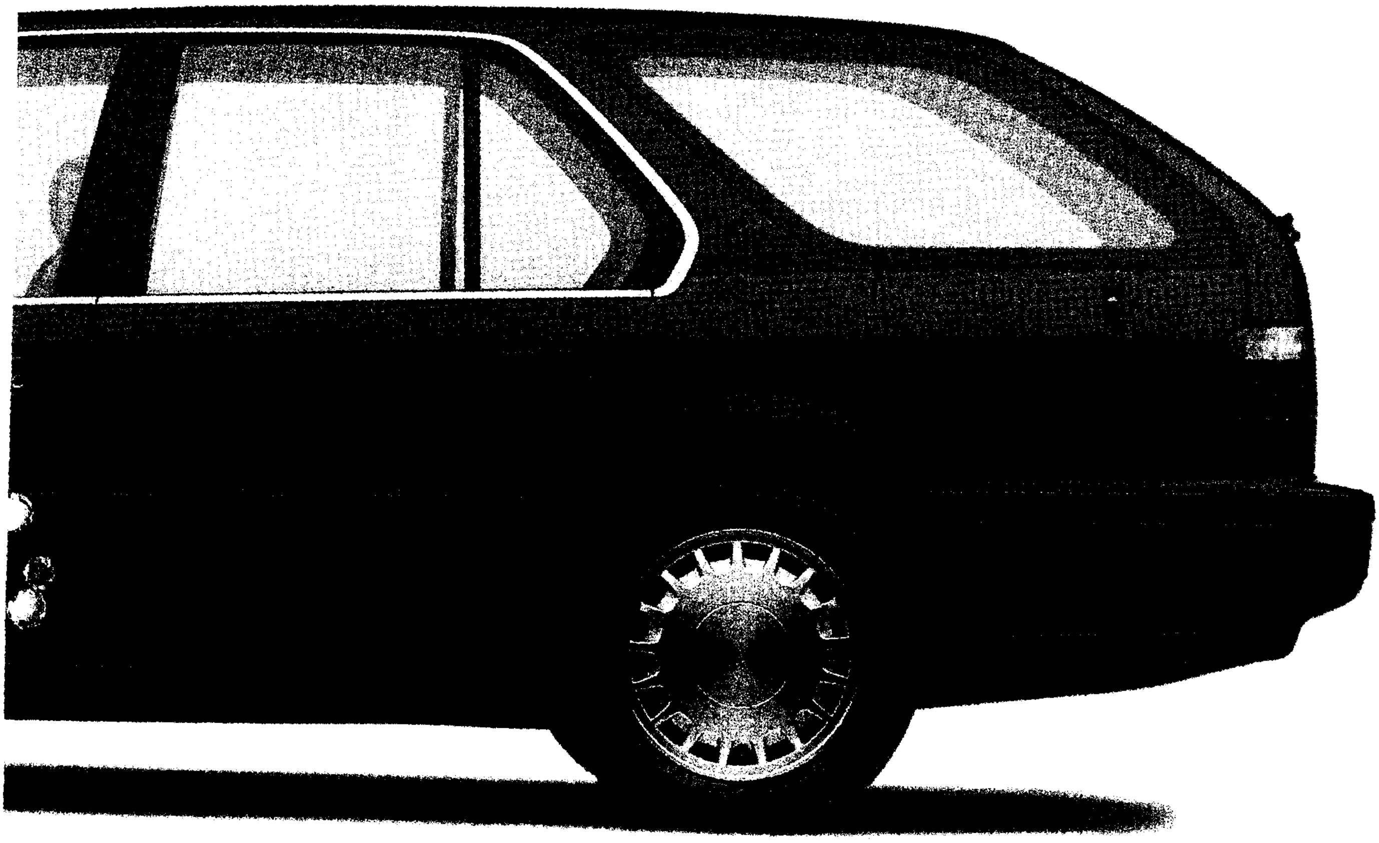
The Accord Wagon. Just one more big idea. From Honda.

HONDA

The Accord Wagon

© 1990 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. EX model shown.

and built on it.



grass. They have free schools for the pursuit of knowledge, pools to swim in, zoos, vast manufactories of all kinds. They explore space and the trenches of the seas. Oh, let us rush to see this world.

•

To put down what I know as well as what I hope to know. To describe my alcoholic thirst beginning at nine in the morning and becoming sometimes unmanageable at eleven-thirty. To describe the humiliation of stealing a drink in the pantry and the galling taste of gin; to write about the weight of discouragement and despair; to write about a nameless dread; to write about the gruelling seizures of unfounded anxiety; to write about the horror of failure. The struggle to recoup an acuteness of feeling, the feeling that a margin of hopefulness has been debauched.

•

Hung over after the holiday and feeling painfully worn, I go through the motions of waking, eating, dressing. Go to the train. I think on the platform that I may faint, spin around, and fall down, a searing pain in my side. I breathe deeply of the north wind. A. joins me, and I stay close to him in case of trouble. On the train I tell myself, in a kind of panic, the long story of Donna Orieta, including her cocktail party. I have a drink at the Biltmore, where my hand is shaking so that it is difficult to get the glass to my mouth. A young man down the bar gives me a hound-dog look; when we succumb to alcohol we lose our self-esteem all the way down the line. Lunch at the club, where I am blotto, and go to the Biltmore to dry out. It is, as I have said before, a little like Hell. Fifteen or twenty naked men wander around. None of them is comely. The air smells of pine scent, as unlike the freshness of pine as anything in the world. A fat man in the shower soaps his cock. Does he have an erection? I look away.

•

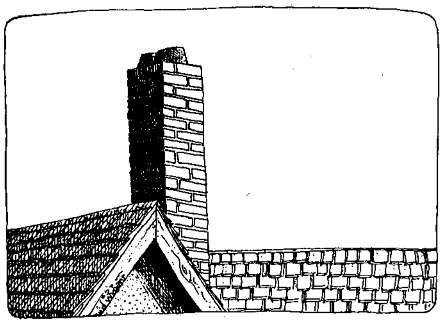
I skate; I knock a puck around with my son—the pleasures of this simple fleetness, this small prowess. The light on the snowfields, and I see it as I move, all purple and gold. Back here, the library flooded with the last light of day, chrysanthemums, Christmas music on the piano, Ben plays with the manger that we brought from Rome. The setting is nearly perfect, but I seem suspended in it; seem unable either to cast it down or to bring it to a climax. Shall I ask the As, the Bs, the Cs for a drink? Then my narcissism, if that's what it is, will reach a climax. What a beautiful house, they will say, what a perfectly beautiful house. So the sun goes down, the fields turn blue, I turn on lamps and warm myself at the fire. What do I want: a furnished room, a doorway on a windy street?

•

A dark, raw day, me cold and depressed. I might bring it off with a narrator; it means a lot of work. Finish the Nabokov, that violet-flavored nightmare. To construct a novel from footnotes is a brilliant eccentricity, but the homosexual king disconcerts me. Mary takes the boys off to see the Nativity play, and I sit around the dining room drinking and playing records; Schumann and Louis Armstrong. I plan a large cocktail party; I write a letter to the *Social Register;* I give my daughter away in marriage. I should read. I should write. I should translate a page of Italian. But all I do is drink and polish the candlesticks. Oh, to put it down, and to put it down with the known colors of life: the reds of courage, the yellows of love.

•

I dream that I see my mother, leaving the state capitol in Boston, where she has gone to defend some good cause. She wears a long black coat with a fur collar, a tricorne hat. The flight of steps that separates us appears to be the steps of a Spanish church up which the last of a wedding procession is moving. When the procession has gone I go to my mother. "I'm very tired," she says, "I'm terribly tired." Her voice is small, a little cracked. Before I can reach her she falls. Her body begins to roll down the stairs, and I think with horror that she may go all the way, but the fall is stopped; she lies sprawled on the lifts.



•

During dinner, Susie says, "You have two strings to play. One is the history of the family, the other is your childlike sense of wonder. Both of them are broken." We quarrel. She cries. I feel sick. We make up, but I feel the generation of that bitterness which overwhelmed me on Christmas Eve. I cannot check it. My first resolve is to ask my family to help me with my drinking. Since I seem unable to handle it myself, I must find someone to help me. My second resolve, and this in a spate of bitterness, is that I will learn to disregard their interference. I think, abysmally bitter, that Orpheus knew he would be torn limb from limb; but he had not guessed that the Harpy would be his daughter. I lose at darts to my son and scold Mary about my dilemma. No money, no place to work in, no chair, even, to sit upon. I wake this morning, remorseful, exhausted, to begin a new year. The sky is the dark blue of high altitude.

•

Snow lies under the apple trees. We picked very few of the apples, enough for jelly, and now the remaining fruit, withered and golden, lies on the white snow. It seems to be what I expected to see, what I had hoped for, what I remembered. Sanding the driveway with my son, I see, from the top of the hill, the color of the sky and what a paradise it seems to be this morning—the sky sapphire, a show of clouds, the sense of the world in these, its shortest days, as cornered. Later, much later, clouds rise up all around the sky like the walls of a well, but then, when we are coasting, the sun, very low, breaks through this wall, seems to single out windows from which to flash its chill and yellow light, floods the valley and the house with color. I lay a fire in the library, play backgammon with Ben. Go between games to the window to see the outpouring of color, the waxing moon, the evening star.

•

I struggle with the problems on the last of the book. After lunch I seem in charge of Federico. I read him some rubbish, we walk to the mailbox, at three I make him some lemonade and sneak some gin. Frustrated, I think that I, the novelist, must rock the cradle while Mary, the housewife, corrects, for her pleasure, freshman themes. I read Hannah Arendt on the repulsive moral chaos in Fascist Germany and turn these facts back onto myself. I am the immoralist, and my failure has been the toleration of an intolerable marriage. My fondness for pleasant interiors and the voices of children has destroyed me. I should have breached this contract years ago and run off with some healthy-minded beauty. I must go, I must go, but then I see my son in the orchard and know that I have no freedom from him. Never having known the love of a father has forced me into a love so engulfing and passionate that there is no margin of choice. I cannot resolve the book because I have been irresolute about my own affairs. So these feelings, coming from a variety of directions, center on my slightly intoxicated mind. The immorality of Fascist Germany, Mary's intellectual enthusiasm, Ben's manliness, the neglect I received at the hands of my long-dead father, my guilty love of tranquil interiors, and the itchiness in my crotch come together in a ridiculous collision; and I take the toboggan to the top of the hill. The light is fine, the air pure and cold, the sun is setting, and I think that by going down the hill again and again I will purify my feelings, learn to be compassionate. I partly succeed; but I go on drinking gin.

●

He sat on the edge of his bed, already exhausted before the journey had even begun. What he would have liked, what he dreamed of, was some elixir, some magical, brightly colored pill that would put the spring back into his step, the gleam in his eye, the joy of life in his heart. He took quantities of pills, but they made no difference in the way he felt. It seemed that he had been tired for years. "Before you go, dear," his wife called from downstairs, "would you see if you can do something about the kitchen drain?" This reasonable request reminded him of the variety of his responsibilities. He had taken them all on willingly, but his willingness had not produced, as he somehow had thought it might, corresponding stores of energy. Three children in college, the interest and amortization on a twenty-five-thousand-dollar mortgage, an insecure position in business, a loving and impractical wife, a balky heating plant, a leaky roof, a car that needed repairs, a lawn choked with quack grass, a driveway with weeds, and three dying elms on the front lawn seemed, along with the stopped drain, to excite his discouragement. He had taken care of himself for most of his life. He had supported his old parents and indigent relations, raised his family, greased the sump pump, balanced the checkbook, filed the income tax, assuming that an increase in responsibility would develop an increase in confidence, but what he seemed to have developed instead was some spiritual or emotional curvature, like a hod carrier's back. Sitting on the edge of his bed, he realized that what he wanted was someone who would take care of him. Not for long. He didn't want to flee, he only wanted a respite—a week, perhaps, in which someone else would grease the sump pump, shine his shoes, and travel with him to Cincinnati. Twice in the last year he had waked alone in a hotel room with an acute pain in the vicinity of his heart. Both times he gave the pain ten minutes to abate before calling the desk clerk, and in both cases the pain had subsided; but this was another tax on his strength, another cause for anxiety, and now he wondered, Would he, tonight, in the hotel in Cincinnati, suffer his pain again?

He could not recall a day recently when he had not suffered some kind of pain; and—what was more painful—he could not recall a day recently when he had enjoyed any sort of unself-conscious repose. He had taken a ten-day vacation on a beach, but he had been, stretched out in the sun, as touchy as a triggered rattrap. He had known—in the past—calm, healthy excitement, the pleasures of physical exhaustion, but all of these seemed to have been lost to him long ago. When had he last felt peaceable, cleanly, and strong? He could not remember. But now it was time to clean the drain, time to go, time to summon the crude energies of nerve; he had nothing else. He went downstairs and used the plunger on the drain. The drain showed some improvement, and he experienced a fleeting contentment at this. "You won't forget to buy something for Ella's birthday, will you?" his wife asked as he kissed her goodbye. He walked to the station, step by step. Was this a common condition? Were the pains in his heart, chest, and esophagus, the sense

THE ULTIMATE SALE
ON
ICELANDIC WOOLENS
STARTS THURSDAY,
JANUARY 24TH.

Historically, we've been Iceland's largest Wool importer. So who does Iceland turn to with an offer of ten thousand discontinued Icelandic Woolens for men, women and children at about a third of last year's prices? To us. And we're passing this opportunity along to you during our Winter Woolens Sale. Here's what you'll find:

Thousands of $90 Icelandic Wool sweaters will be $29; $75 children's sweaters, just $25; $195 Icelandic Wool jackets, just $69; Icelandic Wool hats and mittens, just $8; hundreds of handknits, half price. These sale prices are available in-store only, at our Princeton, New Jersey and Manchester, Vermont shops. Sorry, no phone or mail orders. Come visit: we know you'll be overwhelmed by the selection.

This is not a one day sale. It starts Thursday, January 24, 8 am - 8 pm. Friday and Saturday, January 25 and 26, 9:30 am - 5:30 pm. Closed Sundays. Then open daily, Monday through Saturday, 9:30 am - 5:30 pm through February 23.

Icelandic Wool: if you've worn it, you know how lightweight, warm and durable it is. And you know that this is one sale you simply cannot miss. If you haven't worn it, now's your chance to feel what you've been missing. Mark your calendar!

MasterCard PURE WOOL VISA

LANDAU
The World's Most Beautiful Woolens.

114 Nassau Street
Across from Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey
Call for directions (609) 924-3494

of being harried, the normal terms of his time of life or was he just unlucky? And how would he ever know, since if anyone had asked him how he felt he would have exclaimed, "Fine! Fine? I've never felt better!"

•

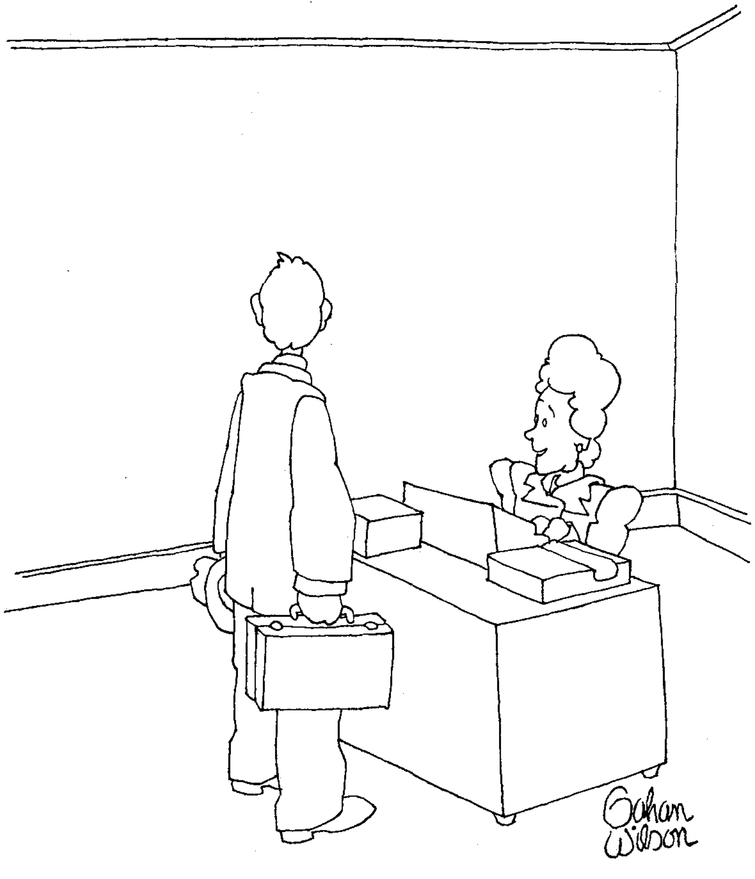
Here it is, more or less. There are questions of fact to be clarified and transitions to be improved, and I would like to rewrite the last ten pages, but I don't see much more than a week's revision. The typing was done by a Briarcliff housewife and is execrable.

•

Waking this morning, I think the book so poor that it should not be published. I think, an hour later, that it can't be so bad. I shall scythe the orchard.

•

And I think about the past—how orderly, clean, and sensible it seems; above all, how light. I sit in a well-lighted yellow room thinking of the past, but I seem, in relation to the past, to be sitting in darkness. I remember my father, rising at six. He takes a cold bath and goes out to play four holes of golf before breakfast. The links are hilly and there is a fine view of the village and the sea. He dresses for business and eats a hearty breakfast—fish hash with poached eggs and popovers, or some chops. I and the dog walk with him to the station, where he hands me his walking stick and the dog's leash, and boards the train among his friends and neighbors. The business he transacts in his office is simple and profitable, and at noon he has a bowl of crackers and milk for lunch at his club. He returns on the train at five, and we all get into the Buick and drive to the beach. We have a bathhouse, a simple building on stilts, weathered by the sea winds. There are lockers for dressing, and a fireplace for rainy days. We change and go for a long swim in that green, dark, and briny sea. Then we dress and, smelling of salt, go up the hill to have supper in the cavernous dining room. When supper is over, my mother goes to the telephone. "Good evening, Althea," she says to the operator. "Would you please ring Mr. Wagner's ice-cream store?" Mr. Wagner recommends his lemon sherbet, and delivers a quart a few minutes later on a bicycle that rattles and rings in the summer dusk as if it were strung with bells. We have our ice cream on the back lawn, read, play whist, wish on the evening star for a gold watch and chain, kiss one another good night, and go to bed. These seemed to be the beginnings of a world, these days all seemed like mornings, and if there was a single incident that could be used as a turning point it was, I suppose, when my father went out to play an early game of golf and found his dear friend and business associate Mr. Forsythe on the edge of the third fairway hanging dead from a tree.



"Mr. Smith's office doesn't have a door. You have to batter your way through the wall."

•

I wake, feeling myself to be mysteriously at the bottom of the heap, the bottom of something. It is as though a theft had gone on during the night, and I wake to find myself robbed of spirit and vitality. What I seem to feel is that I have lost the hope that love and reason have any persuasiveness in the problems of my marriage; that Mary's struggle with the past is so strenuous and unequal that it would be absurd to expect civility or pleasantness from her. I go into town. My emotional system, no more complicated than the plumbing in this old house and no more prone to breakdowns, seems to be functioning nicely, and I regard the city in the bright lights of a summer day without a trace of anxiety or combativeness. I lunch with L. and his daughter and read Albee's play on the homebound local. The play adds its weight to what appears to be a basic distemper. "He is not," says Mary, "the only person who writes wickedly about women." This makes me cross, and I cut some grass to improve my feelings. But they remain lamentable. We go off to dinner: gentle people in a spacious house; a wood fire burning on this cool summer night; Japanese lanterns in the garden to celebrate the birth of a grandson. My feeling is that it was I who was invited, not she; that it is my charm, good looks, mobility that have got us asked. This is, of course, repulsive. But during the course of the evening she fires a remark across the room that seems to me vindictive. I think the remark should not have been spoken, and I know that my reaction should not be so passionate, and yet I cannot alter either of these facts. I talk with S. and W. when I come home, and, getting into bed, summon the image of someone more magnanimous and adult than myself whose wisdom and compassion I can imitate. I drink with the B.s on Saturday; too much. Swim with the physicist whose hobby is cabinetwork. He is virtually hairless, soft and open in his approach, an object of suspicion. He tells me he was a star of the Princeton water-polo team. What he was doing at Princeton was not clear. The hot-water system backs again into the radiators, a pipe starts leaking, the oil-burner defuncts, and I do not seem to have the fortitude to regard these matters with the indifference they deserve. As I am about to climb into my wedding bed for a bounce, I am rebuffed. Then for the next hour, loudly and cruelly, I unburden myself of every resentment I have cherished for the last three months. There may be some justification for this, and yet I am so profoundly ashamed of myself in the morning that I am sick, and repeat that old incantation: Valor, beauty, grace with strength, etc. Mary tells me that she could not sleep; that she lay awake, crying, until three. Anyone so cruel will be punished, and yet these drunken outbreaks seem to have some salutary results. One of the mean things that I said was that I do not like to go anywhere with her, and so she will not go with me to lunch. I beseech her, ask her forgiveness, take her in my arms, and, after drinking three gins, go off to lunch. Whether I appear to be drunken and foolish I do not know and do not much care. I enter the locker room at the pool just as a member of the jeunesse dorée drops his tennis shorts and so we are introduced. I find this disconcerting and am inclined to blame him. He seems uncommitted. So I jaw through a stylish lunch. There is a pretty woman in the company. Home, I sit on the terrace; I feel very tired. My heart pains me and is heavy—alcohol, tobacco, anger, or grief—and the future, when I put my mind to it, eludes me. I hold my younger son against me, and this lightens the pain. Gentle horseplay in the dusk. I sit on the stone steps, still warm from the sun, and wait for the evening star. I drink some bourbon and go to bed, to sleep.

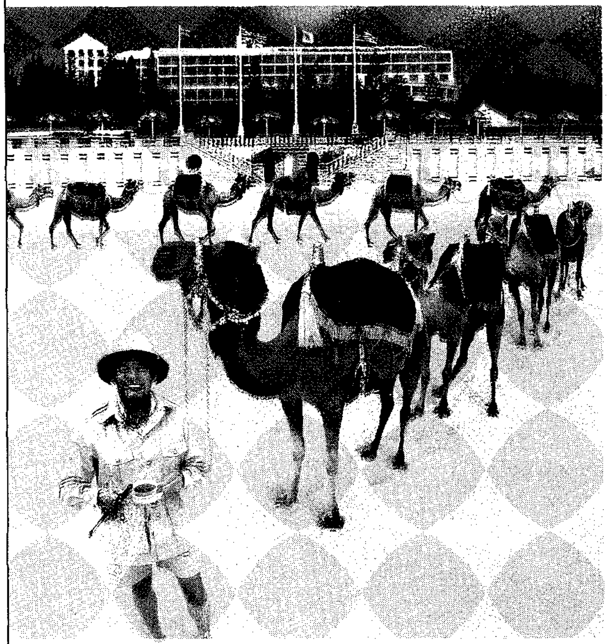
•

So in the morning I say, Leap, my heart, my spirit. Nothing else will do. They must leap.

•

Mr. Bierstubbe reached deep into Mrs. Zagreb's dress and lifted out her breasts while she stroked his back and said, "Be good, be a good boy." Her tits were as big as turkeys, they gleamed like marble and tasted to his thirsty lips as soft and various as the night air. But when he woke on Sunday morning Mrs. Zagreb's breasts had turned from

"What you'll find at the end of Bermuda's longest resort beach is no mirage."
John Jefferis, *General Manager*



Actually, it's more like an oasis. A bastion of taste and civility set among the palms in this 34 acre tropical (yet oh-so-close-by) getaway.

Here you'll lounge in your private room or suite and get away from it all. Enjoy 24-hour tennis courts, a sparkling pool, a complete health spa and, of course, our pink sand beach. Our highly acclaimed culinary delights are never far away, thanks to our three restaurants.

Whatever you fancy, the Elbow Beach Hotel will most surely become your personal oasis in this trying world.

THE ELBOW BEACH HOTEL BERMUDA

For Reservations Call Toll Free, (800) 223-7434.
Elbow Beach Hotel, Paget, Bermuda. John R. Jefferis, President and General Manager.
(809) 236-3535. Telex: 32-68 ELBOW BA.

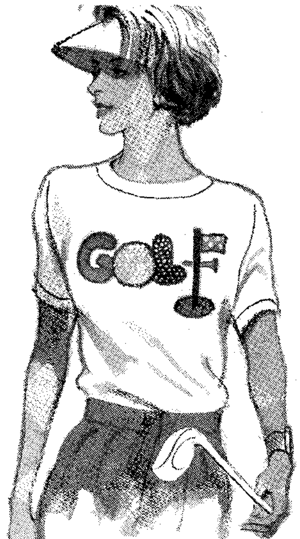
START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.

WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1991, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've sprinkled 59 classic *New Yorker* cartoons throughout the pages, and provided you with ample room for each day's appointments. Included in this large 10¼" x 8" format is our exclusive About Town listing of telephone numbers and addresses. The leather-textured covers are midnight blue. And new for the 1991 edition, we're printing the diary on recycled paper. Plus, you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title.

Please send me:
______ Copies @ $16.95 (211425)
______ Copies with name imprinted @ $19.45 (211433)
______ Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax.
______ Add $3.00 for shipping per copy within U.S., $6.00 for Canada.
My check or money order for $______ is enclosed.
☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Account # ______ Exp. Date ______
Signature ______

Send order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336
Name ______
Address ______
(UPS will not deliver to a PO Box. Please use street address.)
City / State / Zip ______
*Imprint name(s) ______
*(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.)
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.
Offer only available in U.S. and Canada. 235408



Haymaker's Appliquéd
Golf Tee-Shirt

A fore-letter word for fun . . . golf! Removable golf tee brings the game to life. Padded shoulders. USA. Cotton/polyester knit to machine wash, tumble dry. White with green/yellow/blue/pink appliqué. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18), X-lg(20). $38.95

Add $3.00 for shipping.

Send for a free catalog.
Order by mail, or phone 912-924-9371.

THE TOG SHOP
406 Lester Square • Americus, GA 31710

OPEN JUNE 1-SEPTEMBER 15

The call of the Tetons

A unique lodge under the towering crags of Wyoming's Grand Tetons offers you great food, fine service and all the creature comforts while you enjoy wildlife, nature and superb outdoor adventures in the Grand Teton National Park.

JENNY LAKE LODGE
An Authorized Concessionaire of the National Park Service.
Grand Teton Lodge Co., Dept. NY Reservations Office,
P.O. Box 240, Moran, Wyoming 83013

Union Square San Francisco

Tradition Tradition Tradition
We Have IT. Family Owned.

800-428-4748

SINCE 1914

CHANCELLOR HOTEL

433 Powell by the Cable Cars.

a treasure into a torment. They seemed to surround him, to fill the air of the room, to follow him, tempt him, dangle and wobble in front of his nose. They followed him to the train, settled themselves beside him, followed him down 43rd Street to his club, and when he had a drink before lunch his hunger for Mrs. Zagreb's bosoms nearly overwhelmed him.

•

A. rolls his eyes at his wife and groans, significantly. Well, all right, she says. He strips off his clothes and waits at the side of the bed. She goes down to the kitchen, puts four blankets into the washing machine, blows a fuse, and floods the kitchen. "But why," he asks, standing in the kitchen door, naked and unaccommodated, "why when I ask you for tenderness do you wash blankets?" "Well, I was afraid I'd forget them," she says shyly. "Moths might get into them." She hangs her head. Then he sees something touching and pitiful here, some irresistible wish to be as elusive as a nymph, but she, being much too heavy to sprint through the woods, is reduced to putting blankets in a washing machine. But he would understand that her determination to seem elusive was as strong as the drive in his middle; he would put his arm around her and lead her up the stairs.

•

I open Nabokov and am charmed by this spectrum of ambiguities, this marvellous atmosphere of untruth; and I am interested in his methods and find them very sympathetic, but his imagery—the shadow of a magician against a shimmery curtain, and all those sugared violets—is not mine. The house I was raised in had its charms, but my father hung his underwear from a nail he had driven into the back of the bathroom door, and while I know something about the Riviera I am not a Russian aristocrat polished in Paris. My prose style will always be to a degree matter-of-fact.

•

In the 1890s my father chanced to be in Munich, and, either because it pleased him or because he needed money, worked as a model for an architectural sculptor. He must have been a handsome young man and I know that his trunk must have been well developed since, until close to the end of his life, he worked out for an hour each morning with barbells, dumbbells, and Indian clubs. The sculptor portrayed him as a sort of Atlas or male caryatid and incorporated his figure into the façade of the old Königspalast Hotel, which was destroyed by Allied bombing in the forties. I saw the hotel when I took a walking trip with my brother through Germany in 1935 and saw the unmistakable features of my father, holding on his shoulders the lintel of that massive hotel. Later, in Frankfu I found my father's image holding up the balconies and roofs of the Frankfurter Hof. My father was obviously not the model for all these caryatid but once I had made the association it became obsessive and I had the impression, not unpleasant, that a great many apartment houses, hotels, theatres, and banks were supported by my father's noble shoulders. The war did surprisingly little damage to buildings of this era, and I seemed, only recently, to encounter my father holding up the façade of a hotel in Yalta. I recognized him again in Kiev, supporting the bow windows of a whole block of apartments. He was everywhere in Vienna and Munich, and in Berlin one saw him maimed, disfigured, and lying in a field of weeds near Checkpoint Charlie. Since he had begun his life on the sunny side of the street, having been employed mostly in supporting those lintels under which the rich and the fashionable passed, it became distressing to see how the light passed from these buildings and neighborhoods and that in time the appearance of my father's head and naked shoulders usually implied a fourth-rate hotel, a bankrupt department store, an abandoned theatre, or an incipient slum. It was in the end a relief to get back to my place in Kitzbühel, where the buildings are made of wood.

•

Shea Stadium. A late summer night. In the clubhouse I look around me with arrogance. Who do these people think they are? They think they are who they are. Fathers with sons. Some good-looking women. The sense is that one is having dinner not in a ballpark but in some city on the way to a theatre, which makes the spectacle of the ballpark when one enters it apocalyptic. The sod gleams. This is indeed a park. I think that the task of an American writer is not to describe the misgivings of a woman taken in adultery as she looks out of a window at the rain but to describe four hundred people under the lights reaching for a foul ball. This is ceremony. The umpires in clericals, sifting out the souls of the players; the faint thunder as ten thousand people, at the bottom of the eighth, head for the exits. The sense of moral judgments embodied in a migratory vastness.

•

Woolgathering, oh, woolgathering. It is the day of the civil-rights march in Washington. After lunch we drive to a public beach, Croton Point. An abundance of trash cans, turnstiles, ticket windows, men and women in county-park uniforms, worn lawns, pretty willows, water the color of urine, which smells, to my long nose, like an open sewer. A plump lifeguard sits in his tower blowing his whistle, and shouts commands through his electrical megaphone at every infraction of the numerous regulations. It is disconcerting to realize that this gravelly beach, this contaminated bay are all that much of the world knows of these pleasures. I regard the bathhouse with some apprehension. There is a memory here, adolescent, pubescent, of making it with boy chums in the briny chambers; of my friend hanging around the open shower, looking for big ones. Not me, I think. But this seems more an anxiety than a memory, and looking among the few bathers I am struck not with the delights of the flesh but with its mortal boredom, pimply backsides, halitosis, ill tempers.

•

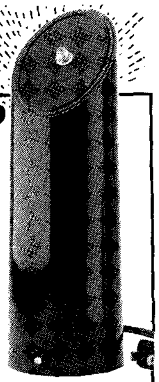
I horse around with the children and a football. Sharpen a carving knife in the kitchen. Mary gives me a shy and passionate kiss, a loving kiss. My memory is full of holes and craters, but I cannot remember when it last was that Mary made an open declaration of love. So we are one another's best once more; and it was not so long ago, two or three weeks, that I glumly ate some hard-boiled eggs and thought of her with bitterness and worse.

•

Ben's dog dumps three loads on the library floor. In the morning I trash her with a rolled-up magazine. An hour later Ben asks, "Did you notice that Flora has difficulty walking? To get to her feet seems to give her much pain." So I conclude that I have broken the spine of my son's beloved pet. I am the sort of man who thinks twice about swatting a fly and when I step on an ant I step on it carefully, to give it no pain. To harm an animal troubles me deeply; to harm an animal loved by my son is crushing. Mary seems to abet my troubles. She reports that my son is in agony; that I might have harmed the bitch, since she has such frail hindquarters. I drink some Scotch, seize a piece of bread and cheese, and stumble out of the house into the woods. I am convinced that I have killed my son's dog. Regard this man of fifty-one, then, lying in a field, gnawing on a piece of bread, his eyes filled with tears. I have killed my son's dog; I have killed my son's affections. It was an accident, but this is no consolation. I walk up the path to the dam, and this simple exercise refreshes my common sense. It may also clear the whiskey in my head. When I return, the dog is better, and when we take her to the veterinary there seems to be nothing wrong with her. So much of one's vitality is spent on false alarms; and I think, perhaps unjustly, that Mary was able to create an atmosphere of morbid anxiety, something like the mysterious powers her father had to extend a feeling of condemnation and doom over his domain. Is this neurotic, is it, as I once thought, some discernible power of darkness? In the afternoon mail there is a letter saying that two pieces have been bought. I am jubilant, but when I speak the good tidings to Mary she asks, oh, so thinly, "I don't suppose they bothered to enclose any checks?" I think this is piss, plain piss, and I shout, "What in hell do you expect? In three weeks I make five thousand, revise a novel, and do the housework, the cooking, and the gardening, and when it all turns out successfully you say, 'I don't suppose they bothered to include any checks.' " Her voice is more in the treble than ever when she says, "I never seem able to say the right thing, do I?" She strays up the driveway. I don't understand these sea changes, although I have been studying them for twenty-five years. For three weeks we have enjoyed transcendent passion, love, and humor. Now this thinness. I cannot control it—a chance telephone call, a dream, can bring it on. So she wanders away not only from me but from us all.

•

I would like not to do the Swimmer as Narcissus. The possibility of a man's



BREATHE AIR FREE OF SMOKE POLLEN POLLUTION

Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously **purifies** up to 4,000 cubic feet (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments caused by industrial pollution, automobile exhaust, central air conditioning and heating, smoke, dust pollen, animal fur...removes microscopic pollution particles not removed by any other method of air purification.

EnergAire was rated **Number One** for speed of removal of cigarette smoke by the leading consumer protection magazine.

EnergAire works the way nature cleans the air during a thunderstorm. Like lightning, it produces a concentration of negative ions which attach themselves to pollution particles in the air causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. It has no noisy fan, costly filter, and requires no maintenance.

EnergAire produces 450,000 or more negative ions/cc./sec. (at one meter). Uses less than 2 watts. Plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. 9" high, 3" dia., 1 lb. A Monadnock product manufactured by Micron Corporation in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. 12 MONTH WARRANTY.

TO ORDER: Send $59.95 plus $4.00 each shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money-order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date to **MICRON SALES COMPANY, Dept. 299, 170 Kerry Place, Norwood, MA 02062,** or **CALL TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854, Extension 651.** (For information, call 617-326-8675.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 299.**

RBC®

ROYAL BEACH CLUB

The *Royal Beach Club* redefines the word service. Enjoy the type of attention that is reserved for royalty in two of Hawaii's most spectacular resorts. To find out more about this exclusive club call 1-800-228-3000.

THE WESTIN KAUAI • THE WESTIN MAUI

WESTIN Resorts

becoming infatuated with his own image is there, dramatized by a certain odor of abnormality, but this is like picking out an unsound apple for celebration when the orchard is full of fine specimens. I've done it before; I would like to do better. Swimming is a pleasure, a gulping-in of the summer afternoon, high spirits. It is natural and fitting that a man should in some way love himself. So it is natural and fitting that the roof leaks, but it is hardly universal. So the people who drain their pool are merely a threat. By the time he reaches it, the water will be deep enough for a dive. With Pygmalion there is the need to dignify the situation, to make it urgent.

•

The Swimmer might go through the seasons; I don't know, but I know it is not Narcissus. Might the seasons change? Might the leaves turn and begin to fall? Might it grow cold? Might there be snow? But what is the meaning of this? One does not grow old in the space of an afternoon. Oh, well, kick it around.

•

So the battle against hooch and tobacco goes on. I seem, so far as tobacco goes, slightly ahead; it's tied up with the hooch. When people are sick I think, You might feel a little better if you didn't smoke quite so much, etc. It is impossible to work.

•

In church, on my knees before the chancel, I see, with a crushing force, how dependent I am on alcohol. It is an agony, and one not illustrated by these colored windows, stone walls, the ancient costumes of the acolytes. One needs an alkali desert, dry streambeds, a range of cruel mountains. Pick myself up at half past eleven, paddle the kayak with Ben. Waking, high-hearted and randy, I think with scorn of the book. Why should one turn the powers of the imagination onto the subject of a woman having a tragic love affair? Why should one worry about stink-finger, the wanton glance? Throw it out the window.

•

During the day it seemed to me from time to time that our grief, my own grief, was orgiastic. Walt Whitman being read over the funerary drums. "Hail to the Chief" played to the coffin. The beauty and the sorrow of the widow. I cried like a disappointed child, stuck out my lower lip, screwed up my eyes. He was a splendid man, and the most one can do is take his excellence as an example. What came to me as a surprise was the love he inspired. The perhaps excessive grief, the questions of taste may have expressed the emotional inflexibility, the involuntary hardening of our hearts, the small use we have for tears in our way of life. I was offended at the pride with which the TV announcer described the numerousness of the mourners as if this were competitive, as in a sense I suppose it is. There is something wonderful to be observed here about the goodness of men's hearts and souls. One would never have guessed that the world had such a capacity for genuine grief. The most we can do is exploit our memories of his excellence.

•

I continue to find it difficult to work here. At eleven I go up to see the services on TV. It is His Eminence Cardinal Cushing, God's advocate, who, God forgive me, sounds the note of mortal boredom. The rites are arcane, the voice is harsh, the Latin sounds neither living nor dead, and over it all an Italian tenor sings the "Ave Maria," a piece of music I dislike intensely. I am most moved by the smallness of the President's coffin. The rush of dignitaries seems comical. Traffic is delayed, as it is everywhere, and it seems that his path to the grave is more tortuous than his way through life. There are the Black Watch pipers, the Air Force pipers, and rifle drill by some Gaels. It might have been simpler, but it is difficult to make choices, I expect, under a burden of grief. I should do this and that, give the hours of my day worth and purpose, but the best I do is stand at the window and watch my sons play football on the grass—Ben favoring Federico, who runs in the wrong direction. M. plays. He seems not effeminate but uncommitted. Knee-high boots, a black leather jacket, a large tail. He is a hat swiper. It is the game he plays. "It's too bad it happened that way," he says of the President's assassination, "but we had to get rid of him." He calls the other boys "niggers."

•

Fred calls. His wife seems to have left him; his daughters are about to leave. "I think I'll sell this place," he says. "It seems a little strange to pull up your stakes at my time of life." What is this, then? A family recollection of ingratitude, loneliness; the cruel denial of every reward. Industrious, unselfish, loving, having fed, clothed, and sent to expensive schools four children, taken his wife to Bermuda each year, he finds himself, at fifty-eight, the beginning of his winter, turned out to a furnished room, cooking his meals on an electric plate over the protests of the landlady.

And yet I think there is some sense that this loneliness is his destiny. Is this my family or is it the family of man? My grandfather is supposed to have died, alone, unknown, a stranger to his wife and his sons, in a furnished room on Charles Street. My own father spent two or three years in his late seventies

OUTSIDE, IN FACT, THERE WASN'T ANY CHANGE

Outside, in fact, there wasn't any change.
The ripened disease is what removes me from the streets:
it has grown inside me and corrupted my eyes
and all my other senses, and the world arrives
like a quotation.

Everything has happened by now—but me, where was I,
when did the great diversion come,
where did the string become untied, where did the fissure
open up, which is the lake
that lost its waters
and, changing the landscape,
scrambles my way?

—Patrizia Cavalli

(*Translated, from the Italian, by Judith Baumel.*)

alone at the farm in Hanover. The only heat was a fireplace; his only companion a half-wit who lived up the road. I lived as a young man in cold, ugly, and forsaken places yearning for a house, a wife, the voices of my sons, and having all of this I find myself, when I am engorged with petulance, thinking that after all, after the Easter-egg hunts and the merry singing at Christmas, after the loving and the surprises and the summer afternoons, after the laughter and the open fires, I will end up cold, alone, dishonored, forgotten by my children, an old man approaching death without a companion. But this must be some part of a man's sense of destiny. We hold, like a trick of mirrors, an image of some fruitful old age —grandchildren bringing in the harvest—and hold as well a conviction that we shall be forgotten, made to suffer cold and hunger, on our last days in the world.

•

A review of the "Scandal" seemed to me less an attempt to judge it severely and to give it its rightful place among books than to bring to it a determined generosity and enthusiasm that would make the book a financial success and let us live in peace for a year or so. What moved A. to this generosity, this show of power, in fact, remains in the dark. Again, the cover story in its discretion, its cunning, rendered me as a serious and likable person when I could, on the strength of the evidence, be described as a fat slob enjoying an extraordinary run of luck. To use the word "love" to describe the relationships between men is inappropriate. There is, under the most exhaustive scrutiny, no trace of sexuality in these attachments. We are delighted to look into one another's faces, but below the neck there is nothing to be observed. We are happy and content together, but when we are separated we never think of one another. These bonds are as strong as any that we form in life, and yet we can pick them up and put them down with perfect irresponsibility. We do not visit one another in the hospital and when we are apart we seldom write letters, but when we are together we experience at least some of the symptoms of what we call love.

•

The old dog whimpers, cries in pain as she struggles to climb the stairs. She

Quality. From England's First Family In Silverware.
Arthur Price of England
Royal Pearl. Honouring the 90th birthday of Her Majesty The Queen Mother. Impeccably crafted by Arthur Price of England, holder of two Royal Warrants to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales. From a superb collection of 30-micron silverplated flatware, now available in the United States, at only the finest retailers.

ALL STORES

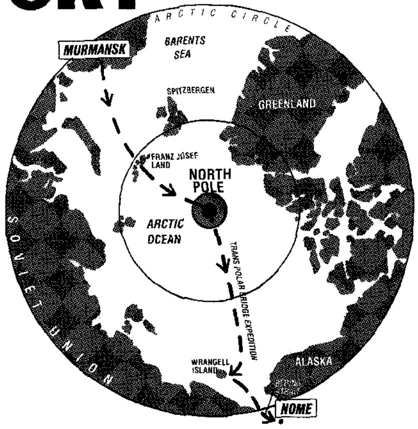
Neiman Marcus

CLAIM YOUR PLACE IN HISTORY

The **FIRST-EVER** voyage across the Arctic Ocean via the **NORTH POLE**

From Murmansk (USSR) to Nome (USA) (July 26 to August 16, 1991) Salen Lindblad will take the first passengers *ever* across the **North Pole.** Aboard the *Sovetskiy Soyuz,* the magnificent, comfortable, nuclear-powered icebreaker that is the pride of the Soviet polar fleet. With world-renowned scientists, experts, and lecturers. And full Western staff, all-Russian crew, and four European chefs. What more fitting tribute to the spirit of *glasnost?*

The 500-foot *Sovetskiy Soyuz* features
- 2 on-board helicopters for passenger flights over the ice
- Large launch and 4 Zodiac landing craft
- Open bridge policy
- Heated swimming pool
- Two saunas
- Gymnasium
- 100-seat lecture hall
- 48 twin cabins (private bath and windows; 16 3-rm. suites)



- Western staff and 4 European chefs
- All-Russian crew
- World-renowned scientists and lecturers

Book now. Only 96 passengers will make history. Prices begin at $25,000 per person.

Contact your travel agent or call Chris Perry at 1-800-223-5688 today for more information.

SLC

Salen Lindblad Cruising
333 Ludlow Street, P.O. Box 120076
Stamford, Connecticut 06912-0076
1-800-223-5688 **(203) 967-2900** SMNKA21

is the first one of us to grow old. In the twenty-five years that Mary and I have lived together we have known very little pain other than the pain of misunderstanding, childbirth, passing indebtedness, and head colds. We have, in fact, known very little in the way of change. We play the same games, walk the same distances, make love with the same frequency. When our parents were sick with age and dying, their care was never our responsibility. So the old bitch, her hindquarters crippled with rheumatism, is my first experience in the care of the infirm. I give her a boost from the rear and her cries of helplessness and misery are the cries of the old. These are the first sounds of real pain that this house, since it became ours, has heard.

•

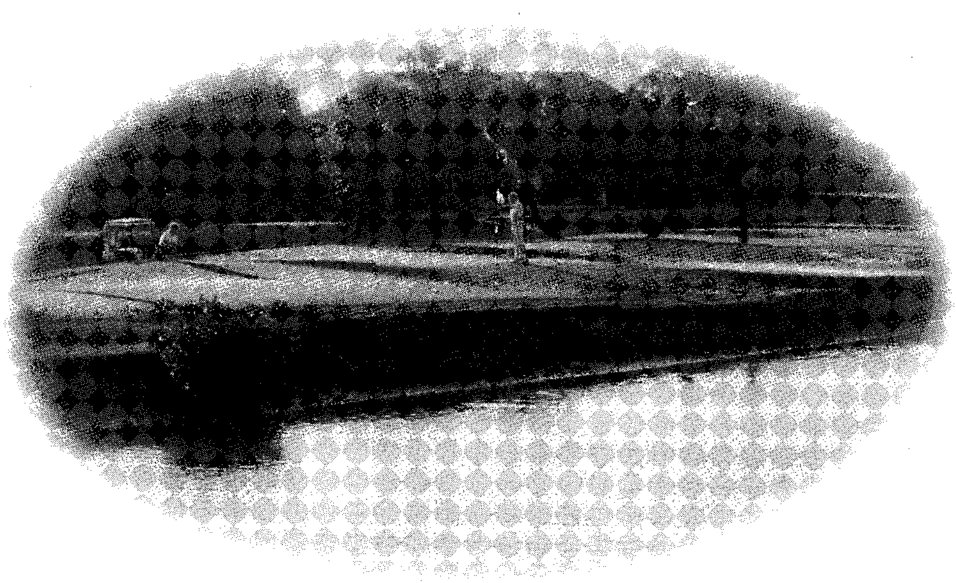
Reading "The Enormous Radio" I think, One fault is that I have written too much; that my motivations have sometimes been less than passionate. "Goodbye, My Brother" seems too circumspect, seems small. I like "The Cure," but this is a look at madness with a superficial resolution—and yet I don't intend to go any deeper into that storm. *What is wrong, where do I fail?* I seem neither sane enough nor mad enough. I seem not to have approached a well-defined vision of the world. Can I charge myself with some discoloration, that unclearness I despise in the work of other men? And what should I avoid? Anything contrived, anything less than vital.

•

Mary has the wind up about driving, and me, too. I take three gin drinks and drive my son to the station in Stamford. He needs a shave. The late-winter afternoon, the late-winter night. We shake hands gravely, although I would like to embrace him. Then I turn back. The sun has set. The winter afterglow is white, a glare. Against this are the greenish gas lamps of the parkway. The six-lane highway is crowded at this hour. The shapes of the trucks are monumental. They make a sound like thunder, and smoke pours from chimneys at their stern. They seem massive, deadly, and have for all their tonnage the wistfulness of obsolescence, as if one saw here in the winter twilight the last hours of the brontosaurus and the *Tyrannosaurus rex*. The throughway in this winter dusk looks like the end of an epoch. I can drive no faster than my vision and my reflexes, and the common speeds here outstrip these, and I pretend that Breitburd, a Russian, is with me for company. I point out how numerous and powerful are the cars, how well engineered are the highways, etc. I think of the two-lane roads west of Moscow, the log houses, women drawing water from a well. Turning from an unfamiliar road on to one that leads to my house makes such a profound change in my feeling that I see how provincial and domesticated a man I am. I am coming home; I am coming home.

•

I bucket around the village. Cash a check; buy liquor, a dog collar. The new hardware store is vast and empty and seems to have been empty for months. They will not have the paint you want, the nails you want, the screws you want. "We expect the orders in next week," says the clerk. He



used to work at the hardware store on Spring Street, worked there for twenty years. I ask him if he doesn't miss the village. He waves his hand toward the window and the view of the river, but his face is suspiciously red. This empty store, this red-faced man with nothing much to do is a piece of life. I go from there to the greenhouse, where the warm air smells of loam and carnations, and everyone, even the dog and the cat, seems very happy. The Z.s seem to have quarrelled. That's my guess. I buy her a dozen eggs. "That's all I'll need for the rest of the week," she says. But after dark her smallest son comes down the hill with his flashlight to ask for a cup of flour. It is like running up a flag, a call for sympathy, a declaration of the fact that her husband has remained in town for dinner while she bakes biscuits to save the price of bread. The little boy is keenly aware of the importance of this hour, this task. "Did you have a very pleasant Christmas?" he asks as I walk him home in the dark. "Did you receive many gifts?" he asks, thinking himself for a moment a full-grown man. "Thank you very much," he says when we part at the lighted door. "Thank you very much."

•

The old dog; my love. That when we bought her someone pointed out that she was swaybacked and had a rib cage like a barrel. That as a young dog she was disobedient, greedy, and wicked. That she tipped over garbage pails, ripped wash off the clothesline, chewed up shoes of gold and silver, destroyed the babysitter's only spectacles, and refused to answer any commands; indeed, she seemed to laugh when she was called. She stole our clothing when we were clamming at Coskata, nearly drowned Mary in New Hampshire, and was a hazard on every beach. That she would retrieve a stick once or twice, but after that she would turn her back and pretend not to hear the command "Fetch." How we left her when we went to Europe, how she nibbled most of the upholstery, how when she heard my voice at the kennel she jumped a fence and hurled herself at me. That the introduction of love in our relationship came that day at Welton Falls. The stream was swollen and knocked her off her feet, and rolled her down a little falls into a pool. Then, when we returned, I hoisted her up in my arms and carried her over while she lapped my face. That with this her feelings toward me seemed to deepen. Her role as a confidante during some quarrelsome months. That my daughter, returning from school, would take her into the woods and pour into her ears her complaints about school, about her father and mother. Then it would be my turn, and then, after the dishes were washed, Mary's.

•

The difficulties with upholstered furniture. How she began in her middle age to dislike long walks. Starting up the beach for Coskata she would seem to enjoy herself, but if you took an eye off her she would swing around and gallop back to the house and her place in front of the fire. That she always got to her feet when I entered a room. That she enjoyed men very much and was conspicuously indifferent to women. That her dislikes were marked and she definitely preferred people from traditional and, if possible, wealthy ori-

We all remember a simpler time. Phones rang less. Laughter rang true. The world turned slowly. You ran out the door to greet the new day. And all you needed was a friend and a game to make it worthwhile. But maybe the times weren't simpler at all. Maybe all you really need is a place to simplify yourself again.

Jonathan's Landing

Homes and homesites from $140,000 to over $1 million. Call (407) 746-2561 or write Jonathan's Landing, Jupiter, FL 33477.

A COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT BY ALCOA PROPERTIES, INC. THIS IS NOT AN OFFERING TO NY, NJ OR IL RESIDENTS. PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE. THIS IS NOT AN OFFERING. SALES CAN ONLY BE MADE IN PALM BEACH COUNTY.

gins. That she had begun to resemble those imperious and somehow mannish women who devilled my youth: the dancing teacher, the banker's wife, the headmistress of the progressive school I attended. There was a genre of imperious women in the twenties whose hell-for-leather manner made them seem slightly mannish. They were sometimes beautiful, but their airs were predatory and their voices were sometimes quite guttural. The time Susie put her off the jeep and she tried to commit suicide. How when I was alone and heard her wandering through the house my feelings for her were of love and gratitude; that her heavy step put me to sleep. Her difficulties in being photographed. That she barked when I talked loudly to myself. The book-review photograph, her figure arched with greed; the cigarette endorsement in which only her backside could be seen.

•

A white sky at eight, white as the snow, cloudless and so brilliant that it lifts one's eyes, with a faint pain, upward.

•

Lift the weights and look at myself in a mirror, wondering when my muscles will appear. Read Nabokov. The lights of the winter evening shift and now, by chance, the coming of the night seems formidable, some blood memory of the Ice Age. Later, I go out. The temperature is way below zero and the air is unusually dry for this valley. It is that fine cold that seems to frost the hair in your nostrils, and that has some subtle fragrance of its own—faint, keen, and a little like ammonia. I wear only a sweater, but I am not uncomfortable. The timbers of the porch crack in the gathering cold and I am ecstatic. "I want to eat cucumber sandwiches and drink champagne and do it all over again," he said, and she said, "Good night, my dear, you go to sleep, you go to sleep. Good night, my love."

•

After drinking and reading happily for several hours I decide that Federico and I should have a little fresh air. He does not like to coast. He would rather watch mayhem on TV, or dress and undress a soldier doll. I force him out of the house. The orchard is a sheet of ice. The coasting is not only excellent, it is dangerous, but he hates it. He wants to get back to the house. He lies on his sled, dragging his feet, the prow turned uphill. I rattle down the hill, over the little pond and down the path to the woods. I am fifty-two, not drunk but plainly stimulated. Coasting seems to me a simple means of self-expression, a way of getting a little deeper into that last hour of a winter afternoon. I would like to share this with him, teach him to be unafraid, show him that as well as the world of his cozy room and his mother's box of candy there is the much more beautiful world of the frozen orchard and the late-winter day. But I teach him nothing but dread and boredom, and deepen his distaste for the snow and the cold. He asks a question. I leave it unanswered and go into the house. From the window I see him lying on his sled, thinking wickedly of his father, and I say, "It breaks my heart to see a little boy who takes no pleasure in anything but pushing his head under the sofa cushions. I wish he could learn or be taught some pleasure in running, coasting, etc." Then there is the question of whether or not he should go to see the James Bond movie. I decide against it, but the looks of reproach aimed at me by him and his mother alter my decision and off we go, when the dishes are done. A light snow is falling. The movie is erotic and gory, and I am angry at a seven-year-old boy's being exposed to this. Although I have exposed him to similar movies myself. I am very angry, and think that a mother who takes a seven-year-old boy to such a movie should be censured. I hold my tongue but I expect my feelings are not secret.

•

At the age of seven I conceived an indecent passion for the plaster cast of Venus de Milo that stood on the bookshelf, and, standing on a chair, I tried to look down those draperies that had, for so many centuries, concealed what I desired.

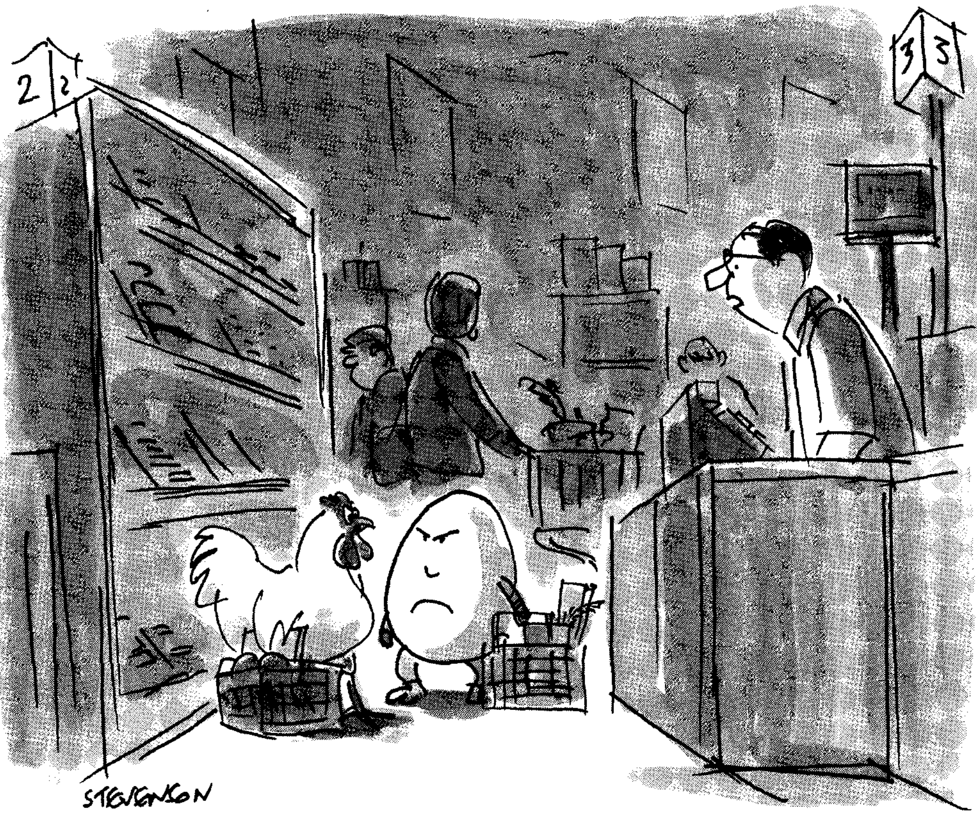
Who wants to fall in love, who wants the waiting for a voice, a footstep, a cough, who would choose this?

•

So I wake thinking that everything will be nifty. In the mail there is a proof of an advertisement that is mostly a picture of me. I drive into town to get liquor for a party. I think of showing the picture to the liquor dealer, but I do not. I do show it to Mary, who says, "What are they going to do with it, pin it up in the post office?" When I object to the sharpness of this she says it was merely a civil question; there were no implications. I object vigorously. Two days later I still object. Should there be some way of seeing this humorously I would be most grateful. Gin seems to be the only way out. But there does seem to be some dreadful incompatibility between the sharpness of her tongue and my over-sensitive, not to say childish, nature. The depth of my feeling seems to lie in the fact that I feel threatened and am, like any sensible man, wary of death. I wish I could forget this; and I shall try.

•

So one seems to settle down into this darkness. Time has always mended things. The physical changes are most noticeable: the short step with the toes pointed out, the wounded and musical voice, the dark scowl in the hall or the landing where one passes. Susie feels ill and I am afraid I may be to blame, so I retire to the balcony of the movie theatre where, like Estabrook, I have worked out or waited out so many problems of my life, transmuted into Apaches coming over the crest of the hill, beautiful women drinking wine, the collision of automobiles, airplane views of the Southwest. When I return the air is warm. There are no stars; there is nothing to see but darkness. They sit together and seem happy. Susie feels better; her face is clear. It begins to rain. I open the door to hear the sound. There is a single flash of lightning; a single recessive peal of thunder, and these most commonplace sounds make me absurdly happy. I am what I was—randy, light-boned, happy, all of this on the strength of the sound of water. I take a bath, open the window by my bed to hear the rain, curl up like a resentful child, and step into a panoramic and detailed dream where I turn on a water faucet to fill the ornamental pools of some great estate, hear Tallulah Bankhead complaining about her doctor, see a young woman wearing nothing but a brassiere, and am embarrassed by a flux of



"Who's next?"

• •

young writers who seem to be wearing bathing trunks. I make a lame joke.

•

Good Friday. I neither fast nor make any other observation of this sombre time. I roam from the post office to the church, unsober. The central altar is dark, but on the left the priest has improvised a Mary chapel where there is a blaze of candles and lilies and someone keeps the vigil. I find all this offensive; say my prayers. The day is brilliant for half an hour; clouds come up swiftly from the northwest and now the day is dark.

•

Easter. As I dress for church the iconography seems more than ever threadbare: the maidenly cross, the funereal lily, the lavender bow pulled off a candy box. How poorly this serves the cataclysm of the Resurrection. All the candles burn. Miss F. has worked day and night on the flower arrangements. The organist, truly raised from the dead, improvises a sort of polymorphous fugue. We raise our voices in some tuneless doggerel about life everlasting. These are earnest people, mostly old, making an organized response to the mysteriousness of life. What point would there be in going to church at daybreak to ridicule the priest? But he does draw a breathtaking parallel between the Resurrection and the invention of television. I hope—I go no further—to avoid anger, meanness, sloth, to be manly; and, should I be unable to mend my affairs, to act with common sense.

•

Swept by seizures of vertigo, diarrhea, sexual ups and downs, fits of laughter and tears, Mr. X entered into his Gethsemane, the 8:32.

A rainy day in town. I slip into a sort of sexual torpor. Anxiety may be the opening notes of this. On 23rd Street I am hailed by a friend from the Army. We have not met for twenty-three years and we lunch together, talking about the dead. K. was hit by an artillery shell. They never found his dog tags. Etc. We walk uptown in the rain. I am out of sorts. In the window of a store specializing in this sort of thing I see a photograph of a man wearing a cocksack. He seems to have shaved his body. For some reason, the picture strikes me as lighthearted and I think of poor H.

Have mercy upon them; have mercy upon them. The bright and seemly world they despised must, from time to time, have appeared to them as a kingdom. Lovers, men with their sons, the sounds of laughter must have made them desperate. With his hat pulled down over his eyes, his collar turned up for concealment, he studies the pictures of undressed men in a Sixth Avenue store window. They seem both muscular and abandoned. He crosses the street to a newsstand that specializes in this sort of thing, he glimpses the photograph of a naked man in a sailor hat, a thin-faced youth who appears to be removing his jockstrap. He goes west now to Broadway, where there is a picture of a naked youth lying in shallow waves, and another with his legs parted. His pursuit takes him up to the Fifties, where there are several newsstands decked with photographs of lewd and naked men. Have mercy upon him.

•

Board the Century at dusk and ride up the river. One of my reasons for taking a train is to tie on a can, but I am not too successful. The bumpy roadbed gives me a hard-on and I climb down from my berth with the hope that Mary will be awake. She is, it seems, but pretends to sleep. I join her at dawn, when she is downright disagreeable, and rub up against her thigh, watching the Indiana landscape. I think of my last trip—the travelling salesman who fell romantically in love with a large white pig, munching acorns in a grove of oaks. Dear Pig, are you willing? Piggy-wiggy, dear. Later in the day he was stung by lust at the sight of a naked plastic mannequin in a Toledo store window. I remember the horses running away from the train, the children waving, marigolds shining like fire around the doorsteps, a woman glancing out of the window at an automobile dump and exclaiming, sincerely, "Home sweet home!" The country is flat and unlovely. There are automobile dumps, sandlot ball fields, graveyards. The home of Alka-

Seltzer. The huge industrial sweep of Gary, with pink ore smoke pushing out of its chimneys with an urgency that seems to me sexual. The slums, the federal housing, Chicago. Mary complains about the smell of the hotel, the smell of the train, the smell of the world.

•

When we were in college and used to go up to the river, Aunt Mildred used to urge us to swim without trunks. "Who cares about a little thing like that?" she exclaimed, although in the cases of Howie and Jack it was far from little. She used to sit on the pier where we swam. She had cut eye slits into the pillowcase, which she wore over her head to protect her from the ell-flies. She would sit there looking like an ill-dressed member of the Klan, while we porpoised around naked in that fine clear water. One afternoon she showed up with an old-fashioned box camera and without removing her hood snapped pictures of us diving and swimming. I didn't suppose the pictures would be any good, because of the age of the camera and the difficulty of focussing it through a hole in a pillowcase and I knew that she wouldn't dare have photographs of naked men developed at the drugstore in Howland. I don't know where she had the pictures developed and I didn't see them until thirty years later, when we sold the camp. Mildred was long dead. The pictures had been successful.

•

I think I think of the book not as narrative but as bulk, texture, color, weight, and size. I would like to shake my composure, to howl, to penetrate. I hope, this day next year, to have another book done.

•

When we say "Christ, have mercy upon us," we don't ask for a literal blessing, I think. We express how merciless we are to ourselves.

•

Waking, one thinks, The rain will come, and after the rain, my love. First I will hear the sound of water and then the sound of her footsteps on the stone floor of the corridor, the hall. But what is this hall and why does it have a stone floor? Am I involved in towers, moats, stupidities, and fancies, are these the foolish terms in which I phrase love? Troubadours in fancy dress. There is thunder, lightning, and then rain. I hear first the rain and then her voice from the driveway below the house. She is tired and I leave her unmolested, but see, as I get into bed, through the transparent cloth of her nightgown the darkness of her fuzz: fragrant, delicate, it seems to me a flower.

•

Oh, to be so much a better man than I happen to be.

•

My difficulties continue, and I can't determine where the blame lies. I sit in a chair under a tree. It is raining. The rain is light. I can hear it fall on the leaves, but the leaves of the tree make a shelter. I think—I have been drinking—that I must speak with Mary, make some stab at candor and perhaps approach love. This may be tactless and stupid. In any case, I speak. "You're just making up one of your little stories," she says. I say that the remark is spinsterish and irrelevant. I speak of those weeks following my return from Russia when I received, for the first time in my marriage, a vocal declaration of love. I ask if she doesn't remember this; if it wasn't true. She replies, "I wish you could have seen your face when you asked that." I cannot settle on any motive for this. Does she think I despise her so deeply that any declaration of love is ridiculous? Or does she mean to say that I am ugly? She claims not. But how cruel it would be for a woman to call her lover ugly. The children return from the movies and I sit with them in what seems to me a fragrance of reasonableness. Returning to bed, I think I shall suffocate.

•

In the morning there is the familiar anxiety. I fear that I have done and said some irrevocable things; that I have ruined my marriage and exiled myself. I feel both tender and horny. But opening a gin bottle at noon I think that the only declaration of love I have ever received has been rescinded. This is merely at the sight of a gin bottle.

•

The Skidmore girls, some of them are beautiful. One's head swims. Watch for the inch or two of thigh you'll see when they mount their bicycles; watch the bicycle seat press into their backsides. Some of them, much less beautiful, muster a sense of humor and get by on this. Some of them have nothing at all. It is hot, and as in all small towns people complain more bitterly than they would in some larger place. The broad porches are still open, with their straw rugs, wicker furniture, tables with vases full of flowers, copies of the *Reader's Digest*, and, at four, a pitcher of nice lemonade. "It's our outdoors living room," said Mrs. L. A bridge lamp burns at night. Crossing the park where I once saw a woman steal marigolds I think with sudden love of my son Federico; I think with shame of those quarrels he has overheard. How can he grow straight and courageous as he must in a house where there is so much that is bitter and frigid? I am sorry, I am heartily sorry, my son. I love you and will try to stay at your side. Girls pass with shadowy cheeks, with round cheeks, with no cheeks at all. No dogs bark. Have they passed a leash ordinance? I think of what I may do to C.B., but I won't put this down. I am plagued by some circulatory distress, a whiskey thirst, and the bitter mystery of my marriage. They all three go hand in hand.

•

The lollipop clock in front of Edelstein's jewelry store stopped twelve years ago at five minutes to six. A blizzard was raging and the hands of the clock, still at five minutes to six, solidly commemorate the snow-buried streets, the stalled train, the barely visible street lights, the stillness. The clock in front of what used to be Humber's hardware store stopped at 9:10 on an April evening when the store caught fire and was gutted. That was ten years ago. The boredom and the aspirations of a small backwater on an April evening belong to the second clock. They sometimes ask, What kind of a town is it where we have two stopped clocks on the main street? It's that kind of a town.

•

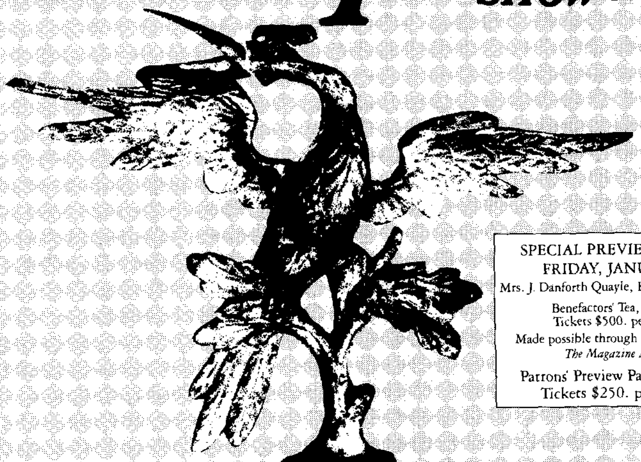
People named John and Mary never divorce. For better or for worser, in madness and in saneness, they seem bound together for eternity by their rudimentary nomenclature. They may loathe and despise one another, quarrel, weep, and commit mayhem, but they are not free to divorce. Tom, Dick, and Harry go to Reno on a whim, but nothing short of death can separate John and Mary.

•

I cut the grass, hoping to improve my spirits, but then I hit the bottle with such vehemence that nothing is gained, much is lost, and this morning I feel sick. I read a biography of Dylan Thomas thinking that I am like Dylan, alcoholic, hopelessly married to a destructive woman, etc. The resemblance stops with alcohol. Once the idea of divorce had occurred to Mr. Halberstrum, he found himself unable to uproot the possibility. It established itself with the tenacity of a thistle. His manifest responsibilities to his children began to seem unreal. He knew how deeply bewildered they would be if he divorced—that this action might be a serious impediment to their growth as men and women—but the ardor with which he dreamed of being free of a way of life that seemed unnaturally debased and crooked made the sufferings of his children distant and powerless. Boarding the 8:23, he thought of divorce. The mountains and the river spoke of divorce. The noise of midtown traffic urged him to divorce. He looked during the business day for associates who had divorced and thought them the happiest of men. He approached his lighted house in the evening with a reluctance that was physical. It was a struggle to climb the stairs. He stooped with despair when he heard her slippers in the upstairs hall. A man with no religious training and no faith at all, he was forced into the emotional and physical attitudes of prayer. "Dear God," he sobbed, "restore to me my patience, my faith, my powers of love; let me forget the bitterness that has passed; set me free from resentment, petulance, and anger. Amen." But she had traduced him lengthily twice in a week and responded to his cozening with a swift kick. Now her voice was soft in the evenings, but it did not reach him. Let us pray.

—JOHN CHEEVER

(This is the first of two parts.)



America's most prestigious antiques show!

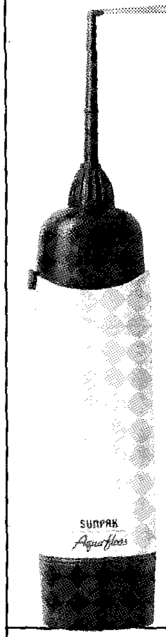
THE 37TH ANNUAL
WINTER
antiques
SHOW®

a benefit for
EAST SIDE HOUSE SETTLEMENT

SPECIAL PREVIEW EVENTS
FRIDAY, JANUARY 25
Mrs. J. Danforth Quayle, Honorary Chairman
Benefactors' Tea, 4-6 p.m.
Tickets $500. per person.
Made possible through the generosity of
The Magazine Antiques
Patrons' Preview Party, 6-9 p.m.
Tickets $250. per person.

Saturday, January 26 through Sunday, February 3, 1991
Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at Sixty-Seventh Street, New York City

For tickets, information on special events and list of exhibitors:
East Side House Settlement, Benefit Office,
337 Alexander Avenue, Bronx, New York 10454. Telephone (212) 665-5250



Get your mouth, your teeth, and your gums really "hygienized," with...

Aqua Floss 2000

only $39.95*

• Aqua Floss 2000 *comes in its neat little carry pouch. It is small enough to fit in your pocket or in your purse. The unit comes with two nozzles—lo-pressure and hi-pressure. It works on two "AA" cells, which are not included.*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

Your mother told you and so does your dentist: You must brush after every meal and you must floss in order to get your mouth really clean and to prevent buildup of plaque. And, you also know that plaque, if not promptly removed, can lead to all kinds of very unpleasant things.

Sometimes it isn't quite that easy to brush and even less convenient to floss. That is where *Aqua Floss 2000* comes to the rescue. Fill the pressure chamber of *Aqua Floss 2000* with water (add your favorite mouthwash if you wish) and attach either the lo-pressure or the hi-pressure nozzle. Direct the tip toward your gum line, push the "go" button and 780 focused power jets per minute will wash away all of those tiny particles between teeth and gum line that even brushing and flossing would be likely to miss. Your mouth will feel fresh and clean, and you will know that you have taken another delightful step to make your teeth last at least as long as you will.

We are the exclusive mail-order distributors of *Aqua Floss 2000* in the United States and can therefore bring you this important oral hygiene product for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Experience the unmatched feeling of oral cleanliness, prevent plaque and improve dental health. For yourself and your family, get your *Aqua Floss 2000* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order #1830A679. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.95 for one, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

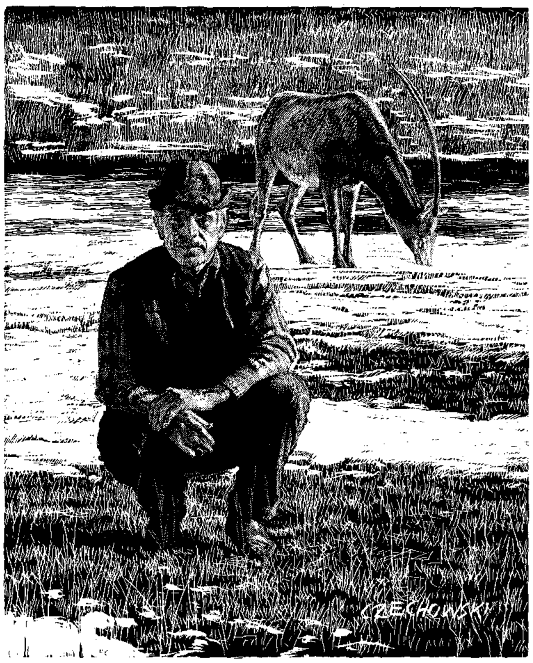
For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

PROFILES

A PLACE AND AN ATTITUDE

DAVID BAMBERGER and I were driving out of San Antonio in his pickup. We crossed a river whose banks were lined with trees. "A few miles upstream from here is a little park that I helped to establish in the mid-seventies," he said. "The Guadalupe River State Park. I was always environment-minded, even before it became such a big thing."



We had met by telephone not long after I had seen a segment of "60 Minutes" which investigated the auction of surplus zoo animals and showed people hunting endangered species on the ranches of Texas. It was calculated to arouse the ever-present anger in most people opposed to blood sports. Certainly the thought that members of endangered species were being butchered for hunters' holidays had made me indignant, and I was also curious about the presence of these rare animals in Texas. I had telephoned several ranchers whose names were given to me by the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums. AAZPA members do not sell their animals to game ranches or allow their animals to be hunted, but some of the people I called had been reluctant to discuss the matter. One had said, cautiously, "You doing an exposé, or what?" Another had said he wasn't in, but J. David Bamberger, of the Bamberger Ranch, Blanco County, Texas, had been willing to talk, even though, he said, he was busy preparing for a trip to West Africa, where he was going to look for potential sites to establish a captive-breeding center for the scimitar-horned oryx, a species of antelope he was raising on his ranch. The scimitar-horned oryx, according to "Walker's Mammals of the World," was "originally found in the semi-desert zones from Morocco and Senegal to Egypt and the Sudan"; it had disappeared from much of its native habitat, and Bamberger hoped, he said, to prevent its demise.

This morning, as we drove, I found out more about him. How did it happen, I asked, that a man who obviously owned considerable land in Texas, and was a rancher—that archetypal character in Western fiction—had become interested in conservation?

"Oh, I'm not a Texan," he said. "I was born in Massillon, Ohio, in 1928. I shouldn't think you've ever heard of it—it's a very small town. I attended grammar school there, and went on to high school in Navarre, nearby. I met my wife, Donna Beem, in that high school. We graduated together in 1946 and have been together ever since. Except for the service, of course—I was in the Army Corps of Engineers for eighteen months, stationed in Virginia and Pennsylvania. Afterward, I resumed my education, going to Kent State University. I graduated with a bachelor's degree in business administration in 1950."

"None of it adds up," I said. "How does it happen that you have a ranch out here?"

"Well, we were a poor family. My father was a car salesman who went into a war plant and was killed there, and after that it was up to my mother. I had two brothers. One brother was in the Army Air Corps and got killed, and the other was in the Navy. He's a lawyer now in Oklahoma. Anyway, I made a vow that I would never again be as poor as that, and I haven't been. As for going away, it's a family joke: I said when I left that I was doing it to get away from relatives, but now I've got three children—my son David, who's forty-one; a daughter, Deena, who's thirty-seven; and another son, Douglas, who's thirty-three—and I've got eight grandchildren, so you might say I never did get away from relatives, did I? But at the beginning, when I decided to try my luck out here, the only member of my family except Donna was David, a year and a half old. Donna said she was willing to make the gamble and come away with me. I was practically penniless, but I did have the car. So we piled all our belongings in it and set out for Texas.

"It was my lawyer brother who had told me about Texas—how sparsely settled it was, and all. Still, it was a great surprise to me when I first saw it. I'd never imagined such stretches of country with no houses for miles, just open country, on and on. What a chance for builders, I thought. And for car salesmen, too. What I started out with was vacuum cleaners. I was a door-to-door salesman on a commission basis. I had made up my mind to get ten thousand dollars together before I relaxed, and at the end of the first year I had more than ten thousand. Before long, I was the regional distributor for Kirby vacuum cleaners, with fifty salesmen working for me. In the late fifties, one of my salesmen, George W. Church, Jr., left to work on the expansion of his family's restaurant business. A few years later, he needed money, and I was willing to become a minor investor, but we started talking about the coming boom in franchises. So we decided to team up and form a new corporation to sell Church's Fried Chicken franchises. We started with a few restaurants in Texas, and by the nineteen-eighties we had more than fourteen hundred around the world. I was the chairman of the corporation and the largest stockholder from 1983 until 1989, when we were bought out in a hostile takeover. Now I'm mainly ranching and looking after my investments. So I kept my vow."

Dr. William Conway, the director of the Bronx Zoo, once said something I have never forgotten: "People talk a lot about putting animals back in the wild. Yes, but what wild?" The wild is running short in Africa, but there is still some left in Texas. Of course, it is not often that members of an endangered species, however carefully protected and encouraged, have become numerous enough for their protectors to take the enormous step of putting them back where their ancestors came from. The most famous case is the Arabian oryx—*Oryx leucoryx*, originally found in the Middle East—which by the early twentieth century was all but wiped out. The remaining wild population was limited to the Arabian peninsula, where hunters would drive out in Land Rovers and chase the creatures down, shooting from their cars. In 1962, British conservationists caught some of the oryx, took them back to Britain, bred them successfully there, and distributed the offspring in places with suitable climates, among which was Texas. A few of *their* progeny have been restored to their native deserts.

Another case is the Père David's deer, of China, which were hunted heavily. They owed their survival to the Imperial Game Park, near Beijing, which was stocked with them and with other rare animals. This imperial herd provided animals to collections around the world, but after the herd was largely destroyed by a flood in 1894, and by the subsequent rebellion and famine in China, a few captive deer in several European zoos were gathered together by the Duke of Bedford, whose hobby was just such special collecting. He took them back to his estate, Woburn Abbey, where they flourished. Some were handed out to zoos around the world, and in the past decade a semi-wild herd was established in China.

Right here at home, there's the American bison, which, as the New York Zoological Society is proud to tell us, owes its very existence to the Society's early-twentieth-century efforts to save it—one of the earliest examples of conservation that the United States can boast of.

More recently, there's the lion tamarin (*Leontopithecus rosalia*), a beautiful little squirrel-size primate that comes originally from the coastal rain forests of southeastern Brazil. By the nineteen-seventies, a few specimens were to be found here and there in zoos, and only a few hundred were left in the Brazilian forest. Then Devra Kleiman, of the National Zoo, in Washington, gathered a group of lion tamarin, and set out to train them to live once again in the wild. It has not been easy. Most animals do not instinctively do all the things they are supposed to do in the wild: they don't know what to eat, how to catch it, or, in general, how to get along. The candidates for freedom have had to spend some time in a halfway house being conditioned and learning all these things before they could be released. Some, but not all, of those so far taken to Brazil have survived their first years of liberty and are breeding in the wild.

Clearly, releasing animals into the wild is not a simple matter. A few weeks after our first conversation, I telephoned David Bamberger to find out how his African trip had gone, and he sounded discouraged.

"I went to Niger to look the place over before making any commitment, but it's clear that it's too early to send over any animals," he said. "The country isn't fit for them. It's too poor—everybody is poor. It was clear that my oryx wouldn't survive there. It might be possible to send down a few addax, but the countryside is very desolate and I haven't much hope for them. It's a disappointment."

David Bamberger looked like what he had sounded like on the telephone—a big man, somewhat soft-spoken, yet clearly capable of enthusiasm.

"Now, the animals here," he said as we drove. "Ever since I've been in Texas, there have been a few ranchers trying their luck with animals that aren't native to the state—exotics, we call them. At the beginning, it was a kind of status symbol, sort of a game the rich ranchers played, trying to outdo each other in importing unusual animals. Well, some of the species simply took off, because the country is like what they're used to. These exotics, common now, are red deer, fallow deer, sika, Corsican sheep, aoudad, and axis. They were mostly prolific, and when you get hundreds and thousands of the critters some are bound to escape and wander around the countryside until they're practically native. About twenty years ago, the ranchers began importing what I call superexotics—endangered species that are scarcer, and, naturally, have more snob value, giving more glamour to the owners. It's a long list and sounds sort of like what you'd get in zoos. In this state we have giraffes, ostriches, rhinos, gazelles, and zebras. The problem with this sort of game—" David turned to look at me, and I knew we were approaching the subject of that TV program. "Every business eventually seeks a profit," he announced. "Importing those animals started out as a game, and so it is for the wealthy ranchers even now, but there are the others—I call them worker bees—and they've got to make a living. So you get foremen and cowboys, with their pickups, who make a living off game ranches—off people who like to hunt and are willing to pay for the novelty of shooting exotic specimens right here. And, when you count it up, it's a bargain. You don't have to buy a ticket to Kenya or some other African country, because the game is right here in Texas. You don't have to buy or rent a safari outfit. Just get in your car with your guns and come out to Texas. You save money and have a good time."

I was about to reply heatedly that other matters are involved, but I hesitated, telling myself that I am not a vegetarian, that something dies whenever I eat meat. David went on, "Some people are too squeamish for that kind of sport, and I'm not saying I like it myself. But somebody was a real idiot to let those TV cameramen in to take pictures of people shooting game. It's legal to hunt. To me, it's really a question of what to do with your surplus animals. It costs a lot to feed and take care of them. Zoos? Don't talk to me about zoos. They can't take care of the surpluses they've got, let alone

Reserve your place in America's history.

The National Trust for Historic Preservation invites you to visit the distinguished Historic Hotels of America. Celebrating the nation's diverse heritage, each member of this superlative group has preserved its historic character and architectural quality, complementing them with the highest standards of hospitality. And with each reservation through our toll-free number, a contribution will be made to the National Trust, supporting efforts to protect our heritage. For a complete directory, send $3.00 to: Historic Hotels, National Trust for Historic Preservation, 1785 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Information and reservations:
800-678-8946

National Trust
for Historic Preservation

HISTORIC HOTELS of AMERICA

take in more. A lot of zoos, if you want to know the truth, sell their surpluses to dealers, and the animals wind up on game ranches. Suppose you're running a zoo and you've got a surplus deer. You can either cut up that deer and feed it to your lions and tigers and whatever, which will save you a couple of days' feed—say two hundred dollars—or you can sell it for a *thousand dollars, even though you* know it will eventually go to a game ranch. The deer dies in any case. Which will you do? Yes, that television program has a lot of questions to answer."

By prearrangement, we met Donna Bamberger in downtown San Antonio, at the Tower of the Americas, one of those high-up restaurants that revolve too slowly to be alarming. When the three of us settled at a table, David started telling me how he had become interested in wildlife and the environment.

The story began, he said, when he was a youth in Ohio and his mother gave him a book by Louis Bromfield, "Pleasant Valley." Bromfield, born in 1896, was not only a very successful novelist but a seriously committed environmentalist, whose heart was in his factual works on farming in Ohio. He lived in France for fourteen years, observing the farming techniques of the French, and shortly before the war started he came home to Ohio and bought three contiguous worn-out and abandoned farms there. He had a plan. He hired knowledgeable people to help him carry it out, and he and they restored those farms to productivity, making them at least as good as they had ever been. "Pleasant Valley" told the story of the project, called Malabar Farm, and it fired young David Bamberger's imagination.

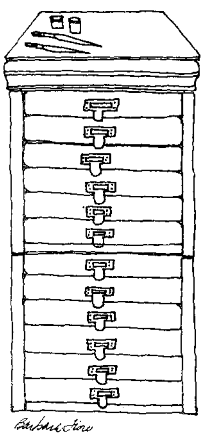
"I kind of wanted to do the same thing in this environment," he said, indicating the landscape below us. "Donna and I had a small ranch north of town, only two hundred and five acres. Our next purchase was up here in the Hill Country—twenty-nine hundred acres. My criterion for that purchase was that it had to be isolated, and I started buying around it. We're up to about sixty-seven hundred acres now. In Texas we have a lot of farms and ranches that don't have any road or highway frontage, so we have a lot of more or less permissive easements. With a lot of these ranches, you drive through two, three, or four other people's private property to get to your own; I was willing to drive through other people's, but I didn't want anyone driving through mine. The place we found is at the end of a road, and that first purchase had no public-road frontage *anywhere* near it. It had the reputation of being the least desirable piece of real estate in this country, because it had been abused—overgrazed and eroded—and it had no water to speak of. When we bought the ranch, there was only one working water well on it, and it produced water the color of this Bloody Mary. So in many ways it was just what I wanted, because I really wanted to apply some of Louis Bromfield's ideas, and I had a few ideas of my own as well. Bromfield became very well known for what he did in Ohio. People from all over the country came to Malabar Farm to learn his techniques and see what he'd done, but the farm was not a long-term success. He didn't have adequate resources to sustain the work he'd begun. He'd dissipated on the farm the sizable fortune he'd made from writing." David looked saddened. "One of the little sayings I've coined, having started numerous businesses—though it's equally true of anything—is 'It's easier to initiate an action than to sustain it.' You've got to think of the economic ability to carry a plan through. In Texas, ranching is not a paying proposition. There are very many ranches but very few ranch owners. Since our first hundred acres, we've been buying our neighbors' ranches."

"I only want the land next to mine," Donna said, obviously quoting a family joke, and her husband laughed sheepishly.

"But, just like Bromfield, I began putting together people who could help us, because I don't have the physical or mental ability or the time," he went on. "Frankly, I just have the dream, I guess—the basics of a plan of what I want to do. And I did some things that were controversial and that others thought wouldn't work, and they did work, and they're used now as a demonstration for soil people and agricultural people. These things have to do with getting rid of the brush and reseeding rocky hills. Today, we have four graduates of Texas A & M, the main agricultural school in the state, one of them the gentleman in charge of our cattle program. I must add that what I'm going to show you tomorrow is not cattle country; it was primarily mohair sheep and goats that ran there. By overrunning sheep and goats, the former owners denuded the land and allowed the infestation of juniper and other undesirables: when you lose soil, you also lose water and you lose even more of both of them when you lose ground cover. Basically, when I bought this ranch there wasn't any water. Today, it seems there's water everywhere. We got it by conservation practices—primarily by getting the brush off the land and grass on the land, and by doing some of the mechanical things that made it possible to get the grass quicker than we might have otherwise."

"Tell her what you've done with the trees, the birds," Donna said.

David went on, "Donna and I were sitting outside there three or four months after we bought the place, and she said, 'You know, we don't have any birds on this place.' We'd been there three or four months and hadn't seen a bird. There was no place for birds to eat, no reason for them to be there. No water. And so there weren't any birds. But today the place is like a sponge: it has all the birds and all the wildlife, because it's a haven, thanks to all this conservation. We've even built what I call a Texas-size bird feeder—a five-acre area that's fenced off so the cows and horses and deer can't get in. The only critter that can get in is a bird. Just by doing things that make life attractive to wildlife, we've brought all these things together.



"It's been about ten years since I heard at a workshop on conservation about the plight of the zoo people, the AAZPA members. It was basically a problem of species survival. The zoo people had inherited, or become guardians of, species they were no longer able to get in the wild—endangered species. They had become stewards holding certain gene pools, and if they didn't do something those gene pools would be lost. So they developed Species Survival Programs, without which future generations might never see some of these animals.

"Aside from that, outfits like the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus will soon be endangered themselves, because none of the animals in the circus are going to come from the wild. So they're trying to become members of the AAZPA today. If they're going to have circuses at all, they'll have to use captive-bred animals. Well, let me tell you, although it makes nice headlines when a zoo does something constructive in conservation, it doesn't really solve anything. Now and then, you hear how the Bronx sends an animal to San Diego and it's expecting, but that won't save any species from extinction. You transport an animal from the Bronx to San Diego, and it might take that animal five years to calm down enough to mate. The plight that I heard of, and the suggestion to solve it, involved finding the space and the resources to accomplish what the zoos suddenly found themselves in charge of. And wouldn't it be nice, they said, if they could set up some kind of cooperation between the zoos and individuals like me, who had land and also an inclination to try this sort of thing, and would make some commitment?

"I came back to the ranch and sat with my people, and proposed that we put together a paper and present it to the AAZPA, suggesting that we assist them in their work. We worked three months putting together a complete project, telling everything about our ranch and our resources, with photographs in color. There was a certain element in the zoo community that was very open to this sort of thing. One of the people in that group had previously been a wildlife-ranch manager, and he happened to be on the committee that viewed my proposal. At any rate, it took nearly two years—well, it took six months before I even heard from them—and then a delegation came to visit us, and then another, and some of my proposals were changed and adapted, and after two years it led to this zoo-ranch coöperative, in which the zoo community would supply the seed stock and I would supply six hundred and forty acres—a square mile—in the

When the exquisite Italian Renaissance styled Hay-Adams Hotel was built across from the White House in 1927, it became the epicenter of polite society.

Today, this classic hotel has been returned to its original grandeur, a restoration hailed by *Architectural Digest*. The Hay-Adams—your home in Washington—with special rates, weekend and holiday packages available.

Information and reservations:
800-678-8946

The Hay-Adams Hotel

National Trust for Historic Preservation

HISTORIC HOTELS of AMERICA

Introductory Offer -
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!
Try A Little Tenderness

Candlelight, soft music, and magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Introductory Offer:

#464 8 (5 oz.) Filet Mignons, 1" thick
Reg. $61.95 .... **$39.95**
(plus $5.50 shipping and handling)

You Save $22.00 (Limit of 2, Please) Valid in 48 States Until February 28, 1991

Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and

Call Free 1-800-228-9055

Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.

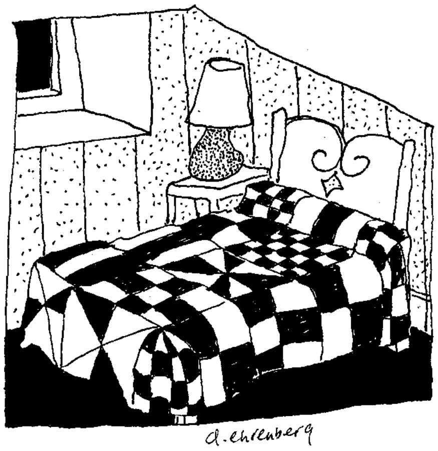
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AD1012 / 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

western section of my ranch for their scimitar-horned-oryx project. This was a zoo-ranch effort to develop an oryx population large enough and genetically diverse enough to preserve the species. So they searched the world and chose the individual animals and the bloodlines."

David went on, "The group of AAZPA consultants that had confidence it was going to work were also smart enough to say, 'In doing this deal with Bamberger, we've got to put a species down there that has the best chance if this program's going to be successful, because the world's going to look at it.' This ranch is now known around the world because of what we've accomplished here. Three-fourths of the zoo community, if not ninety per cent, couldn't or wouldn't believe that somebody down here who raised cows or hogs or chickens could handle, graze, and propagate any animal just because he was a rancher. They believed they were the only ones who could do it. Well, they were wrong, and, of course, we're delighted that they were wrong. We went to work with a hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of capital improvements, to do the barns and the pens and the fencing and the gates and the alleyways, and to shift the soil. Plus I brought a man into the picture to work on the project. I calculated that it would cost me twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year just to cover the propagation and the care of these antelope. Then the AAZPA people began to look the world over to see what genetic material they had to work with. Basically, the idea was that they would provide the foundation stock and the breeding plan, and we would carry out the management, and so forth. For this six hundred and forty acres I established a maximum carrying capacity of eighty-eight animals. The plan called for us to breed for about five years. We got off to a poor start—they shipped me only four animals, oryx, and things went wrong from there on. It ended up with me making a speech at an AAZPA meeting in 1984, I believe, in which I accused them of being poor business partners. As a result of this challenge, they appointed a new coördinator of the scimitar-horned-oryx Species Survival Program—Dale Tuttle, the present director of the zoo in Jacksonville, Florida. He also coördinates the AAZPA's program to save the Asian and the African elephants. At that time, he was the director of the Dickerson Park Zoo, in Missouri. After that, the AAZPA people really got cracking, and we began to receive more animals. We assumed that it would take about five years for us to reach the carrying capacity of eighty-eight. If we were successful in what we were trying to do, from then on about fifty per cent of the offspring would accrue to the account of the AAZPA and the other fifty per cent would belong to me. Well, those animals that accrued to my account would primarily be surplus animals. Now, then, it was never exactly spelled out, but there was a lot of conversation about what I could do with those that belonged to me."

"Here it comes," I said to myself.

"Well," he went on, "I happen to believe that if I sell my car to you, pass the title to you, if you want to paint the damn thing green that's your prerogative. I can't sell you my car with a lot of strings attached to it. The people in the zoo community would very much like to have strings, because there is an element that, right or wrong, is strongly anti-hunting. They would like to dictate to you what you can do with these animals after you get possession. You saw this attitude on the television program. We do in fact have codes of ethics, and statements of participants, saying that we will not hurt these animals, and so on and so forth. It's never been an issue as far as I'm concerned. I haven't sold any of these animals to hunting ranches, in fact, and, officially, I don't have title to any of them, because we haven't arrived at the carrying capacity yet. This calving season is going to fill me up, taking me right to the door of the eighty-eight when the calves are born, in April. Before I agree to a new program of breeding, we're going to have to know where we're going to go, because I'm still a conservationist. I'm not going to overpopulate my ranch and let the animals eat it down, and then order tens of thousands of dollars' worth of feed. For the most part, we do not feed these animals. They're in a natural world and live off the land, as they were meant to. But if I get more than the eighty-eight they will end up eating themselves out of house and home. If I don't buy forty or fifty thousand dollars' worth of feed, they'll die. We don't want that.

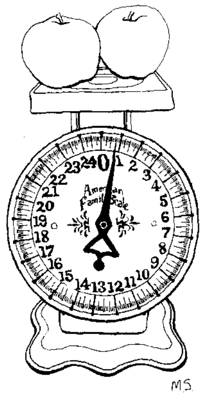


"What we're approaching now is the big question: Why did we ever start to do this? Did we do it because we want to make a contribution to conservation? Did we do it because we love animals? I guess it's somewhat because I have some good people on the ranch and I wanted to challenge them, give them a chance to do something with their academic credentials other than just be cowboys. We've made the ranch a more interesting place, because we have dedicated it to education and conservation and research. Behind it all, the AAZPA always said, after they discovered that they had a new mission, was the hope that in Africa at some time in the future environments and politics and concern would all be in tune. In the meantime, we would preserve this genetic resource, so we could reintroduce the animals to the wild. I have another idea, which is to go out to West Texas, purchase fifty thousand acres, fence it, and turn the animals loose out there; they'd make it very easily. You could reproduce Africa as it used to be."

"But the greedy we have always with us," Donna said. "You could put out hundreds of rhino, say, but you'd have to cut off their horns, so poachers wouldn't kill them off. You get an animal out there that has all the right genes, and somebody kills it just to get a pair of horns to stick up on the wall."

"Awareness," David said. "We need to develop awareness."

THE next morning, having arranged to meet Donna later at the ranch house, her husband and I started out from San Antonio in the pickup to view the ranch—or, at least, part of it. We drove north on State Highway 281 for about an hour, and turned off the highway near Johnson City. It was a fine day. There had not been even the average rainfall in south-central Texas for some months. For miles around, there was no trace of antelope, or even cattle.



"I've never seen sheep or goats here, either," David replied when I said as much. "We're on a neighbor's land now. You see there's not much here for cattle. Over there is some of that juniper I was telling you about. When I bought my ranch, it was just like this. A good-sized juniper tree, bigger than that one, will take up sixteen gallons of water a day. No grass will grow beneath those trees, because they suck the moisture out of the ground and block the sunlight. When this gentleman here started preparing the ground, he put up this fence and took off most of the juniper. See how the grass has started to spring up where the tree's gone? That's one of the kinds of grass I've been putting down at my place. You're catching us at a bad time, because we've had a drought for three years. While I was in Africa, though, we had more rain here than we'd got in many a moon. It's late March now; in spring, things are going to look a little better, but it isn't the season now where you see tall grasses. There's no cattle on this piece of land, so you get a pretty good ground cover of grass."

I noticed five or six small houses scattered over the range, and I asked David who lived in them.

"Ranch owners sell off little pieces of ground, and now and then you get a city dweller who wants to put up a house and live close to nature, but it doesn't turn out the way he hopes," he said. "People work their butts off for a place in the country, come out here and spend all their savings, and finally give up. It'll never amount to anything over there but a rural slum—sad. The soil in this country is very shallow—in some places you get only an inch of soil, and at most you get four inches, except in the valley, where floods have washed the topsoil down.

"Now, this is a county road we're on. The rancher owns it but the county maintains it, if you can call it that." Just as he said this, we hit a large bump. "When you go through from one ranch to another, you cross a cattle guard, so you don't have to get out and open a gate every time. Look, there are some cows." He pointed to a group of cows that were rangy-looking and oddly proportioned. "I've got another oddball thing I'm doing—I'm trying to develop a new breed of cattle by crossing cattle with American bison. For my breed, if I dare use that term, I have a copyright and trademark for the name Grassmaster. I'm trying to develop a breed that will give you a tender, flavorful piece of beef without your having to feed the animal a lot of expensive grain. I've been doing this for seventeen years, and don't need to use bison anymore. I had some, and also bought some bison semen." As David was talking, we moved off the paved road onto dirt, and crossed another cattle guard.

"This is really a private road," he went on. "As I told you, I don't want anybody else driving across my land, but I don't mind driving across somebody else's. Because of all the activity I've created on my ranch, this neighbor came to me about two years ago and said, 'You're making too much noise and too much dust,' so we worked together and changed the road, steering it away from the front of his house. This is a driveway to our house—two and a half miles. You'll see a small dam and some water in a minute."

"Haven't we seen water several times—crossing the road?" I asked.

"Oh, that doesn't count—those are just little temporary springs since the last rain. All this you see now, all those big hills, are on my property, about ten square miles. How to preserve all this is a dilemma. According to tax and property laws, in order to pass it on in its entirety I have to give it away to an institution, but if I do that I deprive my children of their rights. I don't want you to take this wrong, but this ranch is worth ten million dollars, and if I pass it on to my children they would have to give three million to the government."

He pulled up just short of an arched gateway with the name "Bamberger Ranch" at the top and one word in the middle of the arch. "Do you know that word?" he asked.

" 'Selah,' " I read aloud. "Didn't they use to say that at the end of their songs in the Old Testament?"

"You're right on target," David said. "Seventy-one times in the Psalms alone, and a few times in other places. I made them carve it so it looks like

Introducing
Ladybug
the new magazine for children ages 2 to 7 from CRICKET magazine

Discover the pleasure of quiet moments with your child, in a world of ideas, adventures, and activities. "It's a delight to the eye, an adventure for the mind."
— Lloyd Alexander, author/Newbery medalist

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $10.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us this coupon.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City, State, Zip ______________________

LADYBUG, Box 58344, Boulder, CO 80322
1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5L)
5CBF4

Polar Bears
Join our 1991 Polar Bear Tours in Churchill, Manitoba, Canada and experience the bears at close range from specially designed Tundra Buggies.
Departures in mid-Oct to mid-Nov, $1855-$2695

JOSEPH VAN OS
NATURE TOURS
P.O. BOX 655 P, VASHON ISLAND
WASHINGTON 98070
1-800-368-0077

FLOWERING DUTCH GARDEN
A unique and exciting gift.
Just add water. . .19 carefully selected bulbs (6 varieties) are potted, rooted and ready to **bloom in stages** for weeks. Only $25.00 ea.
Compliment your Dutch Garden with a beautifully handcrafted, New England Ashwood Basket (not pictured). **$15.00** ea.
Available until March 15.

Please send _____ Dutch Gardens @ $25.00 ea. ppd
_____ Gardens w/basket @ $40.00 ea. ppd.
Total $_____ ☐ Payment enc. ☐ MC ☐ Visa
Card# ______________________ Exp. _____
Name ______________________
Street ______________________
City ____________ State _____ Zip _____
MARLBOROUGH GREENHOUSES, INC.
P.O. Box 32 NY • Marlborough, NH 03455 • 603-876-4397

Hebrew, but it's not correct. Bible scholars have debated somewhat as to what the term is, but they believe it to be a musical term."

" 'So be it'?" I suggested.

"Well, something like that, I guess. You've sung a song, there's a pause, and then that word. Like Walden Pond, Selah is a place and an attitude, a place to pause and reflect. As I started to tell you yesterday, I have three talented, dedicated people who have prepared themselves academically for this work. One is an arborist, one is a wildlife major, and the other is an animal-science major. Another person here, an engineering type, built this entrance, this cattle guard, these fences, some barns, and some of the buildings.

"A fungal disease is going through this part of the world these days that's killing our oaks, so I brought aboard this arborist to help me pick seeds and propagate trees that were here two hundred years ago and a few others that we might bring into this environment, to replace our dying oaks. People think I'm nuts because of it. But you can't just plant a tree and leave it. If you look around, you'll see a number of places where we've put up protective fences around saplings. It costs ten times the price of the tree. These fences are called 'high image,' because they're around my entrance, but in other places I use sticks and stones and anything else to serve as protection against deer. We recycle everything. Every tree I put in last winter is doing all right. I love planting trees. I've planted thousands."

As he drove, he told me about a small brown animal that has moved into Texas on its own from Louisiana: the nutria. Someday, I reflected, Texas will be a paleontologist's nightmare. Some luckless scientist, studying the bones of all these exotics, will wonder wildly why they are here and how they got here. Nutria? Well, that seems natural enough. But those African beasts . . .

A little farther on, David pulled off the road near a sign that read "HISTORICAL MARKER." He told me that the sign was a near-replica of an actual Texas state historical marker, and that he had arranged to have it built and placed there to serve as the first stop for students on field trips. A few feet away was a small fenced plot, inside of which was a large tombstone. It was engraved with the words:

IN MEMORY OF MAN
2,000,000 B.C.—A.D. 20—?
HE WHO ONCE
DOMINATED THE EARTH
DESTROYED IT
WITH HIS WASTES,
HIS POISONS, AND
HIS OWN NUMBERS.

"When I took that stone and went to a stone carver and told him what I wanted on it, he said, 'Bamberger, I've made stones for canaries, cats, rabbits, dogs, horses—but this is the first time I've buried the whole human race,' " David told me. He went on, "A & M uses our place two or three times a year for a kind of course for college students. I get a lot of the elementary schools here as well, and one of the city school systems in San Antonio uses the ranch for its summer environmental studies. That's the hope of the future—to turn the tide and get back to thinking in terms of natural resources, to a kind of conservational ethic. Because I think we've had a couple of generations of wasters. The only way America will come to its senses is through some major catastrophe. Our politicians are so weak that there's no leader. We need people who have not only an inkling of conservation and environmental concerns but an ethic of work. I see people wearing these Walkmans and wired up with everything imaginable, others believing that computers are going to do all the housework and take care of all their problems." We walked over to a fence nearby, and David said, "Now, here's a piece of land, on the other side of this fence, that I left the way my ranch used to be. You see a lot of this juniper, because it does provide a wind and sun and sound barrier, but there's only one bird that will make a nest in that type of wood—the golden-cheeked warbler."

Birds or no birds, that field was very lovely, and it also led to a broad sweep of pasture beyond. Before we arrived at the ranch house, we stopped to look at a small primitive structure.

"This is my ranch office—a replica of an old German Sunday house," David said. "You see, this community was heavily German, settled by the Germans, and a house like this took the place of a hotel. The farmer or rancher who came to town with a horse and buggy to get supplies and couldn't get back before night went to a little house like this in the town. And it also gave him somewhere to stay after church on Sunday. Now, over there—see where it's been plowed up?—we have an orchard. Peaches and a few apples. And some berries and plums. We don't get cold enough and we don't get much rain, but we water it down there when it's too dry. Now we're going to drive through the corrals and meet Donna at the house."

David said of some cattle standing near the first gate we passed through that they represented the breed he was developing. "Thirty-seven and a half per cent Brahma," he said. "Brahma are a useful breed here: they can walk forever and go up and down these rocky hills. Over there are some young bulls. Twelve and a half per cent bison. Thirty-seven and a half Brahma, or zebu, twenty-five per cent Simmental, and twenty-five per cent Hereford. That's the Grassmaster breed."

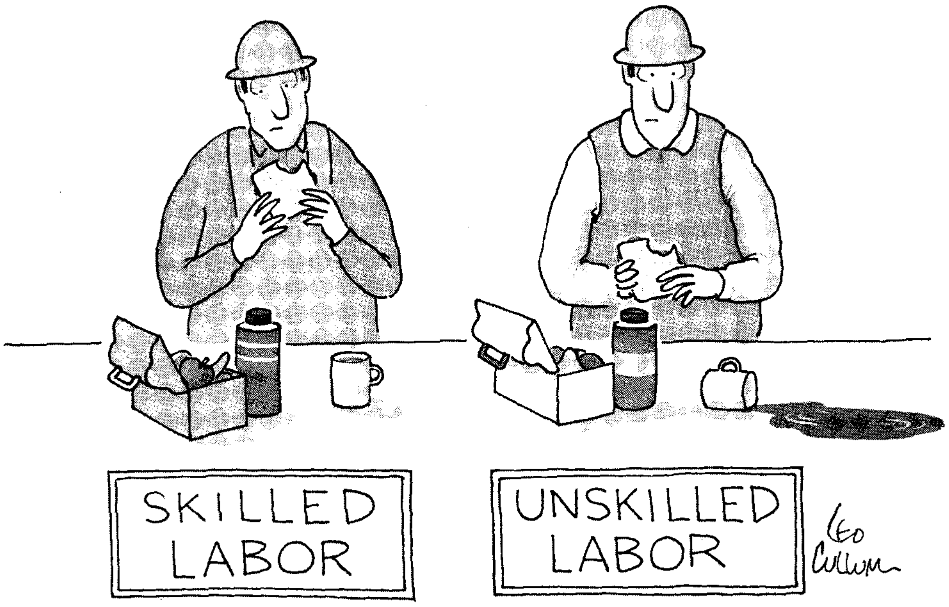
We arrived at a large one-story house set on a rise and looking out over the tops of trees. In the big kitchen was Donna Bamberger, and around the table and chair legs was the Bamberger dog, excited by Donna's preparations for lunch.

The Bambergers told me of an amazing snowstorm a few years earlier that had caught them there at the ranch. As Ohioans, they were not as amazed as many of their neighbors, but drifts of twenty inches were a strange sight there nevertheless—and were not at all familiar to the oryx.

"After all, it's a desert animal," David said.

"We had to go out on the tractor, slow, slow, to get firewood," Donna said. "We don't have central heating here."

"We might get some snow every five years or so, but not so deep," her husband said. "We have a bachelor herd of oryx, and during the storm they drove two of the new males away—wouldn't let them participate socially—and it got so cold we lost both of them. If we'd known about the storm ahead of time, we would have been pumping food into them. Now we do supplemental feeding with protein pellets in the winter. We've only lost one other oryx, after it crashed into a fence—it broke its leg in a spot where we couldn't help it. We had a bull that broke its leg, too, but we set that leg and saved it—very unusual. Today,



when you see him in the pasture you'd never know he'd had a broken leg."

"We have so many improved facilities now," Donna said. She was preparing chopped Grassmaster meat, so that I could taste it, and the dog was fascinated. "You just stop begging," she instructed it. "You know perfectly well I fed you already."

The meat was very good. As we ate, David said he was looking for someone who could help him expand his zoo activities. "If I had the chance and the help, I'd like to try my hand with another species, the dama gazelle, to improve the genes," he explained. When we were finished, he said, "Well, we've got a lot of land to cover, so we'd better be getting along. We want to see some of the oryx, don't we?"

Back in the pickup, he said, "I have two families that live on the ranch and one person who lives adjacent. We keep at least one person here on the ranch all the time just in case. There's somebody on duty every day. You don't see it, but there's work going on right now; they've been plowing and planting. We probably won't even come across them. This next place where we're going to stop is part of a conservation project. Frankly, I did it a lot for my brother and our children and grandchildren, but it's still conservation, if of an unusual sort. It's *heritage* conservation. I call it—you can see it—Hes' Country Store."

The legend was painted on a sign hanging above the porch of a wooden structure that did look exactly like a country store, all alone on the prairie. Before we went up on the porch, David explained how he had come to build it. "Twelve years ago, my mother, Hester, visited our family here," he said. "Everybody called her Hes. What you're seeing here is— Well, let me give you a little background. My mother was born in Indiana and went to Ohio to train as a nurse, and that's where she met my father and got married. As I said, Donna and I arrived here in our car with our belongings and a one-and-a-half-year-old son. I came out here to seek my fortune. Well, my mother had a very difficult time understanding how I could leave home penniless and make a success. When she came here, she looked around and said, 'How much land have you?' And I told her. At that time, it was around four or five thousand acres. In Ohio, a two-hundred-and-fifty-acre place is a very large farm. She thought about that for quite some time, and on her very last visit she said, 'Son, I have to talk to you.' So I said, 'Gosh, Mom, that's good. You want to sit here and talk?' She said, 'No, let's go outside and sit with the cows.' So we went out, and she said, 'I've got to ask you once again, how big is this ranch.' I told her. She said, 'And you have a house in the city, you have this lovely home here, all this room and these cows. Son, did you come by all this honest?' She was concerned that I'd broken some rules, it was so immense by her standards. She couldn't conceive of somebody coming down here and succeeding by hard work and smart investments and savings and being very frugal. Well, she believed me.

"And I said, 'Mom, I've got some plans for the ranch. I don't want it to be just a playground for myself and the kids. I want to do something significant—something that makes some kind of a contribution—and I want to share it.' She'd given me the Bromfield book, and I told her I wanted to do something for her like what Bromfield had done. I said, 'I'm going to build a museum, just a private museum. I'm trying to accumulate logs from rotted-away log cabins, and with these logs I intend to reconstruct a dog-run type of cabin and make a little museum, a little focal point on the ranch, so when the kids come here I can teach them a little bit about how things evolve, and so on.'

"She said to me, 'Would you like any of the things from my home?' Because she lived quite simply. As a matter of fact, when you walk in here the things you see are her world. When she died, I went back to her house, and she had taped a label on everything you see here. She'd written, 'This cradle your great-grandmother came across from Europe with,' and 'I bought this knife for twenty-five cents when I was twelve years old, to pick dandelions.' She'd left all those things. I didn't inherit anything like money. What I did inherit I keep here, and I call it heritage conservation. I tried time and time again to get started on this log-cabin thing, and people began to suspect if I wanted it that much it must have a lot of value, so prices for log cabins went up forty thousand dollars. So I went out and started tearing down slab-board buildings, and I personally selected every board you see here. This panelling went in eight years ago, even though it looks a hundred years old. It's perfectly square: everything the eyes see looks old. The floor is new and the ceiling is new. We decided to put electricity in, but you see no high lines or poles. We use this house for other purposes as well—I admit we also have some pretty good card and poker games here—but it's still a museum for show-and-tell. You see the tools and implements we used in the past? See the oil lamps? And all the kitchen utensils? This is an exact copy of an old country store. Everything here has a meaning—there isn't anything contrived. These things are a part of my mother's and my brother's and my private lives. This stove is from a turn-of-the-century Ar-

Exploring San Francisco Bay and the Sacramento Delta

Our 7-day programs focus on the cultural and natural history of the S.F. Bay area, Sacramento Delta and Sonoma/Napa Valley wine country. From Redwood City, we cruise to Sausalito, Rio Vista, Sacramento and Napa, with optional excursions to Yosemite National Park, Lake Tahoe and the Gold Country. Departing April & May, 1991.

For information, call toll-free
1-800-325-0010
or see your travel agent

138-passenger *Yorktown Clipper*
U.S. Registry

CLIPPER

7711 Bonhomme Ave. ◆ St. Louis, MO 63105 ◆ (314) 727-2929

From the kitchen of the famous
GREEN TURTLE INN . . .

- Turtle Soup Consomme
- Turtle Chowder
- Conch Chowder
- Manhattan Clam Chowder
- New England Fish Chowder
- New England Clam Chowder
- Key Lime Pie Filling

Mix or match a **6-pack (16 oz. cans)**
(includes shipping) **$14.95**

GREEN TURTLE CANNERY
P.O. Box 585, Islamorada, Florida Keys 33036
Dept. N (305) 664-9595

THE COBURG HOTEL
overlooking Hyde Park
now exquisitely refurbished with every modern convenience

SPECIAL RE-OPENING OFFER

single £72.50 + VAT
double/twin £95.00 + VAT
(inclusive of full English breakfast)

129 BAYSWATER ROAD, LONDON W2 4RJ
TEL: 071 221 2217. FAX: 071 229 0557. TELEX: 268 235.

my barracks. And these things here I use sometimes to show schoolchildren how we managed in the old days for food products. And here are axeheads, a three-thousand-year-old Indian hide scraper that we found here on the ranch—it's really meaningful to the kids who pass through here. Here's a cannonball that Santa Ana fired at the Alamo. At one time, I owned a cannon he had that I found on a piece of property I owned. It's now in a museum in San Antonio. That over there was my mother's food chopper. None of this has much money value, but the historical value is immense. Look—Mason jars. And we had this, obviously, before refrigeration—salted codfish in a box. Philip Morris cigarettes in a can. Remember these tin matchbox holders? But we had to be practical, so we put in this electric stove." It was hidden under one of the store counters. Once, David said, a woman who visited the store with a group walked away weeping, and when Donna caught up with her and asked what the trouble was the woman said, "It takes me back, that's all. It reminds me so much of my father back in Virginia."

"NOW, here's a special gate," David said when we arrived at the entrance to the ranch's four-thousand-acre game preserve. "See, it's double deep and double wide, so that the antelope we have here can't jump it. The preserve is enclosed with an eight-and-a-half-foot-high safety fence, with steel posts and wire mesh. Only one animal has managed to get away, a buffalo that was over and off before we knew it. I got rid of him. If he could get out once, he could again. See those trees? In a couple of days, they'll all be full of leaves, because we've finally had rain. Now, here's a species of tree, the Texas madrone, you find in only three places in North America: northern Mexico, New Mexico, and right here in Texas."

We pulled up in sight of a lake—a genuine lake, tree-bordered.

"I wanted to give my grandchildren a place to swim," David said, walking ahead of me down the bank. "There's a floating platform there. This water is normally very clean—you could almost drink it, really. It all comes out of springs back there in the hill that came back to life after we got to planting. The water's usually higher than this—comes up to those trees. There's a nature trail that starts up at the Center. I named it the Center because it's a center of activity. We start off at the Center and we come down to this valley, into which we've introduced all these trees. We study the trees and the birds. Eventually, this is all going to be enclosed, and I can also have wildflowers, like that one there. Here comes my wildlife manager now. Name's Randy Lenz."

Randy Lenz, a tall, brown-haired, youthful man, has been working for Bamberger for seven years. That day he talked to him about the water level of the lake. Lenz had thought it might be best to lower the level, so that construction could start on a rock wall along a section of the shoreline, and he and David discussed whether they might need the water, in light of the continuing drought. "It'll take a lot longer to get it up than it did to lower it," David said. As the men went on talking, I gathered that fish had been introduced into the lake and were doing fine, but that David had made a strict rule, for the benefit of younger members of his family, that there was to be no fishing yet. Later in the day, however, he relented and said that his grandchildren would be permitted to fish from the shore opposite the swimming platform. "If you don't watch it, the bank on our side won't be worth standing on," he explained. "Discarded bait, old hooks, stink—we've got to be careful."

Lenz said to me, "If you were here next week, we'd have lots of babies to show you, but you're a little early." He added, to Bamberger, "We have all the calving oryx in the upper pasture. The young males are in the next tract, and the young females are in the back tract. Everybody's sorted out and ready for business."

As we were leaving, Lenz mentioned a new female that they were not going to be able to breed, since the information about her genetic background was incomplete.

"Also, she was kind of ostracized," David said to me as he started the pickup. "Brought her out here, and she was used to eating pellets, but now she's standing in grass up to her knees. She's not used to eating this stuff."

A few minutes later, we arrived at the Center. It consisted of a large main building, which contained two large dormitories, a dining hall, and a conference room with an enormous fireplace, and a smaller auxiliary building for laundry and linen storage. "Each dorm in the Center will sleep twenty-four people military style, with two double bunks in a private room for chaperones," David said. "A giant patio runs along the entire east side of the main building. See, there's a rock path all the way around, designed so that people can observe the different kinds of native plants we placed outside. We accommodate everything from students to oddball societies—any group that wants to hold meetings. Everybody who has an interest in conservation or rural life is welcome to use this facility without charge." He waved a hand toward two rooms. "Here's the dining hall, and here's the kitchen. That's all they pay for—their meals. I started out saying they had to bring their own bedding, but it got difficult when we had people coming from as far away as England, so I had to get into the bedding business. This little building we're putting in here is just for storing bedding. Eventually, I'd like to operate the Center as a professional conference facility, with the proceeds subsidizing our environmental activities."

On the road again, he spoke of the area's always problematic rainfall. "I didn't want to destroy the one thing I've been so busy building up—a good ground cover of grass—so after three months of drought I thought we'd have to cut back on the livestock," he said. "We did some cutting back on the cattle, and were just ready to cut back some more when we were temporarily relieved by about six inches of rain last month. We generally have twenty-five to thirty inches a year. The difficulty is, you get about five inches at a time, or three inches, and the runoff on these rocky hills is heavy."

He stopped next to the high preserve fence and pointed out a group of oryx grazing on the other side. "This is the pasture that contains our bachelor herd, about a hundred and seventy-five acres," he said. "Those two you're looking at have been put out, ostracized by the others. It's the pecking order. They're never in the main herd. If they get close, there's always one or two in the herd that come out and drive them away."

Not far from the exiled pair, I saw about twenty white oryx with reddish-brown markings and long curving

You Can Learn To Speak A Foreign Language... in only 30 days!

FREE Language Tape

SPANISH ITALIAN FRENCH GERMAN HEBREW GREEK RUSSIAN

Would you like to be able to speak a second language? With SyberVision's proven and highly effective Pimsleur System, learning the language of your choice is effortless and it doesn't take a lot of time. There are no dull books to study. No memorizing. No grammatical rules to learn.

Guaranteed Results - Or Your Money Back!

All it takes is 30 minutes a day. Listen to the audiocassettes while driving to work, eating lunch, or relaxing at home. It's the one system you can count on for measurable results in **just one short month.** And you are *guaranteed to learn the language you want or you receive your money back!*

Hearing is Believing! Call or send for your FREE sample lesson tape today.

There is no obligation, you send no money. So don't wait a moment longer. Just complete the form below and send it to SyberVision to receive your free tape. For faster service, just pick up the phone and call us toll-free, twenty-four hours a day. There's no risk. No commitment. Order your free sample lesson now!

Call Toll-Free 1-800-777-9237

Yes! Please rush me the one FREE tape I have checked:
☐ Spanish ☐ Italian ☐ French ☐ German
☐ Hebrew ☐ Russian ☐ Greek ☐ Spanish II

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Daytime Phone # ( ) ____
Evening Phone # ( ) ____
Mail To: SyberVision Systems **Dept. 27383** 7133 Koll Center Pkwy Pleasanton, CA 94566

UCLA EXTENSION Summer 1991 in England

CAMBRIDGE/UCLA PROGRAM
Study with distinguished British scholars.

SOTHEBY'S/UCLA PROGRAM
Study with Sotheby's experts in London. For a **free** brochure, mail the coupon or call (213) 825-2085; (800) 456-BRIT (outside CA).

TRAVEL STUDY PROGRAMS
UCLA Extension
10995 Le Conte Avenue, #313
Los Angeles, CA 90024-2883
☐ Cambridge ☐ Sotheby's

Name
Address
City/State/ZIP
( )
Telephone
HL A53

KAUAI
SUNNY - POIPU

Beautiful, fully equipped 2000 sq. ft., 3BR, secluded home on lushly landscaped 1/2 acre with 40' pool. Very private, has lanai and sundeck. Walk to beaches for swimming, excellent snorkeling or just plain sunning. Golf and tennis nearby. Sleeps 9. $220.00/day.

• COLOR BROCHURE •
P.O. BOX 842 • LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA 92652

JANESVILLE® CRADLE
$250.
+$11 UPS
($14 West Coast)
Visa, MC, or Check
Free Brochure
(608) 754-0026

Solid Cherry or Solid Walnut
18" width
36" length
28" height
Allow 30 days for shipment.

Wisconsin Wagon Co.
507 Laurel
Janesville, WI 53545

THE PERFECT FITTING EXPANDABLE BRACELET
Hand Made by American Craftsmen
WOMAN'S STERLING $55 14K $495
MAN'S STERLING $55 14K $595
CHILD'S SIZE STERLING $46 STATE AGE
FREE CATALOG
VITTI ARTISANS GALLERY
since 1974
590 Valley Road
Upper Montclair
New Jersey 07043
(201) 746-1715
Major Credit Cards & Checks
Postage Included
N.J. Residents Add 7% Sales Tax

horns. The oryx were spread out in the field and calmly grazing.

“What you’re looking at now are animals that we do not support except in very extreme weather,” David said. “They are in superb physical condition and flesh. We never crowd them up so they’re walking around on bare ground or on their own feces. They’re in a large enough pasture so we’ve never had a parasite problem, never lost any animals to any kind of disease. We’ve been very successful, with a hundred per cent calf record. Every animal we’ve ever bred has produced a live calf.

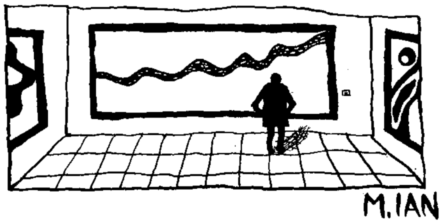
“When you do a project like this, in this kind of country, there’s something else that has to be done, and we discussed this over in Africa last month. The introduction of this animal into the Hill Country of Texas is somewhat akin to its reintroduction into the Sahara region of Africa. The population has to be educated about what’s happening. This country is inhabited by old-time, long-established families, with their sheep and goats and cattle, who are suspicious: What is Bamberger doing over there, and might not those animals, and the trucks and trailers delivering them, be bringing something that will infect our sheep and goats? So the education programs we have here on the ranch assist us in disseminating information to the community. There are still some people who are skeptical of what we’re doing, but extinct is forever, and if anybody’s got a better alternative to what we’re doing I’d like to hear about it.”

“NOW we’re going to walk over to the sifting facility,” David said. His voice took on a tinge of pride, and he went on, “People from all over the world, including conservationists from Africa, come to see it. They really get interested in these sifting plans. Our ranch engineer, Leroy Petrie, designed this setup, which allows us to handle the animals without herding them or using drugs to tranquillize them. My idea was, I wanted to create this new genetic material, but I wanted the oryx to live in the wild, and I didn’t want to have to spend thousands of dollars a year feeding animals and thousands on veterinary service.”

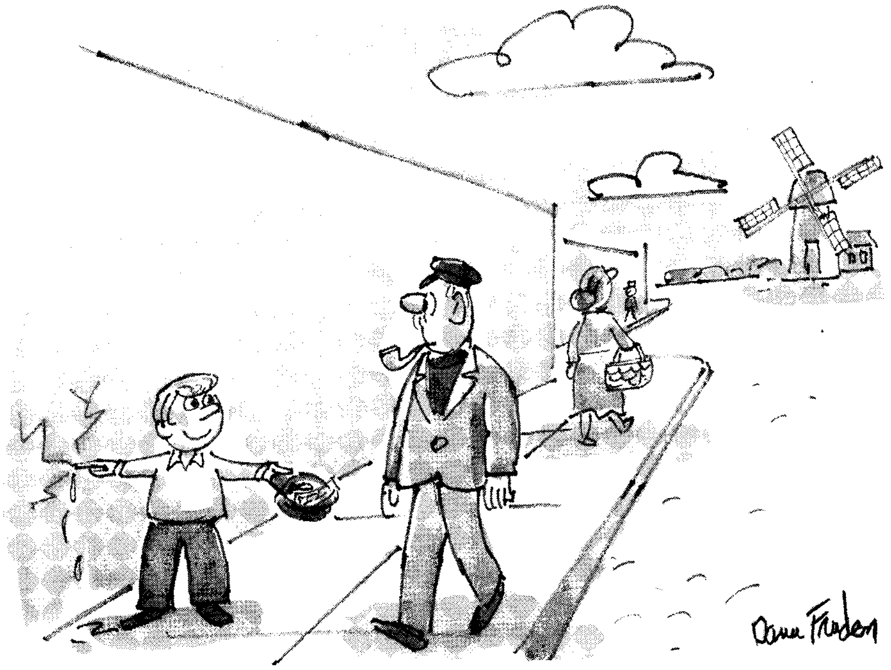
We had come in sight of an elaborate system of fences and buildings, stretching out over a large field. “We had to take precautions before the zoo community could move *any founder stock* down here, and we had to be innovative—that’s what you’re looking at. When you build these pens and fences and facilities, it costs. In this kind of country, fence of this quality costs fifteen thousand dollars a mile, and there’s also a lot of steel in facilities like this. All these pens and alleyways and gates are done with galvanized steel—even the walls—so we won’t have rust. The fencing wire is much better than the wire we use for cattle—I didn’t want to take any chances of escape to the countryside around here. We have some valuable genetic material. I didn’t, of course, want the animals injuring themselves by getting tangled up in sloppy, beat-up wire, and also I didn’t want them to mix up. I want all of them to be where we want them, so we can be very clear about who’s the mother and who’s the father.”

We went through a gate into a pasture, adjacent to the sifting facility and to a long, cone-shaped alley that led to a series of pastures farther out in the oryx preserve.

“I have a name for this pasture—I call it the Sahara,” he said. “We’ve got a bunch of new native grasses and also grass introduced from Africa. All the animals in the Sahara—there are about two dozen of them—are females that are expecting about the first of April. One of the things about them—they were in diverse groupings before we got them together. *Our species coördinator* has a propagation committee, made up of representatives of the institutions that have put the animals here in the first place. The goal is to match these animals. We’re not trying to develop large numbers as much as we are trying to develop diverse genetics. So the committee sends us these breeding plans. Last fall, we had four breeding groups. We put the females in four separate pastures, and then we took that bachelor herd and brought them in, and picked out the specific, designated male that the breeding plan said we needed to breed with these four, and the animal to breed with these seven, with these *two, and so on. When the calves are* born, we’ll tattoo the ear of each one. We have already put a tattoo in the ear of each parent, and that’s how we know exactly who the parents are. We enter it in our records system, and there can be no mistake from here on out.”



The oryx watched us from a distance as we walked slowly through the grass toward the sifting complex. “One of the biggest thrills I’ve ever had was when I first turned these animals loose into larger and larger pastures, and they could run just as fast as they wanted to and as far as they wanted to, and not be encumbered by fences,” David said. “That’s a pretty nice sight. You heard Randy say that this one female we brought here from the zoo last fall doesn’t know what to do, and it’ll take her quite some time before she learns. She won’t have to be fed by a keeper. Here my animals are truly born in the wild. They’re much more difficult to work with than the zoo animals, but they’re the material that has the greatest chance of survival, and there it is. They know how to take care of themselves. They know what to eat, how to eat, how to face the elements. When I first brought them here, most of them adapted to this natural environment within six months. That was one of the reasons the AAZPA people chose the scimitar-horned oryx for this project: they thought that it would have a good chance of being successful in this environment. The one thing that remained to be tested was whether ranchers—people like me—could be trusted to care for the animals properly. They were skeptical, and I don’t blame them—they prize their animals. But animals adapt to a new environment quicker than people do. I’ve seen people go to foreign lands and not be able to live there at all, because they wanted their supermarkets. Sometimes you do get an animal slower to adapt. But this is going to be a beehive of activity in about another week, with all the babies. It’s so interesting. At birth, they’re about twelve pounds. I’ve seen the babies get up within three minutes. We don’t always see it, but on occasion we catch ’em being born. On the whole, I’d say they’re up and walking in fifteen minutes at most. We’ve learned how to imitate the babies’ noise. I kept trying it and trying it, and I learned real good, because the mothers practically ran me



down. I have to get under my tractor to do it right, but I can get near it." He emitted a noise rather like a human infant's. "Next week, if I was out with them and did that, they'd just go bananas. When oryx fight, they bring the horn up sharp, like a scimitar—not a pretty sight. Their natural predators are leopards and lions and tigers, but here there isn't any predator they can't handle. We have some coyotes come and go, but I can assure you they don't stand a chance with these animals. Up to now, we haven't had any incidents. The worst predator is a man with a high-powered rifle and a fast-moving vehicle.

"Those animals that were brought here as founders will begin to phase out of the picture within a short time, and we will be breeding back and forth with blood that we have basically created here. Remember I said my philosophy won't let me carry more than eighty-eight animals on this six hundred and forty acres? I had a zoo director call me, a very well educated man—a Ph.D.—eight years ago, when he heard what we were going to do here. He said, 'David, when you get up to two thousand animals I want to come down there and see it.' I said, 'You'll never make it. I'll never have two thousand animals. My capacity is eighty-eight.' He said, 'I don't understand. My zoo is only thirteen acres and I have a collection of two thousand animals. You've got six hundred and forty acres and you're only going to have eighty-eight?' I said, 'Well, first thing, you don't understand the ecology of the environment I'm in. You've got a rainfall of sixty inches a year, with deep, fertile soils. I'm in a rainfall of twenty-nine inches a year, with very shallow, calcareous soil. And I don't believe in feeding. I want these animals to be free-roaming. If they're going to be introduced into the wild, we also have to develop their senses of sight and smell and hearing. These animals have been confined—kept in zoos and cages and pens—for so long their muscles are atrophied, and their senses are somewhat stifled or restricted as well.'

"What I've learned from conservation is twofold. I wanted to keep the conservation practices in effect on the rangeland, and at the same time do something for the animal to improve its chances of success. I happen to believe there *is* a connection between environment and genetics. People say that environment doesn't change the blood, but I know that it changes the character. For instance, if you keep an animal in close confinement it won't breed. I believe there are adaptations an animal makes even if its blood isn't changed. Animals do make environmental adaptations, and I can assure you that within a couple of generations the offspring of the animals you're seeing right now on my ranch are going to be slightly larger than the animals you'll find in zoos, and then they're going to have developed their senses better. And I'll tell you another thing I've noticed: they're not going to have all scrapes and bangs and rubs on them. Every animal that's ever been brought here has had scrapes and wounds and sewn-up places, but mine are going to be slick—with some exceptions, because mine are going to get bites, too. I have about seventy now, and in this group here I imagine there's about twenty-three. Twenty-two or twenty-three are going to have calves in April. See? They started to move away from us and now they've walked around us.

"Just promising four thousand acres or so to wildlife conservation isn't enough. You have to have more than an economic motive. You have to have some commitment to the idea. If I dropped dead tomorrow, my family and children would carry on just the same with this project. If they didn't and had to put out a message, 'Here, come and get your damned animals,' it would be a tragedy, because there'd be no place for them to go. That's another reason I don't want to go and breed just for numbers—because sheer numbers won't save the species from extinction. I think within five years every zoo in the country will have to get their breeding stock right here for this species. I think they're beautiful."

We had arrived at the sifting facility, and we climbed up onto a catwalk to inspect the arrangement. It looked a bit like a miniature bullfighting arena, thirty feet in diameter, surrounded by a complicated pattern of fenced passageways. With enthusiasm, Bamberger explained the geography. "We're looking down into a circular pit, so to speak," he said. "One person stays up here, looking down. From here he can operate two big sifting doors." The sifting doors were movable walls that bisected the arena. They were hung on a steel post in the center of the arena, and swung around in order to pack a herd together or to isolate an individual animal. Each of the swinging doors was fitted with two dozen very small hinged doors. The outer wall of the arena was also fitted with doors, which opened into various pastures and to a loading chute. A truck could draw up and disgorge its animals so that they had to walk down the alleyway leading to a designated door into the arena, where the movable walls could keep them separate from whatever other animals were there.

"Another man stays down in the pit,

Orvis Early Season Weighted Nymph Selection
ORVIS
Since 1856

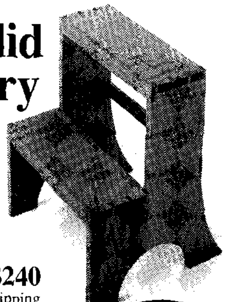
DISCOVER TROPHY TROUT

Big trout feed near the bottom . . . Get down to them with our **Orvis Weighted Nymphs**, classic imitations and guaranteed fish takers. Offer includes 8 proven nymph patterns, fleece-lined fly book, "How to Fish Them" booklet, Orvis Fishing Catalog, and $3.00 gift certificate good on your first order. ALL FOR $9.00. **Call toll-free 1-800-548-9548.**

Route 7A
Manchester, VT 05254

☐ Enclosed find $9.00. Send the Orvis Weighted Nymph Selection, Orvis Catalog, and $3.00 Gift Certificate.
☐ Send FREE Catalog only. NYN4

Name ______
Address ______
______ Zip ______



Solid Cherry Library Step Stool

$240
includes shipping
16" x 15" x 20"

Dana Robes
Wood Craftsmen
PO Box 707-NY9
Enfield, NH 03748
603-632-5385

Dana Robes Wood Craftsmen

Catalog $4.00
MasterCard & Visa

Blue Note™
WORLDS FINEST JAZZ CLUB 131 W. 3rd ST. 475-8592

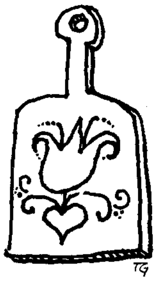
STANLEY JORDAN TRIO
with Charnet Moffet, Kenwood Dennard
Tue thru Sun Jan 22-27 at 9 & 11:30
Third Show Fri & Sat 1:30am

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.
Jan 29 - Feb 3

Latin Jazz Festival
TITO PUENTE & MONGO SANTAMARIA
Feb 5-10
RAY BARRETO & DAVE VALENTIN
Feb 12-17

WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

protected from the animals by the movable walls," David said. "This pit, or circle, has six large doors, leading to various places." He pushed one of the movable walls so that it swung around. "Outside the arena is a curved passageway. The curve prevents an animal that's being taken away again from seeing the loading chute and the truck, because if he does he won't go any farther. See, there are little doors at various heights along the movable walls, so that you can reach any part of the animal you need to—his ear, or his hoof. And you can put the two walls close together, so he can't move, if you need to medicate him. You don't want to let him use those horns. I tell you, zoo people are green with envy when they see this. You can turn animals into a certain passageway and they'll go out into the pasture where we want them. And the big advantage is, you can cut out the one you need and get it on its own. If you were the San Diego Zoo and you said, 'Send me Animal L, produce of BA, offspring of C and D,' and Animal L is in a pasture with anything from one to ten other animals, we can't go out there and say, 'Hey, Animal L, come on!' We let the whole group work its way into a central alleyway, which goes on for almost half a mile and gets wider and wider. You don't drive wild animals, or rush them, because you don't want them to panic. All those gates lead into narrower pastures. We let the animals go into the bigger pastures, then smaller and smaller, until they find themselves in the sifting pit. In the end, there are a few jumping around, trying to climb out, and our job is to close the two movable doors and squeeze those few together, and then we can pick out Animal L."



As we came out of the pit, a single oryx in a fenced plot near the road followed us on its side of the wire.

"One of the men you saw on that TV program is responsible for that animal's being here," David said. "I'll call him Smith. In this place, everything depends on the makeup of a particular species, the animal's background. San Diego had a particular animal that we needed for our program. They agreed to contribute it to the founder stock here at the ranch. Smith happened to be in San Diego, and they commissioned him to bring that animal here. We know our geography well enough to realize that you don't come here from San Diego via St. Louis, but that is what he did. It took him three weeks to get this animal here, instead of three days. Now that it's arrived, there's confusion. Nobody knows if it's the same animal that left San Diego or not. It's against my principles to keep that animal in a cage, but what can I do? It's not breeding, it's not doing anything—we can't allow an animal with unknown genetic material in this program. And why did Smith take three weeks? He claimed that he couldn't reach me. I produced my telephone bills proving that I reached him. Twice. Did the animal die while he was up there? Did he substitute that one?"

The oryx stared after us as we drove away.

David spoke again about the pregnant females. "I've served notice to the zoos that I'll be reaching my carrying capacity when the new calves are born, and that there will be no more breeding after this unless I can sell the surplus animals that accrue to my account. I'm going to do everything I can to place them with conservationists, people who are interested in wildlife preservation. As a member of AAZPA, I cannot, and will not, sell to game ranches for hunting, but eventually some of the offspring of the animals I sell are going to go to game ranches. When that happens, I'd like to see a game rancher buy maybe three or four, transport them to his game ranch, and turn them loose—some of the ranchers have five, ten thousand acres. Turn them loose, but don't do it one day and have a hunter looking at them the next. Look, there's an oryx boxing a tree. Why the hell would a hunter want to ride out there in a jeep and pick him off? Sitting up there to pick off an animal—that I don't understand. But to be turned loose in a thousand or two thousand acres, and to be told, 'There's two or three of them in here,' and to be given some jerky or a sandwich, or whatever, and a shelter, and left there for two or three days stalking and hunting, looking for an animal that's been free for a year or more: the feeling of matching yourself against the elements and the animal—that would be worth it."

—EMILY HAHN

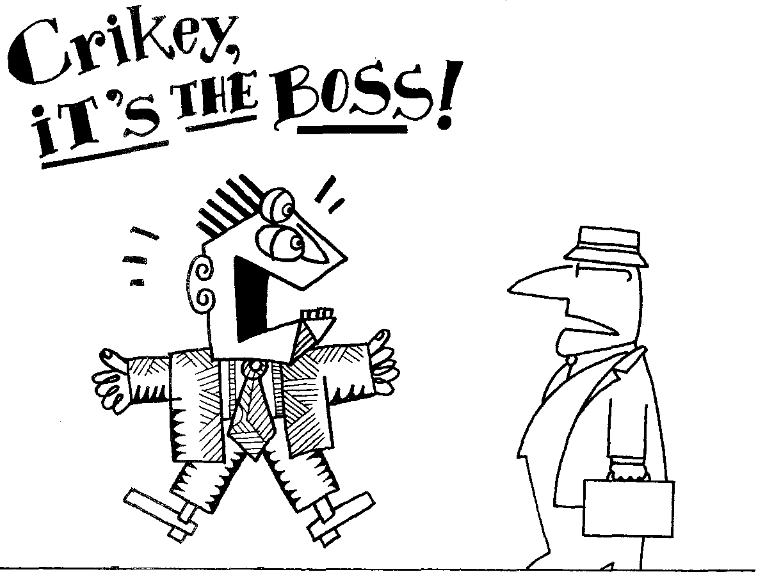
THE THEATRE

Return Engagement

THE Roundabout's revival of "The Country Girl," by Clifford Odets, is as engaging as most of its predecessors. The play, now forty years old, tells the story (in case you need reminding) of a former leading man, now a hopeless drunk; his steadfast and much younger wife; and an ardent director, who is sure he can reform the actor and reclaim him. Director gets the idea that wife is impeding actor's career, and persuades her to leave him (we are in the midst of a Boston tryout); actor goes off on tremendous binge; director realizes injustice to wife, confesses his mistake and his love for her; husband is terror-struck at thought of desertion; and wife decides, partly against her inclinations (she is fed up), to allow the status to remain quo.

A romantic plot indeed—it's like a cross between "A Star Is Born" and "Candida"—and a theatre about theatre. Karen Allen is marvellous in the title role, and Paul McCrane and David Rasche are fine as misled director and bibulous star. But for me even a performance as satisfying as this one is bound to be haunted by Uta Hagen, magnificent and indelible in the original production, and by Bing Crosby, whose every instinct, every movement was revealing in the very good 1954 movie version. I also happen to be haunted, and not for the first time, by a review—in this case, unfavorable—by Wolcott Gibbs. He said here in 1950, "The corrosive effect of drunkenness on talent has always had a strong attraction for writers, who are, generally speaking, suckers for romantic ruins, and Clifford Odets, usually preoccupied with more cosmic matters, has brought the subject up again in 'The Country Girl,' at the Lyceum." Brendan Gill, reviewing a revival in 1972, seemed to dislike the play more than Gibbs did. Yet Gibbs described Miss Hagen as "superb," and Gill's adjective for Maureen Stapleton in the same role (wish I'd seen her) was "splendid." It seems to me there is much to be said for a dramatist who can invent characters that can so captivate and convince an audience time after time through the years. My attention, to say nothing of my feelings, never wavered. That this should be so is also the doing of Kenneth Frankel, who directed the play; of Hugh Landwehr, who set it; and of Geraldine Leer, Stephen Mendillo, Jim Abele, Henry LeBlanc, and George Morfogen, in supporting roles. By the way, I noticed for the first time what a period piece "The Country Girl" is: people backstage address one another as Mr. and Mrs. (in the theatre nowadays, last names are rarely acknowledged, much less used), and nobody seems to have an agent. The production will run through February 10th.

—EDITH OLIVER


Crikey, it's the BOSS!

"Damn it, Edmondson, must we go through this every morning?"

MACKINAW WOOL VEST

This is the classic Mackinaw wool vest selected from our wide range of outdoor clothing from Filson. Pure 26 oz. Mackinaw wool cloth, handwarmer pockets, an upper utility pocket and pencil pocket. Warmth, comfort, and dependability in a marvelous wind resistant long wearing wool. Made in U.S.A.

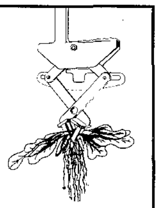
Available in a large check in red/black or gray/black, or solid in gray or forest green.

No. 20 Mackinaw Wool Vest
Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 **$56.00**
46, 48, 50 **$58.00**

State size and color. Add $3.00 for handling. Check, Mastercard, Visa, Optima or American Express. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for our unique catalog. Visit our store when in the Seattle area. For orders and inquiries telephone **(206) 485-2132.**

David Morgan
11812 Northcreek Pky. N., Suite 103, Bothell, WA 98011

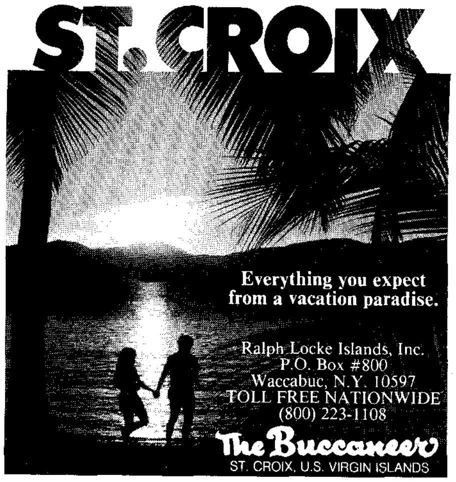
BACK-SAVER WEEDR™



THE Stand-Up, Selective Weeder That Works!

Squeeze, step, pull...out comes the weed, root and all. No back-bending, no chemicals, no big hole in lawn. Neat and safe. Gardener tested and guaranteed.

Order direct, $39.95 postpaid
1-800-633-8772 or write for catalog of *BACK-SAVER* tools Rugg Mfg. Co.,
105 Newton St, Greenfield, MA 01301



Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108

The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

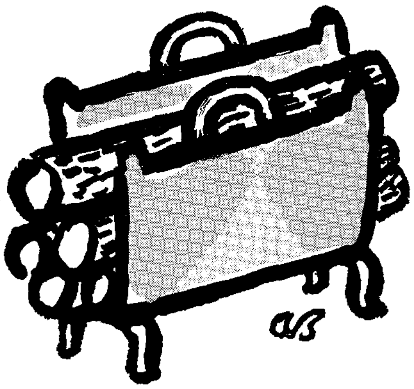
LETTER FROM TOKYO

THERE is no throne in the Japanese imperial household, no crown is worn, and there is no empire over which to preside. What is usually called, nonetheless, either the enthronement or the coronation of Akihito as the hundred-and-twenty-fifth emperor of Japan took place over a period of weeks in November and December, and was a remarkably plain, joyless, and matter-of-fact event. None of the ceremonies evoked anything like the intensity of feeling that had greeted the passing of Akihito's father, Hirohito, almost two years earlier. At this point, the Chrysanthemum Throne, as it is called, may be merely the world's most examined monarchical institution. Everyone in Japan has an opinion about the role of the emperor and whether it is important to maintain the imperial system, about the wartime responsibility of Hirohito, and about whether Akihito represents a certain continuity in Japanese life or a clean break with the past. These issues began to surface when Hirohito was known to be barely clinging to life, and they were much discussed at the time of his death, on January 7, 1989, and the time of his funeral, which took place more than a month later. As Akihito's accession approached, they were revived, and new questions were raised, but by then most Japanese seemed to have lost all the feeling they had had about such things; it was as if these recent ceremonies were an entirely separate and less important matter.

The oddities have been almost too numerous to mention. As Hirohito lay dying, the Kunaicho, the Imperial Household Agency, gave out statistics on the Emperor's condition—pulse, temperature, volume of blood given him—so relentlessly that it became almost nonsensical. It announced bowel movements, ingestions of arrowroot starch, and moments when the Emperor was able to suck on tiny ice cubes. Yet it was a wrenching disclosure when, in September, 1988, the agency announced what everyone had long suspected: that Hirohito was suffering from pancreatic cancer. And there was a strange scene at the funeral, which was held outdoors: officials had to interrupt the ceremony at one point to block a Shinto ritual from public view, and hundreds of assembled dignitaries were left staring at a blank barrier in a driving, freezing rain.

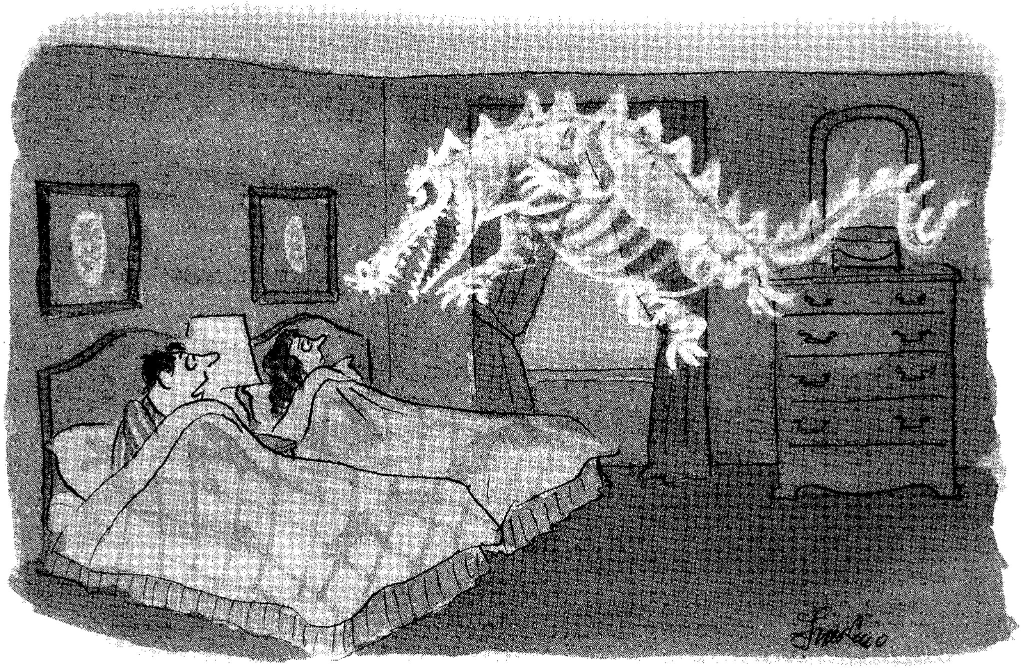
The Japanese have been feeling their way during the past two years. No one has known quite how an imperial transition should proceed, partly because it has been sixty-two years since the nation last experienced such an event. There is no one left in a position of authority who can remember the death of Emperor Taisho, Hirohito's father, in 1926, and the young Crown Prince's declaration of the Showa era—the era of "enlightened peace"—two years later. Managing and interpreting Hirohito's funeral rituals, and the dozens of ceremonies involved in Akihito's accession, has been all the harder because the Kunaicho, which guards the royal family with unconcealed jealousy, has insisted on maintaining secrecy about many details of the procedures. In Hirohito's final months, there was even confusion over how people should feel and act. That was the period of *jishuku*, or self-restraint, when harvest festivals and office parties were cancelled and weddings postponed, and the season's sumo champion had no victory parade. A newspaper reported that a Tokyo department store with ties to the imperial family had withdrawn red fish paste, a celebratory food, from its shelves; the store spokesman denied the story, saying that supplies had simply run out. *Jishuku* was a curious phenomenon; great sadness at the outset was quickly followed by an undercurrent of resentment, and a widespread sense that the only thing sustaining *jishuku* was fear among the Japanese of being seen not to conform.

During that period, dozens of commentators emerged to offer their views of the imperial family and the institution it represents, and they have been with us, off and on, ever since. Some have appeared at officially sponsored talks for the benefit of foreigners, and others have explained their ideas on television for consumption by the Japanese. A few have stood on their own soapboxes, or have operated as spokesmen for one private group or another. They have disagreed on any number of points, but what comes through most often in conversations with these commentators is a view of the last two years as marking an important transition in the way the Japanese think about themselves. For more than a quarter of a century, Japan has been looking for an event through which to declare the end of the postwar era. The Olympic Games held in Tokyo in 1964, which was also the year Japan became a member of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, were supposed to be such an event. Then there was the *sengo seiji no so kessan*, or "postwar stocktaking," which was proposed by Yasuhiro Nakasone when he became Prime Minister, in 1982, and was intended to establish a new set of national goals. In 1985 came *endaka*, the start of the yen's dramatic rise in value against other world currencies, which was seen as a milestone. But none of these events really took hold as historical markers—chiefly, I suspect, because you can't simply declare a deep change in national consciousness.



Hideaki Kase, an author who has been an adviser to two Prime Ministers and is an outspoken proponent of the monarchy in its purest form, was among the first to suggest that the imperial transition was a key moment. When I first met him, Kase was disputing the standard translation of the Japanese word *tenno*, asserting that it did not mean "emperor" so much as "priest-king." Akihito, just like Hirohito before him, would be "a man, between Heaven and earth, half god and half man," Kase said. That is how the emperor was described during the prewar era, when Shinto, which had previously been made up of a variety of folk beliefs, was formalized and declared the state religion.

My meeting with Kase came about following an appearance he made at the Foreign Correspondents' Club, a few days after the announcement that Hirohito had cancer. An assembled crowd of diplomats, journalists, business executives, and scholars listened in stunned



"It's the ghost of that pocketbook I gave you for Christmas."

silence as Kase delivered a long, rambling speech, which began with three images from the Emperor's past: Hirohito in uniform, astride a white horse; Hirohito in a morning suit with General Douglas MacArthur in an open-necked shirt, shortly after the Japanese surrender; and Hirohito in civilian clothes and a white laboratory gown, pursuing his postwar interest in marine biology. Kase seemed to have borrowed the images from well-known photographs of the Emperor; for him, they told the story of Japan's passage during the Showa era from militarism, through defeat, to postwar pacifism. "As long as he lives, we will be spellbound by that image of him—the MacArthur image," Kase told his audience. "The spiritual power the emperor exercises over us is very formidable, but the passing of the Showa era means that many people will be liberated from that spell. Akihito has never worn a military tunic, thanks to his father. He is free of the stigma of the militarist era. Therefore, I expect the new emperor to free us from the burden of 1945, and from the international shame we suffered in that year. Depending on the international environment, we may be able to revise the victor-imposed constitution and to realize a truly independent Japanese nation. I wouldn't expect this change to come quickly, but I expect the national psychology to be liberated from the bitter memory of 1945."

It was a remarkable speech, as many of those present agreed afterward. Kase was an unabashed spokesman for Japan's right-wing nationalists, who do not often reveal themselves publicly. He characterized the Meiji Restoration of 1868, when Japan emerged from its long feudal era, and the emperor was brought back from centuries of obscurity, as "an effort to modernize Japan against Western colonialism, to safeguard the country by modernizing it." He provided the first description most of us had heard of the *daijosai* ceremony—the Shinto ritual in which the new emperor is believed to commune with gods and to be transformed into one. Kase's most notable comments, however, were those on the constitution, which were an implicit critique of the article in it that denies Japan the right to wage war except in defense of its own islands. When I questioned Kase about this afterward, he became, I thought, purposely and bitterly provocative. "We are a great nation. We should be allowed to maintain our armed forces and retain the right to repulse our aggressors," he said. "Of course, as long as American taxpayers are happy to bear the burden of defending us, I'm happy to let them enjoy themselves. Let American young men shed their blood in our behalf."

Kase had argued for a strict traditional interpretation of the emperor's place in Japanese society, and for a clean slate on the question of Japan's responsibility as the aggressor in the Pacific war. Not only was the imminent transition to a new era the first in more than six decades; it was also the first since Hirohito, a few months after the surrender in 1945, shocked the nation by denying his divinity, and did so in a national radio broadcast that was the first time most Japanese had heard the emperor's voice. In effect, Kase was calling for a restoration, and he was not alone in doing so.

By then, I had met Seisuke Okuno, a right-wing Cabinet minister who had been forced from office earlier in 1988 for publicly defending Japan's invasion of China in 1931. I saw him during Hirohito's illness, and he told me, "The present emperor was installed before the war and before the constitution. Even though he no longer enjoys the same trappings, he is still, in my view, the emperor as the emperor was previously established. He still represents the authority, the dignity, and the majesty of the Japanese state." Around that time, I also met Toshiro Mayuzumi, a noted composer, who devotes a lot of his time at home to a group of young followers not unlike the group that gathered around the novelist Yukio Mishima before he committed seppuku, in 1970. "The modern world is stuck in the rut of materialism," Mayuzumi said after classes at the Tokyo National University of Music and Fine Arts, where he teaches composition. "Japan is also modern, but too many people look only forward. Our national religion is animist—it is based on our agricultural past—and it is the *tenno's* function to transmit the people's feelings to nature. Only in Japan do these primitive feelings remain. We should look back to our own primitive age. Modernity has its tragic side."

Over the past two years, it has become apparent that those who hold views such as Kase's have been locked in a kind of ideological battle with the conservative élite that governs Japan. The two groups have much in common. Rightist intellectuals claim—accurately, I think—that their views

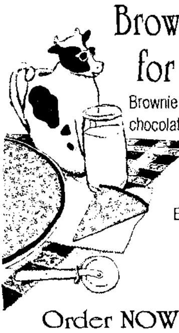
Pleasures few will know.

A private white-sand beach. Marina. Tennis, diving and watersports. Beachfront dining. All in an exquisite resort that equals the beauty of our incredible reefs. With only 67 luxurious rooms, our number of guests are limited. And all our guests enjoy unlimited pleasures.

HARBOUR VILLAGE
BEACH RESORT • BONAIRE • DUTCH CARIBBEAN

For more information, see your travel agent or call 1-800-424-0004.

Brownies With Pizzazz for Valentine's Day



Brownie Pizzazz, a decadently rich, moist white chocolate-glazed pizza pan brownie, topped with almond bar crunch. Presented in a gaily decorated pizza box, Brownie Pizzazz is great for gift giving and all your Season's Eatings.

Deep Dish Brownie Pizzazz..$27.95
Net wt. 43 oz. (2 lb. 11 oz.)
(Add $4.00 for Hawaii and Alaska)

Order NOW for Valentine's Day
Call TOLL FREE To Place Orders Or For Free Catalog of Other Fine Delicacies
1-800-258-TART
The Well Dressed Tart
Dept. NY, 137 Main Street
Underwood, MN 56586
MC/VISA Accepted

NAGEN • DEWEY
BUY • SELL • APPRAISE
OLD NAVAJO TEXTILES
SINCE 1975
1 • 800 • 262 • 8256
ON THE PLAZA SANTA FE

on the emperor and on the restrictions imposed by the postwar constitution are quietly shared by many government officials and many politicians within the ruling Liberal Democratic Party. Japan's restiveness in its relations with the United States in recent years is a broad indicator of how the Party's attitude has strengthened. It's significant, too, that the government gave the Kunaicho, which is dominated by fiercely nostalgic remnants of Japan's prewar nobility, a fairly free hand in organizing the events that led up to Akihito's accession, despite the Kunaicho's tendency to ignore the constitutionally mandated separation of religion from the state. For much of the past two years, Kunaicho officials have quietly shunted Akihito around to a variety of religious and quasi-religious rituals. There were forty such events last year alone, among them the presentation of gifts at the tomb of Jimmu, the mythical first emperor (on January 25th), the purification of shrine sites (on August 2nd), the harvesting of ceremonial rice (on September 28th), and the *daijosai* (on November 22nd). Of a total of ninety-five million dollars spent on Akihito's accession, the Kunaicho was allowed to allocate slightly more than seventeen million to the *daijosai*—a violation of the constitution which has given rise to complaints by many ordinary Japanese but has left the nation's traditionalists pleased.

The battle of ideas has been beneath the surface, and the issue between the government and the unbending traditionalists is partly one of tactics, the former having concluded, apparently, that the imperial image has to be altered if the institution is to survive. Almost from the moment of Hirohito's death, it seems to me, the Tokyo bureaucracy has been, if not exactly selling the emperor and the imperial system, trying to popularize them for consumption overseas and for generations of Japanese who, as Kase said, have no memory of Hirohito's prewar years. Think of the most often noted features of the new monarch's life: his early tutoring by an American Quaker, his marriage to a commoner, his use of colloquial Japanese. In contrast to his father, who was always seen as a distant figure in the Confucian mold, Akihito, who is fifty-seven, has been gradually making himself more and more accessible to the Japanese public, as if he were testing the limits set by his Kunaicho minders. In conversation, officials usually encourage popular comparisons between the British Royal Family and that of Akihito and Empress Michiko. During the four days of Akihito's accession rites, from the twelfth to the fifteenth of November, the Japanese television networks, including the state-controlled NHK, seemed almost obsessed with the presence of Prince Charles and Lady Diana. When Akihito appeared in public during those days, his Japanese-made limousine was replaced by a Rolls-Royce just like the one used by Queen Elizabeth.

On November 21st, the eve of Akihito's *daijosai* ritual, I went to see Hideaki Kase again, and he picked up the conversation as if only a few moments had elapsed since we last spoke. "I'm sorry to say that Akihito is going in the wrong direction," he said bluntly. "He's trying to project the image of a Western monarch—we can assume on the British model—which I think is totally mistaken. Royal houses in the West are basically families of entertainers. You could say that Elizabeth is the Pope of the Church of England, but she doesn't perform any of the rites herself. She isn't an intermediary between Heaven and earth, as the Roman Pope is. In the East, holy people are not to be seen in public. This year, last year, Akihito has shaken hands with young people; he has allowed his second son to marry while his older son, the Crown Prince, is still a bachelor. This is grossly wrong. We expect members of the imperial family to be the guardians of Japanese tradition. That's their role. I'd like to see Akihito go back to Kyoto and live in seclusion. Instead, they're trying to be modern monarchs, competing with film and TV stars."

THE past two years have been, among many other things, a long lesson in the importance Japan places on imagery and the surface of things. Images offered to the public, even small ones, are manipulated to signal shifts in policy or in the official view of events. The imperial transition has been so full of carefully managed images that the proceedings have had an unmistakable air of theatricality. (Fernando Mezzetti, who writes about Japan for the Turin newspaper *La Stampa*, and who spent many years

Kremlin-watching in Moscow before moving to Tokyo, called the accession "a combination of *kabuki* and operetta.") A few scenes have been surprising. During Akihito's accession, for instance, many young Japanese were offended by some of the parades sponsored by neighborhood chapters of the Liberal Democratic Party, because they featured *chochin*, paper lanterns carried on poles, which have not been seen in any number since the war, when they were used to celebrate the imperial Army's overseas victories. Nor did Prime Minister Toshiki Kaifu win universal approval when he stood before Akihito at the accession ceremony, on November 12th, and, with hands raised, shouted "*Tenno heika banzai!*"—"May Your Majesty live ten thousand years!" For many Japanese, this phrase was another unwelcome reminder of the war.

In the end, official Japan sent out a very mixed assortment of images, and the mixture indicated—probably without meaning to—the lines along which those arguing about the future of the imperial institution have been divided. Two details—neither especially significant—neatly summed this up for me. One appeared up in the *Yomiuri Shimbun* under the headline "THE EMPEROR'S TABLE." Reporting on one of the many imperial banquets held in November, the story talked about a first course of marinated seafood, and went on, "Next came roast beef with asparagus, accompanied by broccoli, spring onions and cherry tomatoes, followed by a Japanese dish known as 'chawanmushi'—an egg soup containing sliced shark fin and the rare 'dancing' mushroom." A few days after that multi-cultural menu was served, Akihito went to the Ise Shrine, the most important Shinto site in Japan, to report to his ancestors on the successful completion of his ritual observances. The new emperor's procession was led by a group of Shinto priests dressed in long white robes. Behind them came Akihito in a European-style carriage, which was attended by footmen in eighteenth-century English livery.

What seems important now is not the mismatches, some of which date to the early Meiji period, but the fact that a new imperial imagery is gradually supplanting the old. Official Japan has given up nothing over the past two years that it has not had to give up, and it has split hairs on the question of

Direct

From The New Yorker
Reader Services

Timely Information ♦

Special Promotions ♦

Retail Locations ♦

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1•800•622•5456

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection. ☎ 30198

Scandinavian
SKI & SPORTSHOP ☎ 30159

LANDAU
The World's Most Beautiful Woolens ☎ 30108

WINDSOR COURT HOTEL
NEW ORLEANS ☎ 30192

Merrill Lynch
A tradition of trust. ☎ 30195

PENTAX
IQZoom105 Super
European Compact Camera of the Year ☎ 30092

WHITMAN & EVANS
ART INVESTMENTS ☎ 30026

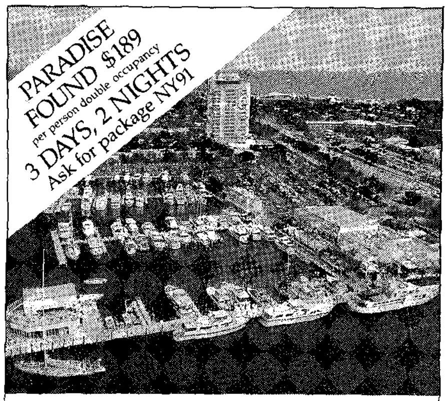
STOUFFER
GRAND BEACH
RESORT
ST. THOMAS ☎ 30044

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books ☎ 30038

LA MANCHA®
Private Pool Villas ☎ 30117

TOYOTA ☎ 30000

Advertisement



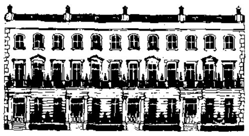
DON'T BOOK A HOTEL ROOM WHEN YOU CAN BOOK A RESORT.

Treat yourself to a beautiful hotel room in the middle of our 22-acre, lush, tropical resort. Enjoy our dazzling pool oasis, tennis courts, a full service spa and 7 fabulous restaurants including a hot nightclub. Only 5 minutes from the airport.

Pier Sixty-Six
RESORT & MARINA
2301 S.E. 17th St. Causeway,
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33316
(305) 525-6666, in U.S.A. (800) 327-3796

WINTHROP Hotels & Resorts · FOUR DIAMOND AWARD 1991 · PREFERRED HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

"the original townhouse hotel"



NUMBER SIXTEEN

"stylish and aesthetically pleasing"

16 SUMNER PLACE
LONDON
SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Tel.: 071-589 5232
Fax: 071-584 8615
GRANFEL
A FIRST CLASS TRADITION

Laraine K. Inc
HAND MADE IN USA

103 Godwin Ave.
Midland Park, NJ 07432
Brochure Available
(201) 848-1747
(201) 891-8734

14K Gold Jeweled Menagerie

Cat-1¾"-Sapphire Eyes/Diamond Nose-$550
Teddy-1"-Emerald Eyes-$285 Cheetah-1⅞"-Emerald Eye-$400
add $3.50 for shipping/handling • VISA/MC/CK/MO • N.J. residents add 7% tax

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure: Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX Scotland. Tel: 44 63174 227. Fax: 44 63174 342.

religion and state whenever it could, but a new reality is clumsily beginning to take shape. Kaifu may have rendered his "*Banzai!*" to Akihito just as it was done in 1928, but it was noticed, too, that he did so in a morning suit, not a kimono, and that he augmented his salutation with a phrase that made it mean, with typical Japanese ambiguity, "Ten thousand lives in honor of today's ceremony!"

Two weeks before the *daijosai* ceremony, Tatsutoshi Komori, a Socialist Party member of the Diet, submitted five questions to the speaker of the Diet's lower house. In the second he quoted a prewar textbook that described the *daijosai* as "a divine event at which the emperor is unified with the Oogimi"—the greatest Shinto god—"and it is made clear that Japan is a divine nation." Would it be possible, Komori asked, "to explicitly deny such an old definition, and if so, what changes would be made in this year's *daijosai*?" When the answers came, two days before the *daijosai* was enacted, they made no reference to changes, and they were cast in the indirect language characteristic of the Kunaicho. "It is noticed that there was the description that you pointed out," the response went, "but it is believed that it was due to the special circumstances of the time." On television that evening, a news announcer made the point more precisely. In a single sentence tucked in just before the weather report he said, "A government spokesman stated officially today that Emperor Akihito would not be transformed into a god during the upcoming *daijosai* ceremony." I remember thinking then, It has taken forty-five years, but they've finally done it.

I had never thought that there would be any substantial movement on the equally important question of Hirohito's role in planning and prosecuting the Pacific war. The evidence of Hirohito's culpability as a party to the war effort, even if he was not involved in the policymaking process, had always seemed ample enough to me, but the question had been highly charged with politics and emotion for so long that I assumed it would never be resolved—that it had long ago passed far beyond matters of fact. To put it another way, as an American friend here did not long ago, postwar Japan's leadership had simply ruled out a serious examination of the Showa era's history. But sometime in the months after Hirohito was entombed Japan seemed to reach for a new consensus on how it would treat the late emperor's past. As recently as last January, Hitoshi Motoshima, the outspoken mayor of Nagasaki, was shot by a right-wing zealot, because a year earlier he had suggested that Hirohito, along with all the other Japanese who lived through the war, bore partial responsibility for it. By the middle of last year, however, scholars, community groups, and veterans in different parts of the country were beginning to gather diaries and other documents, to launch research projects, and to record testimony with a view to revising the official version of history. Over the summer, the *Japan Times*, an English-language newspaper, ran a sixteen-part series on the phenomenon, under the title "Facing the Past," and the *Mainichi Shimbun*, a national daily, concurrently published a similar series in twelve parts. This informal revisionism seemed to culminate during Akihito's accession, when *Bungei Shunju*, a prominent monthly magazine, published a long account of Hirohito by the late Hidenari Terasaki, who had been a wartime diplomat and then had worked as a translator and a courier for the Emperor during the occupation. Terasaki's daughter had found a record of Hirohito's conversations among her father's papers after his death. Terasaki left the issues of guilt and responsibility alone, and concentrated on the Emperor's personality. Though there has long been reason to believe that Hirohito's persona was essentially reinvented after the war, few Japanese have questioned his image as a kindly dodderer who wore a porkpie hat and simple suits, and loved most of all the biology laboratory he had built on the imperial grounds. Terasaki pictured him, instead, as a petty and mean-spirited man, intimately involved in political intrigue during the war and the immediate postwar years, and full of contempt for many national leaders. The piece, which ran to a hundred and seventy pages, has been the talk of Tokyo since it came out; the January edition of the magazine, published in mid-December, was given over entirely to scholarly analyses of what Terasaki had said.

Not long after the accession ceremony, I visited Seizaburo Sato, a political scientist who is active in conservative causes and, through one of Tokyo's many private research institutes, remains close to the Liberal Democratic Party. "It was simple, sophisticated, extremely aesthetic, serene, and quiet," Sato said of the event. "It was neither gorgeous nor rhythmical. There was no music. Everything was just as had been expected—no more, no less."

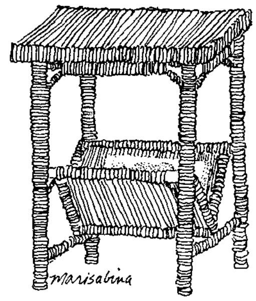
"I watched the ceremony myself," I said. "I couldn't help wondering whether, for the first time, Japan has an emperor who doesn't believe in his own status."

"I don't understand what you're saying," Sato said.

We turned to other subjects. Then Sato suddenly went back to the new emperor's appearance, which was serene but uninvolved. To me he often looked, during his various ceremonies, as if he wanted to fold back his kimono and check his watch. "Is it really necessary for a public figure to believe in the essence of the ceremony he performs?" Sato said. "To follow the ritual is enough. The issue you raise is not something that's on my mind. I don't care about it. My answer is 'I don't know. It doesn't matter.' "

"It doesn't?"

"Japan is a nation-state. Every nation-state needs its fictions to unite people," he said. "You Americans have your fictions—the Constitution, democracy, 'the American dream,' 'the American way of life.' The emperor system is also a kind of fiction."

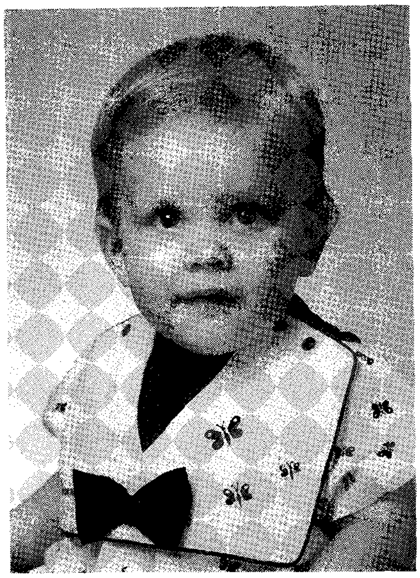


"That's different from what was believed during the last imperial transition," I said. "What else has changed?"

"One remarkable thing is that when Taisho passed away, and Showa was enthroned, no foreign dignitaries came—only diplomats stationed in Tokyo," Sato said. "This time, more than a hundred and sixty foreign dignitaries came. But this is natural. Japan is a powerful nation."

Two other keepsakes from the imperial rites: On the afternoon of Hirohito's funeral, I watched crews from NHK in iridescent rain gear set up cameras on either side of the large proscenium erected in Meiji Gyoen, a large park in Tokyo. On television later in the afternoon, there was a long shot as each foreign leader approached the Emperor's bier, but the picture cut to a closeup only if the dignitary bowed before the coffin, in observance of Japanese custom. As each guest walked back, the first camera showed him again, this time with an NHK commentary. A typical commentary was the one on the President of Brazil. "Here we see the President of the Federative Republic of Brazil, Mr. José Sarney," the voice-over said. "While he is in Tokyo, President Sarney will also be attempting to renegotiate part of his country's debt to Japan, which totals more than sixteen billion dollars."

Twenty-one months later, at Akihito's accession, guests were separated by more than two hundred feet of empty space from the platform on which the Emperor and Empress sat, and were also about four feet below it. In addition, the royal couple's seats were elevated three and a half feet above the platform. (When Hirohito acceded, his seat was elevated to a height of almost twenty feet.) The ceremony lasted just half an hour, and only people who craned their necks could see any of it. An old ritual calling for the emperor to kick three times a small globe that had been placed at his feet—a gesture signifying the Japanese monarch's supreme place in the universe—was eliminated from the proceedings this time, but it would have been a curiously apt moment. I have never been able to decide whether most of the leaders who attended either the funeral or the accession, George Bush among them, understood what their presence meant to Japan. There were awkward moments, certainly, and there were commotions in countries with longer memories than ours. When Hirohito died, the headlines in London started with "HIROHITO TAKES HIS GUILT TO THE GRAVE" (in the *Sunday Telegraph*) and went downhill from there, and Australia refused to send a ranking official to his funeral. But the reaction of indebted nations was often very different. I was sometimes tempted to guess the extent of a country's hard-currency reserves by the solemnity of



Children's Photographs from $75.00

Bachrach

Photographers since 1868

We're Now in Greenwich

Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111

YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.

"Our private island resort has many lovers. Come...bring yours."

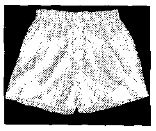
Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 • 914/763-5526
P.O. Box #800, Waccabuc, N.Y., 10597

Actual Size

EXCEPTIONAL GEMSTONES

Beautiful 15 carat oval cut AMETHYST, BLUE TOPAZ, or CITRINE. Direct from mines by Gemologist Geologist, Member Appraisers Assn. of Amer. Perfect for unique ring or pendant. $139 ea., ppd., uncond. guarantee. Order by mail or tel: Ck/VISA/MC

GEM INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATES
71 Skull Creek Dr., Suite 101-D
Hilton Head Island, SC 29926
Orders 9-5 EST: 1-800-829-8271 Fax: 1-803-681-4752



THESE BOXERS ARE LOVERS, NOT FIGHTERS

JAMA ✶ JAMA
Fine handcrafted silks
for **women and men**
BOXERS • TANKS • ROBES
for free brochure call or write:
617-244-7718
258 Mt. Vernon St., W Newton, MA 02165

its response to Hirohito's demise; India and Cuba, for instance, declared national days of mourning. I think Japan has got what it wanted from the last two years: it has redeemed the past of the imperial institution in the eyes of the world, even if this is just a matter of form, and has validated its future.

WHAT drives many Japanese who oppose the imperial system is not primarily the blemished history the monarchy has given their nation in this century, or the war record of Akihito's father. It is that a hundred and twenty-two years after the Meiji Restoration the presence of the emperor still psychologically binds the Japanese into a group that excludes all others. For the political élite that ruled during the forty-four years of Meiji, which ended in 1912, the emperor was a tool by which a national identity—"Japaneseness"—could be created. One of the most important documents of that era, the Imperial Rescript on Education, which was issued in 1890, is difficult to comprehend today. It is brief, and sounds like a set of harmless platitudes concerning such subjects as filial piety and "the beauty thereof." In its official translation, it begins, "Know Ye, Our Subjects," and continues, in part:

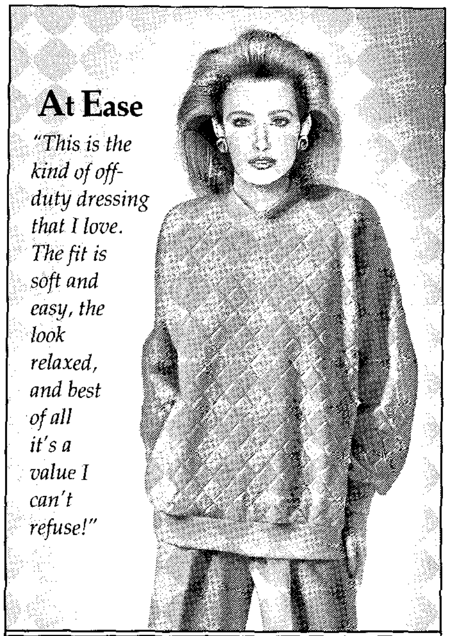
> *This is the glory of the fundamental* character of Our Empire, and herein also lies the source of Our education. . . . advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be Our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.
>
> The Way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages and true in all places.

The Imperial Rescript amounted to a declaration that the spiritual life of the Japanese was too important not to be controlled. The document became a pillar of the homogeneous, conformist culture imposed under the Meiji leadership. The emperor was to have no temporal role—he was to be above politics, as those who defend Hirohito's wartime innocence assert that he was—but the political élite could advance all kinds of laws and commands in his name. (Hideaki Kase still contends that the emperor "has no power, but he is the source of all power.") Under the emperor, all Japanese became part of the same *ie*, or household, and all non-Japanese remained *gaijin*, or "outside people"—the accepted term for foreigners.

Looked at in this way, the wisdom of the choice that MacArthur made after the war—not to rid Japan of its monarchy and free the nation decisively from its past but, rather, to use the imperial system to reconstruct a psychologically shattered people—can still be questioned. As part of the latter course, the emperor was declared "the symbol of the unity of the people," and that is his constitutional status today. On paper, at least, this took care of the god-or-man question. But it worked against the development of any greater sense of pluralism among the Japanese; and the Fundamental Law of Education, which nominally replaced the Imperial Rescript in 1947, didn't do much to free the educational system, which now produces generations of Japanese shockingly ignorant of the recent past and far less open to outside ideas than local fashion and worldly habits might suggest. In conversations with visiting business executives I am often tempted to define the emperor as the ultimate import barrier.

Because the *ie* concept remains ubiquitous in Japan, the estrangement of its people from those who do not share the same sense of "oneness" is perpetuated. Japanese society is "vertical"—based on parent-child relationships, which are reproduced again and again as superior-inferior relationships—and it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the government sees virtue in this system, since it supports the continuation of a highly centralized administrative state. Right up to the time of Hirohito's final illness, newspaper editors were encouraging the use of prewar honorifics implying the emperor's supremacy. Ever since the war, the government has repeatedly upheld the use in most domestic transactions of the *gengo* calendar, according to which years are dated by imperial reigns: Hirohito died in the year Showa 63; it is now Heisei 2, after the name chosen for Akihito's era.

In November, I went to see Yoshikazu Sakamoto, a professor of international politics at Meiji Gakuin University, who for some years has run a small institute just outside the university grounds which supports a num-


At Ease
"This is the kind of off-duty dressing that I love. The fit is soft and easy, the look relaxed, and best of all it's a value I can't refuse!"

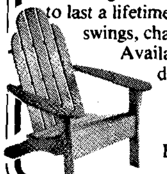
Sculptured diamond pattern mock turtleneck pullover with elastic waist pants in plush cotton velour. Pastel coral, aqua or white. S – M – L. **Special value $69.** Delivery pre-paid.

Order by Phone: Credit Card Holders: **1-800-637-4055**

Or Send Check to: Foxhall & Co.
2552 Royal Ln., Dept 208, Dallas, TX 75229

Satisfaction Guaranteed

FOXHALL & CO.



Free Catalog

Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture

Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled, or as pre-drilled, precision-cut kits that are easy and fun to put together.

WOOD CLASSICS
Box 1Y04, Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-7871

HEART PIN 1⅜"×1½"
#C-17, sterling: $38 ppd.
14K: $148 ppd. (Matching earrings also avail.) Gift boxed, satisfaction guar. MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
TORY'S 1-800-67-TORYS, M-F, 9-5, EST, Catalog upon request
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

EVEN AN AD THIS SMALL
RUNS THE RISK OF SPOILING IT.
Once J. Paul Getty's personal Shangri-la.
Breathtaking. Gracious. Peaceful. And very private.
Mexico's best kept secret. **800-223-1818.**
PIERRE MARQUES
A PRINCESS HOTEL®

ber of opposition political causes. Although I had come to discuss the imperial transition, he spoke about an incident that had taken place a few weeks earlier in Tsukiji, a waterfront neighborhood where fish wholesalers run a large market each dawn. About a thousand Chinese are employed in Tsukiji—a small segment of some hundreds of thousands of foreign wage earners who hold the lowest-paid jobs in Japan. In the economic boom of the past few years, these workers have become essential in industries such as construction and wholesaling, yet they are considered illegal residents, because Japan does not officially acknowledge their presence. In Tsukiji, as elsewhere, incidents of harassment are commonplace. A few weeks earlier, Professor Sakamoto told me, a Chinese man of twenty-seven was attacked by seven or eight Japanese workers while fifty or sixty others looked on. Newspaper accounts said that he was eventually hospitalized. "The fact that the emperor has been secularized doesn't mean we have no problem with the system," Sakamoto said. "In America, you have the expression 'unity through diversity.' When we talk about the emperor as a symbol of unity, we don't have that notion in mind. We mean a high degree of homogeneity. In the past, we were able to define the problem more easily, because the emperor was the clear source of authority. Now the system is more diffuse. It's harder to identify its problems. And people aren't aware of the deeper political significance of the imperial system."

PERIODICALLY over the past two years, I have chatted with passersby near the gates of Fukiage Palace. The day of the *daijosai*, I met a Tokyo *salariman*, or white-collar worker, near the emperor's palace. He was wearing an exercise suit, and while we were talking he kept glancing away or down at his running shoes. "I haven't been much interested in this kind of thing," he said.

"Do you think it's unnecessary?"

"I think we have no choice. We should have it, because we're Japanese. But it's expensive—and our taxes are what's paying for it. I have my doubts."

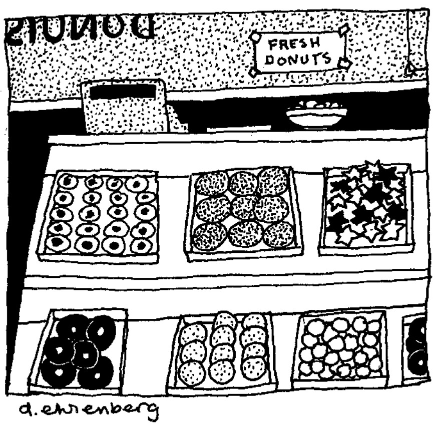
A middle-aged woman I spoke to who owns a small shop in Ginza said, "The enthronement is an important thing for all Japanese but they should have divided the ceremonies more clearly into religious events and national events. The religious events should have been done more discreetly. And the security is too heavy. That part is ridiculous. I cannot stand it."

I met two high-school girls in navy-blue uniforms, and asked if they had been following the ceremonies. One said, "No, we haven't spent much time watching them."

"You mean you're not interested?"

"We hardly talk about it at school—the emperor, the enthronement, and all that," the other said. "The emperor changed from Hirohito to Akihito, but so far nothing else has changed."

I have heard many attempts to explain the indifference that so many Japanese have displayed toward the imperial institution for most of the past two years. Hideaki Kase, the government officials concerned with the emperor, and the political opposition to the monarchy constitute a thin layer of Japanese society. Most people, like the high-school students, haven't paid much attention to the change of emperors. When Hirohito acceded, four hundred thousand people lined the streets of Tokyo. The official estimate this time, delivered with curious precision, was 116,877. There was no television in the old days, officials told me by way of explanation, and traffic was not so heavy then, and besides, there was no official effort to mobilize people this time. (This last statement, however, does not seem strictly true.) But the best explanation, I think, comes from the Japanese concept of *amae*. There is no English translation for this term or for its verb form, to *amaeru*. But *amae* is one of the strongest emotions by which the Japanese define their relationships with their surroundings. *Amae* is first manifest in the passive dependence of the child upon the mother during infancy, and it is when the child is *amaeru*ing most that reliance on the protective boundaries created by bonds with the mother is greatest. That reliance is a universal phenomenon, of course. What is peculiar to the Japanese is the extent to which the desire to show *amae* carries over into adulthood.



It was a psychiatrist named Takeo Doi who established the concept of *amae* as fundamental to an understanding of the psychological makeup of the Japanese, and he first recognized its importance in 1950, while he was on a scholarship in the United States. Doi has suggested that a Japanese seeks throughout life to reproduce that infant emotion, through relationships that allow him to display self-indulgence, to presume upon others' good nature, to rebel, and to act indifferent. Except for carrying on a private practice in Tokyo, Doi has spent much of his career exploring the emotional significance buried in the Japanese language, which is rich with cultural assumptions and implied meanings. In the first book he wrote about *amae*, which was translated as "The Anatomy of Dependence" and was published in the United States in 1971, he insisted that dependent behavior was common to all human beings, even if it was not always recognized as such. He added:

> The Japanese, in short, idealized *amae* and considered a world dominated by *amae* as a truly human world; and the emperor system might be seen as an institutionalization of this idea. The theories of *kokutai goji* ("preserving the body politic") of which so much was heard following the Meiji Restoration were not simply invented for the political convenience of the ruling class, but were also backed up by the desire to preserve this Japanese view of the world in the face of pressure from outside. . . . It was not until the emperor himself denied the myths and became the "symbol" of the Japanese people that it became possible to bring into the light the *amae* lurking in the heart of each individual Japanese. The present age has seen the collapse of the emperor system as an ideology. As a result, uncontrolled *amae* has, as it were, run rampant and "little emperors" have sprung up here, there, and everywhere. This does not mean, however, that everything in the nature of a system has disappeared.

When I met Doi, not long ago, I wasn't surprised to find that a man who had spent his professional life studying individual words and phrases was extremely careful in choosing his own. I was caught off guard, however, when I discovered he did not want to talk much about *amae* and the imperial transition. In the notes I took during our conversation I find no mention of the term on his part. Doi, who is now seventy, smiled impishly as we spoke, and held a well-worn paperback edition of Roget's Thesaurus in his lap. He seemed to want to spar his way through our discussion, as if he wished that it—and perhaps I with it—would go away.

"You seem so disengaged, especially given what you've written," I said at one point.

"I have a hard time saying how I feel," Doi replied. "The emperor system is now supposed to be a thing of the past. At least, people pretend it's a tradition. But when the Japanese say it's a tradition it's half dead."

I began to recount what I had heard from others. I told him that a prominent conservative thinker had called the emperor system "a kind of fiction."

Doi pounced. "He deliberately used the word 'fiction'—that's my personal interpretation," he said. "He doesn't want to give the impression that he really believes in it." Doi paused and added, "People are embarrassed when you ask them what they feel about the emperor. The general understanding is that we shouldn't make too much fuss about it at this moment."

Then Doi began talking about the phrase *shocho tenno*, which means "symbolic emperor." "The connotation of *shocho* is always of something very light, something that has no weight," he explained. "Something that is not the real thing. You hear this term over and over on the radio and television. It's foolish, even absurd, to repeat it. The *tenno* is by definition *shocho*. That's in the constitution. It's as if they were trying to protect themselves—as if they were saying, 'It's a puppet emperor, it's not a real one.' In other words, Japanese commentators are being quite defensive. They feel it's not fashionable to say anything positive about the emperor. They want to minimize the value of the system and the tradition."

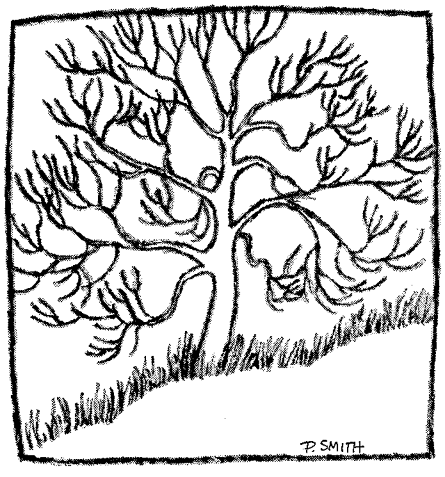
When I got up to leave, I asked, "Are you embarrassed, too, Dr. Doi?"

"I could tell you I'm indifferent, as many people seem to be," he replied. "But that would be too—" He looked for the word, and laughed when he found it. "That would be too fictive."

Doi has written about radical groups in Japan and how he sees the drive for *amae* as an influence on their behavior. In "The Anatomy of Dependence" he wrote that from the feudal era on "the spirit of resistance to the authority of the time invariably used the Imperial family as its starting point." I doubt whether Doi would use the notion of *amae* to discount the political stand of any group, past or present, but after we spoke I felt that in his recognition of *amae* he had given a name to certain political occurrences not otherwise comprehensible. Time and again, opposition parties in Japan—and in South Korea and elsewhere in East Asia, for that matter—have shown themselves too comfortable with standing arrangements to seize clear opportunities. Political opposition, radical or not, has traditionally had more to do with striking a heroic pose than with building a reasoned position that could win acceptance and eventually prevail.

Over the past two years, radical groups in Japan, the most prominent of which is Chukakuha, or Middle Core Faction, have claimed responsibility for dozens of minor acts of sabotage in connection with the imperial institution, including the launching of several small shells into the palace grounds not long before Akihito's accession ceremony. One morning, after making a series of elaborate arrangements by telephone, I took a subway to Kanamecho, the stop in northern Tokyo closest to Chukakuha's headquarters—a three-story building on a busy street, which the group had bought, with savings and borrowed funds, in 1974. Stacks of old sandbags stood beside the front door; a banner strung from the roof said "Oppose New Highway Construction Absolutely." I was admitted through a series of elaborately sealed doors. A narrow corridor inside was clogged with shoes, clothes, stacks of books, wooden poles.

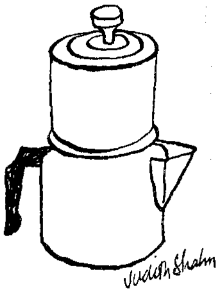
I waited in a small room until Yoshihisa Fujiwara came in to meet me. Fujiwara, an intense man of fifty-three, who described himself as a leader of Chukakuha, told me he had joined the group as a university student, and he recounted its history—it was founded during a series of campus disturbances in 1959—and explained its ideas. As well as I could make out, Chukakuha occupies a small plot in the farther reaches of the Trotskyist tundra. Among other things, the group believes that militarism will rise again under Akihito, and that the emperor will lead another invasion of Japan's neighbors.



As Fujiwara spoke, I searched his face for the child within the man, and I found it, behind furrows and a constant expression of deep concern. Here was a man who had spent his entire adult life grafting a defensible political position—Japan would be a better place without a monarchy—onto a set of emotions that had long ago become the cage in which he lived. With the help of four hardbound volumes that apparently contained the history of Chukakuha's political adventures, Fujiwara went on talking after every question until I stopped him by asking another. In the end, he said only one thing of interest. "If we didn't fight against the emperor, everyone would have been disappointed," he said as we finished our talk. "Because of our activities, the enthronement didn't go as expected. It was disturbed, not smooth. That's the important thing. We've succeeded completely."

Akihito may have an easier time than his father matching people's expectations. But doing so will mean, in part, resolving the bitter ironies his father left behind and bringing into focus the long blurring of memory which Hirohito forced upon Japan. When Heisei, the era of "achieving peace," was declared, a few days after Hirohito died, people found the calligraphy peculiar and awkward. So far, the name chosen has worked as a kind of metaphor, in that no one can yet say just what Japan means by peace or how it is to be achieved.

There are clues, of course, but they have been fraught with ambiguity, and interpretations vary. As in the late nineteen-twenties, Japan is again trying to push a group of elder statesmen into history, and popular opinion has become a decisive force in this effort. In November, when, after long and painful debate, Tokyo decided not to send units of its Self-Defense Forces to the Persian Gulf, many Japanese said that the decision signalled an enduring commitment to the postwar constitution. Not everyone agrees, however, especially in view of the shifting sands of East-West relations. "We're really beginning to see the end of the so-called peace constitution," Hideaki Kase told me last November. "The world has changed dramatically over the past two years, and the changes will force us to stand on our own more and more. We won't be able to rely on the United States to protect us. Since the debate on the Gulf, I have come to think we'll succeed in revising the constitution by the end of the nineteen-nineties. But the Japanese are flexible. Interpretation is more important than the document itself. We may not change the constitution, but we will radically change our way of reading it."



Such talk still prompts fears that a strong military will reappear here in coming years, and that it will again lack proper civilian controls. I question this latter point; it seems to me that the only way Japan will finally reassure its neighbors, as well as its pacifists at home, is by redrawing the constitution and rearming, as the rightists demand. Only then will fears at home and abroad evaporate, because then Japan will have demonstrated that it has learned to trust itself. Only then, too, can the rest of the world, and especially the United States, expect Japan to behave more responsibly, because only then will it bear all the responsibilities of a sovereign nation.

Fence-mending on the questions of history has become a high priority at the Foreign Ministry since Hirohito died—less because attitudes have changed than because mistrust elsewhere is no longer simply a sideshow, without much consequence—and is beginning to hamper the regional integration that Japan sees as essential to its future, and to thwart the political role that Japan wants to play in Asia. Akihito is making himself part of this effort. Apologies to South Koreans and other Asians for the wrongs of the past became a kind of ritual for Hirohito, because they were always hedged, so that there was always a need for another one. During a state visit to Tokyo last summer by South Korea's President, Roh Tae Woo, the new emperor extended his first such apology, and Seoul seems to have accepted it. Now, it is reported in the Japanese press, Akihito is planning a tour of Southeast Asian nations this spring.

What will Akihito eventually turn out to be? People's inability to answer that, it seems to me, is part of the reason he has so far failed to earn their enthusiasm. After the marriage, last summer, of Prince Akishino, the Emperor's second son, the Kunaicho banned a court photographer from the palace for taking a picture of the Prince while his new wife was smoothing his hair. It was an unposed shot, and when it was published widely in the newspapers many Japanese appreciated its simplicity and humanity. The Kunaicho persists in its pursuit of the old obscurantism, but it is looking more and more like the crotchety uncle whom no one pays much attention to. The modernists—and I count Akihito among them—appear to have won an important struggle during the past two years. The irony is that in winning it they may be sending the Emperor back to the pre-Meiji era, when Kyoto was the seat of the imperial family and it dwelled there in hermetic obscurity, with no particular role in the world.

On December 1st, I took a speed train to Kyoto. To judge from the newspaper accounts, I was only a day or so ahead of Akihito and Michiko, who were to spend that weekend at the Kyoto Gosho, the old palace, while performing their final accession rites. The previous day, a bomb—courtesy of Chukakuha—had taken a large chunk out of a concrete embankment bordering the track on which the imperial train was to travel; no injuries were reported. My fellow-passengers were mostly executives returning from business trips to Tokyo.

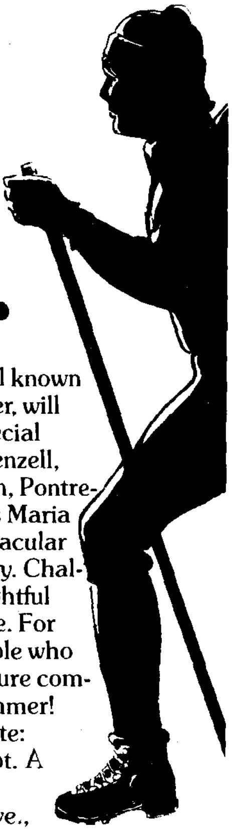
I stayed with Robert Orr and his wife, Miko, who had been friends of mine in Tokyo before Skip, as he is called, was appointed executive director of Stanford's Center for Japanese Studies, which is in Kyoto. Skip, who has lived in Japan many years and is

Crinkle Cotton Romper
For the easiest summer dressing, choose our lightweight woven crinkle cotton romper. Front button placket above an elasticized waist. Decorative tie, side pockets. Cap sleeves. Machine wash and tumble dry. Made in USA. Choose black, turquoise or coral.
Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18), X-lg(20).
$39.95
Add $3.00 for shipping.
Send for a free catalog.
Order by mail, or phone 912-924-9371.
THE TOG SHOP
405 Lester Square • Americus, GA 31710

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181

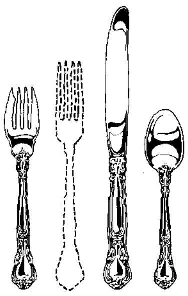
With our "Magic Mirror"™ pendant
she will be yours!
Or design your own message.
deSignet
INTERNATIONAL INC.
1869 Whitehaven Road Grand Island, N.Y.
VISA/MASTERCARD/DISCOVER

Now accepting orders for...
Hand made Windsor and Shaker-style chairs
by
Dave Holmes, Chairmaker
Extremely limited in number, these priceless heirlooms are refined, yet practical.
Call or write for brochure.
(608) 849-3344
7108 Lavina Rd.
Dane, WI. 53529



Hike the Alps.

Fred Jacobson, well known author/mountaineer, will once again lead special hiking trips to Appenzell, Kandersteg, Murren, Pontresina, Saas-Fee, Sils Maria and Zermatt. Spectacular Swiss alpine scenery. Challenging trails. Delightful inns and fine cuisine. For active outdoor people who also like their creature comforts. Our **19th** summer!
For information write:
Fred Jacobson, Dept. A
Chappaqua Travel
1 South Greeley Ave.,
Chappaqua, New York 10514
800-666-5161/914-238-5151



MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY,
Phone (404) 261-4009
Atlanta, GA 30305
Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

actual size

Artists' Pins

For creative minds, detailed renditions of an artist's tools. Paint tube pin or tack, $65 sterling, $435 14K gold. Brush pin or stickpin, $60 sterling, $295 14K gold. Add $3 shipping. In NY add tax. AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to:
EAST END SILVER
Dept. N4, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

fluent in the language, met me at the station and took me to lunch near a seventeenth-century Zen monastery at the top of a hill overlooking the city.

"The Emperor's coming?" he asked.

"He has to visit his ancestors in Kyoto and Nara," I explained. "The final ceremonies. After that, they're done."

"That's the first I've heard of it," Skip said. "Nobody's talking about it here."

I was surprised. Over dinner that evening, Miko told me why the rest of Kyoto was not much more interested in Akihito's arrival than she and Skip were. The old noble families still dominate Kyoto society, she said, and the guardians of tradition—masters of the tea ceremony, and the like—retain considerable cultural and political influence. But for most people the only imperial presence of any importance is the palace and its vast grounds, in the center of the city. Along with the Buddhists who control much of the old geisha district, the royal family is simply the most powerful economic presence in the Kyoto property market.

"That's a sign of a basic change I've noticed in Kyoto since we arrived," Miko said. "The old families are breaking up—you can see that just by looking at the real-estate section of the local newspaper. Nowadays, the imperial family is about social status, and since Akihito and now his son have married commoners, everyone wants to make that kind of connection to the imperial family. That's very important, especially for the big corporations. Conservatives in Kyoto are trying to hold on to the traditions, but culture has become another business enterprise."

"Big business," Skip added. "First and foremost, everything in postwar Japan is business. When you get into traditional culture, there's some serious money floating around."

Miko pointed to her piano, a Japanese-made baby grand. "The problem comes down to the fact that we have no scientific culture in Japan—no meeting of technology and tradition," she went on. "Take the piano. Hasn't there been an evolution down through the years, a search to make a better and better sound? Now think of the tea ceremony. There is no evolution; it's the same as it always was, only it has been cheapened. The tea ceremony used to take place before a samurai went to war. The serenity and the concentration had meaning. It was a moment of deep contemplation. Now it's a hobby for housewives—something you learn before you get married."

The following morning, a crisp autumn Sunday, television was dominated by local talk shows and coverage of the first Japanese to enter space—a TV reporter whose network had paid the Soviet Union twelve million dollars for his seat on a research mission. Around noon, I took a taxi to the palace grounds, and I found myself alone on the sidewalk except for security police *guarding every entrance. I had lunch* at the Palace-Side Hotel, on the western edge of the grounds, and asked the desk clerk at which gate the Emperor would arrive. No one knew.

A little after two o'clock, a crowd began gathering along the south side of the Kyoto Gosho, and the police were stringing thick nylon cord between lampposts there. Over the next hour or so, the crowd grew until it was two or three deep beside a stretch of road about half a mile long; there were perhaps two thousand people in all. The police tended us like shepherds, making sure we were always spread more or less evenly. After a while, the traffic stopped. At three-twenty-five—twenty-five minutes late, according to the official schedule—a black Japanese-made limousine carrying Akihito and Michiko passed slowly down the South Road and disappeared through the palace gates. The crowd stirred gently, and there were a few scattered shouts of "*Banzai!*" Everything was over in less than a minute. The security police at the entrance relaxed and began conversing among themselves. They left open the high gates of weathered wood that lead into the palace grounds, and wheeled small steel barriers painted black and yellow into place in front of them. Within a few minutes, the crowd had dispersed, and the order imposed during the previous few hours erased itself. Dusk was near. The *shocho* emperor was back in the house of his ancestors. —PATRICK L. SMITH

•

NO, THANKS DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press*]

PICK ALL THE WINNERS
NFL Football Week of December 16, 1990.
Receive 25 Quarter Pound Hamburgers
Miss One, Receive 2 Bacon Cheeseburgers
Miss Two, Receive 2 Bacon & Egg Sandwiches
Winners!!! Prizes will be mailed to you.

BOOKS

The Female Yahwist

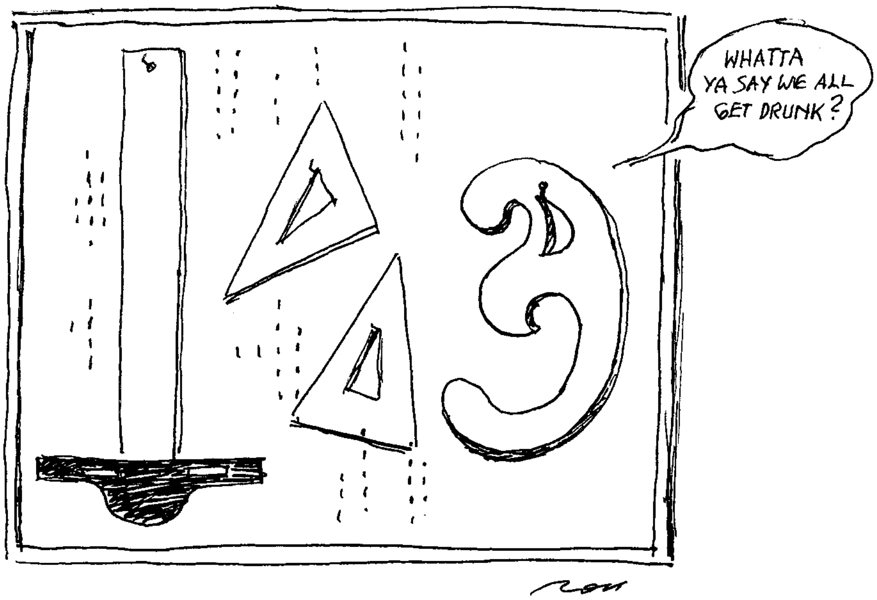
IT takes a leap of readerly imagination for us to consider the actual nature of the archaic Hebrew writer, or writers, who inscribed the oldest stories in what scholars have come to think of as an extremely heterogeneous and composite text: the first five books of the Bible. No one really knows who composed or edited those books, which Jews call the Torah (invariably and somewhat narrowly translated as "Law") or the Pentateuch (which derives from a Greek term meaning "the book of the five scrolls") or the Five Books of Moses, but they have shaped our sensibilities so profoundly that we can scarcely understand how much we are their inventions. No one who grew up reading these Biblical stories, so deeply familiar and yet fundamentally strange, or listened to them—as I did—as if history itself were speaking, can ever be entirely free of their influence. The cycle that runs from the creation of Adam to the death of Moses has had an incalculable hold on our imaginations; indeed, what designs these texts have on us, and who in turn designed them, has inspired so much commentary that it could probably be used as landfill for the Dead Sea. Even so, if the literary critic Harold Bloom and the translator David Rosenberg are correct in their audacious new work of reconstruction, "The Book of J" (Grove Weidenfeld; $21.95), then we have misunderstood some of the most critical dimensions of these narratives. And we have weakly underimagined the author who composed them.

Who is this J that Harold Bloom has called "a vastly eccentric great writer," a genius equal to Dante and Shakespeare, an ironic precursor of Tolstoy, Mann, and Kafka? Previously, J has been considered a documentary source, or sources; a traditional process of accretion, revision, and interpretation; a patchwork of laconic narrative passages. Through a long and arduous process, beset by continual disagreements and controversies, Biblical scholarship has identified at least five main strands that have come together in the final text of the Pentateuch. J, known as the Yahwist, because of a distinctive use of the name for God (Yahweh, or, in German, Jahweh, misspelled as Jehovah), is the most ancient and radically original of these strands. J's text is embedded in the books now called Genesis, Exodus, and Numbers, and constitutes the largest single narrative block in the Pentateuch. Most of the great early Biblical stories—from the Expulsion to the Exodus—originated with J, perhaps sometime between the mid-tenth and the late ninth century B.C.E. Yet the question of whether or not there ever was an individual J remains open. Hans Schmid, in his book "The Putative Yahwist" (1976), takes the position that the J text developed over a period of four or five hundred years, and that "instead of speaking of the Yahwist as a single collector, author and theologian, one should rather speak of an (inner-)Yahwistic process of editing and interpretation."

There is no consensus on the full dimensions of the J text, because the Yahwist was followed by a long succession of other sources, who edited, revised, and, as Bloom would have it, "censored" the original body of stories. After J came E (known as the Elohist, because he refers to God by the plural Elohim, a name that J uses for angels), D (the Deuteronomist), and then P, the priestly sources who reworked earlier material and spliced their own didactic interpretations onto it, diluting the combined JE and adding extensive passages of Levitical laws. It is most likely the priestly writers and editors, with their theological, cultic, and institutional concerns, who developed the preliminary canon of the Hebrew Bible. R represents the last stage of the process: the Redactor, or redactors, who selected, changed, and fused all the scrolls together sometime after the Babylonian exile. It was R, conventionally placed in the Academy of Ezra around the year 400 B.C.E.—as much as six hundred years after J—who gave the Torah its decisive formulation.

R was one of the supreme synthesizers of the Hebrew Bible. Critics who have made convincing cases for the literary unity of the Pentateuch—such as Robert Alter, in "The Art of Biblical Narrative" (1981), and Northrop Frye, in "The Great Code" (1982)—are, in effect, praising R's work. As David Damrosch suggests in "The Narrative Covenant" (1987), the later redactors tried to create a text, seamless and whole, that concealed its own compositional history. And what R hoped to obscure approximately twenty-four hundred years ago is precisely what Bloom and Rosenberg have struggled to excavate. Their strategy is to lift the J text from its contextual surroundings in R's Torah and then to translate and interpret it. The result is nothing less than a very old and a very new work of literature, a hypothetical "Book of J."

In a playful, speculative, and brilliant disquisition on the "Author J" Bloom situates an individual Yahwist


WHATTA YA SAY WE ALL GET DRUNK?

BERMUDA'S GEM

"Let's promise to come back"

Some say it's our impeccable service. For others, it's our gourmet restaurant, a popular spot indeed. Perhaps it's our proximity to golf or the famous shops of Hamilton. Or maybe it's just our jewel-like setting on the beach overlooking the sea. No matter... for whatever reason, what our guests remember most is their promise to return.

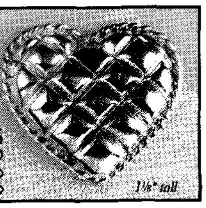
STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

FIGHT WINTER DOLDRUMS

The Ultra-Bright 10,000™ helps you fight the doldrums caused by the shorter, darker days of winter. Just 30 minutes a day helps you increase energy, adjust to shift work, and establish a smooth sleep-wake cycle. University tested. UV-free. Success reported in Scientific American and on ABC 20/20 and NBC Today show. Free info 1-800-LIGHT-25 or write to MEDIC-LIGHT, Dept. 7, Yacht Club Drive, Lake Hopatcong, NJ 07849

THE PELHAM HOTEL
London
In the Tradition of Excellence
15/16 Cromwell Place, London, SW7 2LA
Telephone: 071-589 8288, Fax: 071-584 8444
Telex: 8814714 Tudor G
USA Toll Free:- 1-800-553-6671



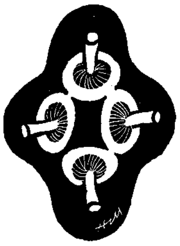
QUILTED HEART
Our Heart Brooch is au courant.
In Sterling $36. $3 Shipping.
Check or M.O. Brochure Available.
JEFF DEEGAN DESIGNS
22 OVERHILL ROAD
PROVIDENCE, RI 02906
401 831 6246
1¼" tall

in Jerusalem nearly three thousand years ago. He asserts that J was not a professional scribe or copyist, as has sometimes been suggested, even less a court theologian, but, rather, an erudite member of the Solomonic élite who lived at or near the decadent court of King Rehoboam of Judah, Solomon's son and successor (922-915 B.C.E.), and wrote in friendly competition with the Court Historian, the writer responsible for what is now known as II Samuel. Bloom's most startling surmise is that J was a woman—a *gevurah*, or "great lady," possibly related to the Court Historian by either blood or marriage, possibly even a princess, one of Solomon's daughters. It is this writer of Davidic royal blood whom Bloom exalts to the highest literary throne, where she somewhat ironically presides, along with Shakespeare, over the spiritual consciousness of Western literature.

Bloom is well aware that his version of the historical J is a fiction, but then, as he suggests, all versions of the early Biblical authors—no matter how well grounded in research or attested to by faith—are fictions. Yet his admittedly free speculations are not entirely outside the line of modern Biblical scholarship. Like scholars before him, he dismisses the idea of a Mosaic authorship for the Pentateuch as a religious fabrication. As long ago as the twelfth century, Abraham Ibn Ezra circumspectly pointed out that passages in the Torah were inevitably post-Mosaic, and in the seventeenth century Spinoza identified some of the internal discrepancies, divisions, anachronisms, and duplications in the received text, thus inaugurating the "higher" Biblical criticism. More recently, such scholars as Gerhard von Rad and Frank Moore Cross have contravened the so-called Documentary Hypothesis (definitively formulated in the nineteenth century) by assuming that there was in actuality only one Yahwist working in the Solomonic period. It was von Rad who first perceived the possible subtext in the J work which connected it to the achievements of the United Monarchy, under David, and to the Solomonic Enlightenment. And it was the late E. A. Speiser, editor of the superb edition of Genesis in the Anchor Bible Series, who deduced a relationship between the Yahwist and the Court Historian. In "King and Kin" (1986) Joel Rosenberg fleshes out the political context of these two possibly companion works, Genesis and II Samuel, and in "Who Wrote the Bible?" (1987) Richard Friedman identifies at least six different places where the Yahwist linguistically improvises on the Hebraic root of Rehoboam's name. Mr. Friedman also points out that the J stories are much more sympathetic to women than were later stories by E, and, though he stops short of concluding that J was a woman, he opens up the possibility by suggesting that "we cannot by any means be quick to think of this writer as a man." Bloom relies heavily on this previous scholarship, and takes it one step further to assert that J and the Court Historian not only worked together but did so during two distinct periods of history. They share, in his words, "a nostalgia for David, a dubiety about the Solomonic splendor, and an ironic disdain for Rehoboam." The consequences of such a hypothesis are enormous. For example, in this reading of the J text the story of the expulsion from the Garden of Eden becomes less a parable of the Fall, as it has so often been read in Christian revisionism, than a metaphor or trope for the painful transition from Solomon to Rehoboam, and the subsequent reduction and dispersal of the kingdom. Many have pointed out that J's work, unlike the revisions of the redactors, is profoundly narrative, earthbound, and humanistic.

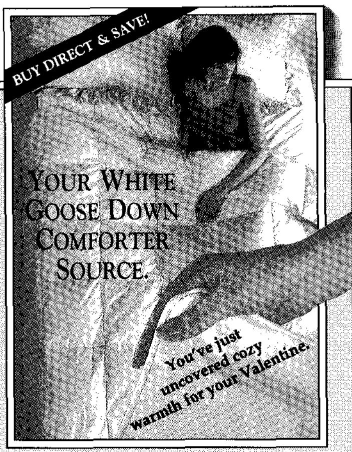
Bloom departs from Biblical scholarship in his insistence on reading J's work exclusively as a secular text, no more sacred than Tolstoy's novels or Shakespeare's "King Lear." He disregards oral tradition, declares that distinctions of genre are irrelevant in relation to J's writing, and argues that she was deliberately *not* creating a national epic. His J was neither a religious nor a historical writer but an aristocratic storyteller. Yet his own critical reading is continually shadowed by the theological aura that surrounds J's greatest literary creation, the character of Yahweh. (No one prays to King Lear.) Indeed, Bloom's boisterous and self-proclaimed antithetical aim is nothing less than to undo a couple of thousand years of institutionalized misreading of J—to cut through the layers of varnish that converted J first into the Torah, then into the Hebrew Bible, and then into the Christian Old Testament. He likes to cite William Blake's maxim that religious history consists of "choosing forms of worship from poetic tales."

Most of the attention that "The Book of J" has thus far received has focussed on the polemical contention that J was a woman, a claim that is asserted rather than proved. Part of the argument rests on J's representation of women. For evidence, Bloom suggests that J devoted six times as much space to the creation of woman as to that of man, that she has no heroes but only heroines (Eve, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Tamar, and Zipporah), that human reality is for her domestic and familial rather than royal or priestly, that she undermines and mocks rather than endorses patriarchal authority, and that she exalts women as tougher and more vital than men. This case is intuitively appealing but rationally flawed. From these essentialist arguments one would have to infer, for example, that the creators of "Anna Karenina" and "Madame Bovary" were women.



Bloom has written about J before—most notably in his contribution on Exodus to the book "Congregation" (1987), edited by David Rosenberg, and in the first chapter of his expanded Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard, "Ruin the Sacred Truths" (1989). The Yahwist also stands as one of his three paradigms for poetic originality in "The Breaking of the Vessels" (1982). In these works Bloom outlined J's quintessential features as a writer of the "Hebraic sublime," but apparently he still considered the Yahwist a male author. As a literary critic Bloom is well known for his spirited defense of Romanticism and for his agonistic theory of misreading, which is defined in a tetralogy on literary revisionism—"The Anxiety of Influence" (1973), "A Map of Misreading" (1975), "Kabbalah and Criticism" (1975), and "Poetry and Repression" (1976). He tells us it was in response to feminist critiques of that theory as patriarchal that in the past year he began to develop the notion of a female Yahwist. He was led to it by what he has come to think of as the ironic representation of the Biblical patriarchs. In a certain sense, the idea of J as a woman serves as a feminist line of defense for his theory of "strong" poets and their aggressive appropriation of literature. No critic has shown a more Nietzschean will to interpretative power over literary texts. He has also resurrected the historical Yahwist with a vengeance against those literary theorists who have proclaimed the so-called "death" of the author. Perhaps more important, the idea of J as a woman serves as a Bloomian metaphor for the originality he finds in the Yahwistic text. The question of J's sexual identity inevitably points to the issue of J's difference. What is new in J? How does J's Yahweh differ from the God of normative Judaism? Bloom's most engaging idea may be not that J was a woman but that she was essentially a comic writer, a supple and uncanny ironist.

The key to Bloom's conception of J as a Kafkaesque dissembler and a "visionary of incommensurates" hinges on her portrayal of Yahweh. How, he asks, are we to conceive of an all-powerful Yahweh who also haggles with Abram or tries to slay Moses or sits under the trees at Mamre eating veal and curds? Yahweh walks in the garden in the cool of the evening; he shuts Noah's ark himself; he inspects the Tower of Babel. A later proverb such as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge" (Proverbs 1:7) seems completely alien to the spirit of J, who shows neither awe nor fear in Yahweh's presence but instead treats him, in Bloom's words, like "an imp who behaves sometimes as though he is rebelling against his Jewish mother, J." And yet he is also God the Father, who makes a sacred covenant with the Jewish people. The Yahweh who is represented as simultaneously human and supreme seems to come from a more archaic tradition of Judaism, now lost to us forever. The heart of the Bloomian argument about the revolutionary originality of J is that the deliberate blasphemy of her work "always was and still is a Yahweh at once human-all-too-human and totally incommensurate with the human." That


BUY DIRECT & SAVE!
YOUR WHITE GOOSE DOWN COMFORTER SOURCE.
You've just uncovered cozy warmth for your Valentine.

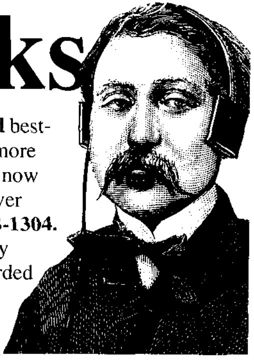
- We use white goose down *only* in every comforter
- Customer-direct savings, money-back guarantee
- Order bone or white box stitch as shown
- Country Classic I, 550 fill power, 230 thread count 100% cotton cover, all season comforter
- Country Classic II, 600 fill power, 260 thread count 100% cotton cover, more down fill
- Add to your comfort w/white goose down pillows

SIZE	CCI	CCII		PILLOWS
TWIN	$ 79 18 OZ	$149 30 OZ	ST	$ 69/PAIR
FULL/QUEEN	$ 99 25 OZ	$199 40 OZ	Q	$ 89/PAIR
KING	$119 30 OZ	$249 50 OZ	K	$109/PAIR

CA RESIDENTS 6.25% TAX
TO ORDER WITH CREDIT CARDS ONLY, PHONE TOLL-FREE 1·800·888·DOWN
$8.50 SHIPPING & HANDLING (CONT. U.S.) FOR EACH COMFORTER OR PAIR/PILLOWS

FOR A FREE COLOR CATALOGUE PHONE OUR 800 NUMBER.

HEAVENLY DOWN™
COMFORTERS
419 ALLAN COURT • HEALDSBURG, CA 95448 • 707-431-1400



Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622

OARSMANSHIP
The perfect sport. At America's premier sculling school in Palm Beach county. Instruction at all levels. Come to find your stroke or perfect it. Call or write for a free brochure.
THE FLORIDA ROWING CENTER
1140 Fifth Avenue N.Y., NY 10128 (212) 996-1196

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Blakean Yahweh is exuberant and free of inhibition, willful, possessive, extremely dynamic. At times, he operates like the Freudian superego. He is vastly different from the immeasurable, unnameable God of normative Judaism. The writer who dared to imagine that very sly and formidable Creator, Bloom argues, was not a moral theologian but a secular monist, an ironic visionary. But she was first of all a teller of earthly tales.

David Rosenberg's bold new translation of "The Book of J"—sandwiched between commentaries by Bloom—is especially alert to the abundant wordplay and the elliptical nature of the text. He presents a work that is, in Erich Auerbach's resonant phrase, "fraught with background." His translation allows us to read J apart from the context of the redactors. Rosenberg is not the first to have isolated and reproduced the J text in translation, but his rendition is by far the most literary. He has scrapped the chapter divisions that were retrospectively imposed on the J text, and has adopted a sequence of much shorter chapters, which read like multiple scenes from a longer prose work. This structure remains faithful to the gaps and ruptures in the text even as it allows us to consider what remains of the sequence as a whole.

J's text begins not with God's majestic creation of Heaven and earth, which was written by later priestly sources, but in the Judean season of spring when Yahweh scoops up a handful of moistened red clay, shapes it into a human being, and animates it with his own breath. The very name for man (*adam*) is a permanent reminder that human beings come from the earth (*adamah*).

> Before a plant of the field was in earth, before a grain of the field sprouted—Yahweh had not spilled rain on the earth, nor was there man to work the land—yet from the day Yahweh made earth and sky, a mist from within would rise to moisten the surface. Yahweh shaped an earthling from clay of this earth, blew into its nostrils the wind of life. Now look: man becomes a creature of flesh.

Yahweh plants a garden in Eden, molds the clay into "all the creatures of the field and birds of the air," and brings them to man curious to see what he will name them. This is the beginning of human language, the primal act of poetic creation. But man still lacks an equivalent being, and so Yahweh puts him into a deep sleep and then takes one of his ribs and shapes or builds it into a nameless woman, the first living being forged not from earth but from another living being. This is what Keats called Adam's dream, comparable to the Imagination: "He awoke and found it truth." The Hebrew word for "man," *ish* (used in the sense of an individual being, as opposed to the word *adam*, which is generic and undifferentiated), appears here, connecting him permanently to woman, *isha*. Bloom's commentary on the creation of a second sex is especially amusing: "Surely J's ironic point is that the second time around, Yahweh has learned better how the job ought to be done."

Rosenberg's translation of the next passage suggests that man is both consoled and haunted by a sense of lost unity and wholeness with the woman, whom he later names Eve, or Hava (*hawa*).

> "This one is bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh," said the man. "Woman I call her, out of man she was parted." So a man parts from his mother and father, clings to his wife: they were one flesh.

What follows is the story that has had such a scandalous history in our culture—the tale of Adam and Eve and the serpent. J's version reads less like a theological parable of temptation, sin, guilt, and punishment—in other words, less like the Christian Fall—than like the story of an aggrieved parent and his offending children. It enacts what Bloom calls their "wounding estrangement" from God, playing out a painful family triangle and romance.

After the Expulsion come the stories of Cain and Abel, the Race of Giants, Noah and the Flood, the Tower of Babel. We enter into the sweep of patriarchal history with the Call of Abram out of his homeland, and the promise to him of "greatness, a nation and a blessing." This blessing, the call for more life, inaugurates the cycle of Abram and Sarah. Here are J's spare, unforgettable versions of the cutting of a sacred covenant between Yahweh and Abram; of Yahweh's appearance to Abram among the oaks of Mamre; of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the crystallization of Lot's wife into salt; of Isaac and Rebecca and the long, internecine rivalry of their twin sons; of Jacob's marriage to Rachel, and of his nightlong struggle with a mysterious stranger who turns out to be a divine being who both injures him and renames him Israel, in a place that he, in turn, renames Deiface ("I've seen God face to face, yet my flesh holds on"). The second half of the J text tells the extended saga of Joseph (whom Bloom reads as J's surrogate for her revered David), of Pharaoh, of Moses and the Exodus—Israel freed from Egyptian hands, and four decades of wandering in the Wilderness, until the blessing is fulfilled, until the making of a binding covenant between Moses and Yahweh on Mt. Sinai. It tells the droll story of Balaam and concludes with Moses' vision of the promised land ("It is revealed to your eyes, though your body cannot follow"), and his death and then his burial in an unknown grave.

STOVE REPAIR
WELDING
DLS

Anyone who has tried to translate even a small portion of the Pentateuch knows how difficult the task can be. One has to contend with classical Hebrew, with thousands and thousands of pages of religious commentary and Biblical scholarship, with a heavily revised and bowdlerized text, with the majestic splendors of the King James Bible, or Authorized Version (1611), which has set the standard for English prose since the seventeenth century. "That old tongue with its clang and its flavor," Edmund Wilson said. "We have been living with it all our lives." There is also the modern competition of the Revised Standard Version (1952); the Jerusalem Bible, which is Catholic (1966); the New English Bible, which is Protestant (1970); and the New American Jewish Version (1982). Of course, in all those translations J is effaced, and incorporated into the larger rhythms of the Hebrew Bible.

Rosenberg's *innovative translation* struggles to re-create J's distinctive voice, a tone of modulated ironic grandeur. His version is replete with self-conscious puns, verbal pyrotechnics, and elaborate repetitions, words echoing within words. Dazzling as it is, this idiom can seem forced and unnecessarily convoluted, as in Chapter 6 when Yahweh questions Adam:

> "Who told you naked is what you are?" he asked. "Did you touch the tree I desired you not eat?"

Certainly, we think, Yahweh could have learned to speak English more naturally than this. And it's hard to know what to make of Esau's complaint to his father:

> "Was he named Jacob, heel-clutcher . . . that he might jaywalk behind me, twice?"

These anachronisms and verbal contortions create a literary text that is at times unusually difficult to read.

Rosenberg follows J in continually shifting between past and present tenses. He also reproduces what seem in the Hebrew to be purposely ambiguous pronouns, which often make it difficult to distinguish who is speaking. What was translated as "and" and "behold" in older versions, and as "when," "if," "then," etc., in more recent versions, he has rendered as "now" or "now listen" or "now look" or "watch" or "so it was," depending on the context. This creates a sense of genuine directness but also a jumpy, offbeat rhythm, a music that is filled with jolts and jump-starts—"The Book of J" rendered in the fractured idiom of John Berryman's "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet" or "77 Dream Songs." Ezra Pound's description of William Carlos Williams' characteristic "volts, jerks, sulks, balks, outblurts and jump-overs" sounds a bit like the language of Rosenberg's J. And, just as in Berryman and Williams, the American version of J can have a surprising offhanded eloquence, as in:

> Now Abimelech proclaimed for all: "One who touches this man and his wife has felt his own death."

Or:

> They moved on from Sukkot, marked out their camp at Eitam, at the border of the desert. Yahweh walks ahead of them each day in a pillar of cloud, marking the way: at night, in a pillar of fire. Day or night, the people can walk. Ahead of them, it never disappears: a pillar of fire by night, a pillar of cloud by day.

In these passages it is possible to detect the splendors of the writer that Bloom and Rosenberg have constructed for us.

After reading "The Book of J," one can never consider the oldest strand in the Hebrew Bible in quite the same way as before. J seems as poignantly real and fictive a figure as Homer or Shakespeare or the Court Historian who was supposedly her friend. She is an elusive presence; indeed, we are not convinced that she ever existed, and yet we become collaborators in imagining her. There is a Midrash on Psalms which says that the Torah was written "in black fire upon white fire." I think of the author who inscribed those flames. She is using the Phoenician–Old Hebrew script and writing on papyrus with a reed pen in one of Rehoboam's courtyards. Or maybe she is carving words into a leather scroll with a dull knife. With what political nostalgia does she daydream about the days of King David. With what fierce joy does she imagine Yahweh walking through a grove of trees or moving across the desert at night in a pillar of fire. With what tragic sense of wonder does she write:

> And look: they are naked, man and woman, untouched by shame, not knowing it.

—Edward Hirsch

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Lies of Silence, by Brian Moore (Doubleday; $18.95). There is a crystalline realism to Mr. Moore's sixteenth and perhaps finest novel, a thriller about genuine, wavering heroism. Michael Dillon has a failed marriage and a job as the manager of an elegant hotel in Belfast, but his secret self is a poet and lover who longs for a Joycean escape from his blighted homeland. On the brink of acting on his private dreams, Dillon is suddenly caught in the terrible political machinery of an I.R.A. operation, and forced to confront the costs of breaking free and of taking a public stand against coercion and terror—or, as one character says, "putting out a contract on your own life." The author's prose is faultless, and the human beings he writes about live so intensely on the page that their fate continues to trouble us long after the shock of this novel's dark end.

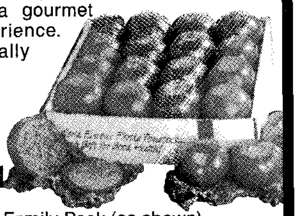
The Last Days, by Raymond Queneau (Dalkey Archive; $19.95). The flavor of this French novelist's

REMEMBER GRANDPA'S TOMATOES?

Think back. You may have been just a child. But you still remember the special mouth-watering taste of a fresh-picked vine-ripened tomato. No one can describe it. But there's no forgetting that incredible taste of summer.

IN FLORIDA, IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER

Rediscover the mouth-watering taste of a naturally red, ripe, juicy tomato. Our luscious tomatoes are picked immediately and **RUSHED** directly to you. Their incredible flavor can only be found fresh-picked from the garden. Grown in sunny Florida so you can enjoy them all winter long. Truly a gourmet eating experience. Unconditionally guaranteed.



Free Delivery Included

Gift No. T-7 Family Pack (as shown) 7 lbs. $19.95
Gift No. T-4 Sunshine Pack (not shown) 4 lbs. $14.95

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-441-6740
Please have your Visa or MasterCard ready.

OR

Send Check or Money Order to:
Neill's Farm, Dept. NY
2709 McNeill Rd.
Ft. Pierce, FL 34981

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON . . .

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

SUMMER IN FRANCE

Writer's 18th-century water mill in the heart of Burgundy surrounded by fields and wooded hills. 4 double bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lge. country kitchen and drawing room. Available April - October (min. let 1 week $795 - 895) Tel: Caroline Newton 011 44 71 708 3993 or write for brochure: 10 Sutherland Square, London SE17 3EQ, UK.

ON THE BEACH IN MALIBU

MALIBU BEACH INN
A special hideaway minutes from L.A., Beverly Hills, & airports. Forty-seven lovely oceanfront rooms & suites. Private Balconies, Fireplaces, VCR, Continental Breakfast. Malibu's most spectacular view... We're saving a sunset for you!

MALIBU BEACH INN
A small hotel *On the beach*

1-800-4-MALIBU
22878 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, CA 90265

Now Printed in New York

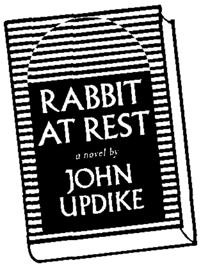
When You Travel Abroad, What's Your Favorite Paper?

Until now, you couldn't get the Paris-based International Herald Tribune in the U.S. Now you can—with same-day delivery available in some U.S. cities. For your daily brief on the world, with its features on travel, fashion, international investing and much, much more, call us toll-free:

1-800-882-2884
(in NY: 212-752-3890)

International Herald Tribune
Published With The New York Times and The Washington Post

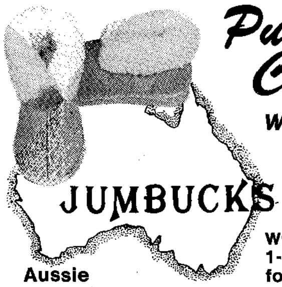
BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



- **Best Sellers on Cassette**
- **Full-length Readings**
- **Call for Free Brochure**

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.



Pure Comfort!
WASHABLE AUSTRALIAN SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
Write or Call
1-800-950-2668
for FREE CATALOG

Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY Portland, OR 97232

wit is wise and dolorous, like that of someone slightly regretful in the face of helpless recognitions. What Queneau recognizes in this foresighted 1936 novel is, on the whole, ironic to the point of both the ridiculous and the sublime: a retired geography teacher who feels that his life has been a lie because he taught what he didn't know, never having travelled; an elderly con man who goes to pieces when all that he has been scheming for works out; a student who lists the twenty-eight points of his philosophical system as matter-of-factly as he lists his daily expenditures; a waiter capable of correctly predicting the future. Their fates cross and entangle, making the kind of pattern on which the waiter might base his prophetic calculations, or the student formulate a system reducible to twenty-eight points. This novel, luminously rendered into English by Queneau's frequent translator Barbara Wright, demonstrates that the artifices of fiction are among the most satisfying and revealing of all life's patterns.

GENERAL

THE HOLOCAUST: THE FATE OF EUROPEAN JEWRY, 1932-1945, by Leni Yahil, translated from the Hebrew by Ina Friedman and Haya Galai (Oxford; $35). This substantial volume, an abridgment of the two-volume original, which was conceived to take account of all the special Holocaust studies that preceded it, is first-rate—thoughtful, thorough, and judicious. Ms. Yahil suggests reasons that the Holocaust was allowed to occur, the most important being that the Nazi war on the Jews was unprecedented, so that neither victims nor bystanders could believe what was happening until it was too late. Her chronological narrative also demonstrates that the Nazis used anti-Jewish policies to reinforce their power: when they first attacked the Jews of Germany—less than one per cent of the population—their deliberate violence helped terrorize the rest of the country; during wartime, they used their anti-Jewish policies as an excuse for moving in and taking control of the governments of satellites and occupied countries. Ms. Yahil covers more aspects of Europe and European Jewry than most readers have thought about, including the extent of Jewish resistance, which, she suggests, has been underestimated. Her book reminds us, for example, that the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto, in April, 1943, was "the first mass revolt in Nazi-occupied Europe."

FRAGILE GLORY: A PORTRAIT OF FRANCE AND THE FRENCH, by Richard Bernstein (Knopf; $25). A rich and penetrating portrayal, depicting every significant aspect of French life today. The author, who was for some years the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, looks at the country in the light of its diminished status as a military and political power, and considers how a nation that has long held itself to be an intellectual and spiritual beacon has come to terms with its new situation (if, indeed, it has). There is a close and wittily written examination of Paris—the city "you have to know in order to be a man or woman of the world"—not only as a museum of glorious monuments and a center of style but as a collection of villages, or neighborhoods, each with its individual flavor. Complementing this is an exploration of *la France profonde*, or the countryside, and the diverse ways of life outside the capital. Mr. Bernstein discusses myths (the rudeness of the French as a people, their anti-Americanism) and non-myths (the reputation of French motorists for driving recklessly, the regrettable increase in xenophobia in the wake of Asian and African immigration). Finally, he asks whether the French are becoming "Americanized"—modern, prosperous, complacent. It's a strong possibility, he believes, and it would be sad if true, for, to quote Victor Hugo, "without France, the world would be alone."

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPT.

[*From an adv. in the Times*]

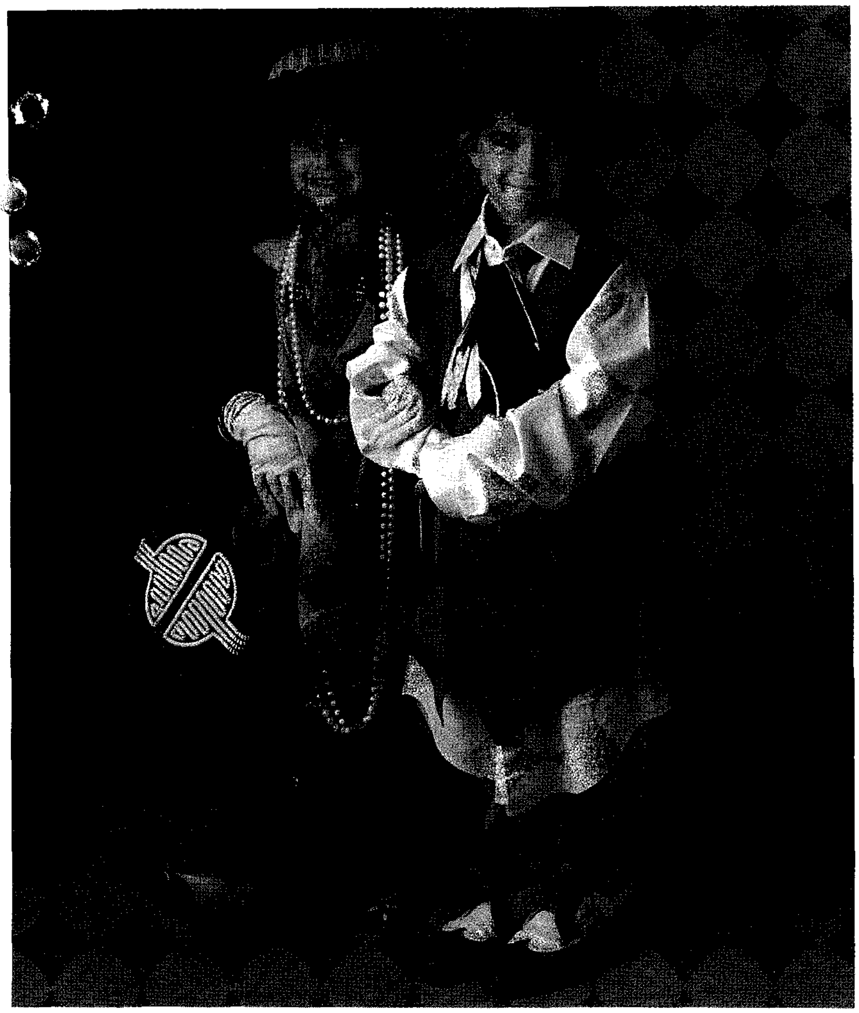
" 'The Grifters' stands alone as one of the best films of the year!"
—Joel Siegel, GOOD MORNING AMERICA

•

PERFECT PETS—gerbils, clean, quiet & tame, require minimum care. Fluent in 3 languages.—*Adv. in the Orleans (Mass.) Cape Codder.*

But how's their math?

How gender plays a role in the roles we play.



Look beyond the most innocent children's games and you can discover complex perceptions about gender. Perceptions that may have little to do with physical differences. And much to do with tradition and cultural values.

The season premiere of Smithsonian World will explore how gender affects how we see ourselves. How others see us. And how it shapes our human identity. We'll also examine the social, cultural and economic impact of answering to gender stereotypes on the one hand, and questioning their relevance on the other.

How do gender roles evolve? Are they a privilege? Or a prison? What's their effect on how individual achievement is measured?

Watch "Gender: The Enduring Paradox," proudly brought to you by Southwestern Bell. It'll be broadcast January 23 at 8 p.m. on PBS. Check your local listings.

And see how the roles we play for fun can become the roles we play forever.

Southwestern Bell
Corporation

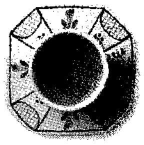
SMITHSONIAN WORLD on PBS

A co-production of WETA, Washington, D.C., and the Smithsonian Institution. Funding provided by Southwestern Bell Corporation.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

A SOOTHING BLEND OF CHAMOMILE, MINT, AND FLAVORFUL HERBS

It had been the kind of **whamBAM** day that screeches to a halt for a slow moving night so I padded to the stove and poured a big cup, INHALING its minty sweetness with a YAWN as I curled my feet under the covers and slowly sipped the hot, honeyed **SPEARMINT** tea as the steam warmed my face and wrapped around me like a sweet dream that pulled me into the pillowy billowy softness of the sleepy time night which was so very quiet save the soft soothing zzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzZZzzzzzzzz **BEEP BEEP BEEP** of my ALARM CLOCK?!



CELESTIAL SEASONINGS
NATURALLY CAFFEINE FREE
HERB TEA
24 TEA BAGS
A SOOTHING BLEND OF CHAMOMILE, MINT AND FLAVORFUL HERBS
SLEEPYTIME

A DIFFERENT CUP OF TEA

© 1990 CELESTIAL SEASONINGS, INC. BOULDER, CO 80301-3292

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED